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# THE GEMS OF THE EAST

SIXTEEN THOUSAND MILES OF RESEARCH  
TRAVEL AMONG WILD AND TAME TRIBES  
OF ENCHANTING ISLANDS

BY

A. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR

==

*WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS, DIAGRAMS, PLANS AND MAP  
BY THE AUTHOR*

IN TWO VOLUMES  
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## CHAPTER I

Sanga-sanga Island—Tawi-tawi and its people—The dangers of Anthropometry—The Bay of Dos Amigos—Pearl Bank and its phantom population—Strange vegetation—The Pangutaran Group—Samals.

BONGAO ISLAND appeared most picturesque from the south-west, west, and north-west, with its high vertical columnar formation. Deep shadows were cast between the more prominent angles, in the deep grooves and in the many indentations.

We were now on our way to the north coast of Tawi-tawi and had to go round Sanga-sanga Island—flat and sandy in its southern portion, but of coral and volcanic formation in its northern half. It was thickly wooded. An erosion mark could be seen all along the coast several feet above the sea-level. The island rose altogether but a few feet in the centre above the water-line. Along its north coast particularly, Sanga-sanga appeared extremely low, with stunted vegetation, the coast line being much cut up into little islets, with channels between.

The small flat island of Tusan-Bongao lies at the mouth of the narrow channel separating Sanga-sanga from Tawi-tawi. Here, again, we found most luxuriant vegetation, with gigantic trees down to the water's edge, *molave*, *narra*, *ipil*, and many other valuable woods being abundant. This coast was rocky.

We passed eastwards between the islands of Sipayu and Tawi-tawi, and had to the north six small flat islands, the two central ones much elongated and joined by a coral reef which further surrounded them. Tinakta, Baun, Kabankuan, Sunalak were the names of the principal ones.

On the Tawi-tawi coast was Teclena village sheltered by hills cleared of forest by fire. One large hut with eight or nine more modest abodes lay in a depression between hills. Some were thatched with *cogon*; others had open walls altogether. Behind them towered the three humps of Dromedary Peak which we had already observed from the south.

The natives were greatly scared when we landed, and ran *en masse* into the large house, wherein evidently lived their chief. They were Bajaos.

Further north-east upon the Tawi-tawi coast we found (March 21st) another Bajao settlement called Butun, where the nomads of the sea had arrived only two or three months before. They were busy clearing patches of land of trees in order to raise their crops. The local Datto Maolano, an old fellow of well-cut, refined features, was a Sulu, his grandfather having



SAMAL BOAT, SHOWING SAIL ROLLED UP.



migrated and settled in the northern part of Tawi-tawi at Bas. That settlement, however, which possessed a *kota* (or fort) and a plantation of cocoanuts, had since been abandoned, although one more village, called Tunhugun, was to be found further up the coast, under the rule of Datto Sawaldi.

Datto Maolano looked upon us with great suspicion and answered every question we put to him with one or more lies. He and his people had never seen white people, nor was he anxious to become acquainted with them. Following the diffident custom of his own folks, he went and sat himself on a high tree which had been felled, resting his back against a huge branch, while his attendants—by him instructed—duly formed a semicircle behind him. This was evidently to guard himself against a possible attack of ours from the rear. He put on airs to an unbearable degree, and spoke, I thought, rather impertinently to my American friends. He regarded himself as a “big man,” and so did his Bajao supporters—a subject upon which I proceeded at once to disillusion them.

While the Datto puffed away in grandeur—in tight black clothes, a zouave with numberless little buttons, and a broad sash—I produced my camera, which—unknown to them—at once caused a sensation.

“What are you doing?” they inquired, with intense curiosity.

“Oh, I am only looking to see how small the

Come and

look through  
his chief and  
does, gave a  
second  
whether they  
told the Datto  
haughty in-  
disgust. There  
y in the crowd  
described in vivid  
to an encircling  
Datto forbade any  
the camera again.  
tribe of pirates, like  
ere, with slight local  
marriage and climate.  
oid features and ex-  
per two-thirds of the  
to form almost a per-  
ces. Like other Bajaos,  
sels while resting, and  
except the Datto, who  
pire.  
attractive. Their droop-  
little intelligence, their  
ack and unimpressive ; the  
ed up and twisted into a  
skull : a short fringe was  
the forehead, and two long  
the side of the face. They  
wide trousers like the men.

A favourite ornament on men's coats—short zouaves—was a design of parallel lines of silk cord with a loop and a little button all along the seams under the arms and above the shoulders.

There were at this place two wells of good water—only one foot below the ground-surface—filtered, no doubt, through the coral and sand from the sea.

The houses were not elaborate, nor had they anything very new to us. Terra-cotta stands to support a torch of resin, tall cylindrical drums with sheep-skins held in great tension by *bejuco* lacings, the usual quadrangular axe, as found in all the Sulu Islands, a few bamboo and coconut vessels for water—and that was about all in the way of utensils and furniture.

I was very anxious to get some anthropometrical measurements of these people, and I went into the home of one of the leading men, followed by a considerable crowd of curious folks. To avoid the usual suspicions and allay their fears during the process, I took all tape measurements first. Somehow or other the natives, after the camera surprise, were much frightened. I was alone in the house, and just as I produced my steel caliper to measure their skulls, my American friends, who had remained outside, shouted to me that they were going on board, and in a jocular fashion proceeded on a race down the slippery hill on the top of which the house stood. This *contretemps* was unhappily mistaken by the suspicious natives for some

mysterious signal to do them harm, and when I placed the caliper around the head of the Datto's brother, the Bajaos, in a dangerous outburst of excitement, drew their vicious-looking knives and brandished them over my head and above my arm—clearly meaning that if I injured their chief they would kill me. The man's son was in a most hysterical mood.

I nodded in assent, and signed to them to keep their *barongs* over my head and strike if I hurt anybody. I then continued my work. I think the annexed measurements taken on that occasion will be found all right.

After a while, their fears abating and giving way to hysterical friendliness, they put their knives back into their respective sheaths and patted me on the back, saying I was their friend, and I duly took advantage of this to measure as many specimens as I could. Naturally, I had to use some judgment and avoid taking certain measurements which might again arouse undue suspicion.

	Sulu-Samal.	Tawi-tawi Bajao.
	Metre.	Metre.
Standing height . . . . .	1'570	1'520
Span . . . . .	1'520	1'555
Armpit to armpit . . . . .	0'290	0'310
Shoulder-blade to shoulder-blade (highest ridge)	0'160	0'175
From base of neck to nipple of breasts . . . .	0'160	0'145
Distance from nipple to nipple of breasts . . .	0'170	0'205
<b>ARM.</b>		
Humerus . . . . .	0'300	0'290
Radius . . . . .	0'250	0'245
Hand . . . . .	0'180	0'185
Maximum length of fingers . . . . .	0'095	0'100
Thumb . . . . .	0'100	0'105



	Sulu-Samal.	Tawi-tawi Bajao.
LEG.	Metre.	Metre.
Femur . . . . .	0'410	0'450
Tibia . . . . .	0'390	0'365
Height of foot from ground to ankle . . . . .	0'060	0'075
HEAD.		
Vertical maximum length of head . . . . .	0'235	0'230
Horizontal maximum length of cranium (from forehead to back of head) . . . . .	0'150	0'145
Width of forehead at temples . . . . .	0'115	0'115
Height of forehead . . . . .	0'060	0'065
Nasal height . . . . .	0'055	0'055
Nasal breadth (at nostrils) . . . . .	0'040	0'055
Orbital horizontal breadth . . . . .	0'030	0'030
Distance between the eyes . . . . .	0'030	0'030
Breadth of mouth . . . . .	0'060	0'050
Length of upper lip (from mouth aperture to base of nose) . . . . .	0'025	0'020
Lower lip and chin (from mouth aperture to under chin) . . . . .	0'040	0'035
Length of ear . . . . .	0'060	0'065

The north coast of Tawi-tawi is undulating and thickly wooded, rocky in many places, with no extensive sand beaches. The Dromedary Peaks seen from the north appear abrupt and of a similar formation to the vertical volcanic rocks of Bongao.

There is only one safe harbour in the northern part of Tawi-tawi, and that is a bay called Dos Amigos, entered between the Tokankai Point to the west and Lamunyan Point to the east. On Tokankai Point stands a low hill with immense trees, and its base is covered with dense vegetation. Mangrove trees fringe both points, right down into the sea. The entrance into the bay is very narrow. According to certain maps there is here a town established by the Spaniards and

named Tatan, but this is a mistake. There is no town of any kind in the bay, nor even the remains of one.

A Chinaman once came here in order to cut timber, but he found it difficult to remain long, for Dos Amigos bay is about as lonely a place as one can find. The bay forms an angle, its entire length being  $1\frac{3}{4}$  miles, one arm from north to south, the other from west to east, with a ramification north-east. It has two smaller bays or arms at the elbow on the south side, where a hill (200 feet high), with plenty of trees, is a landmark. It affords a fair anchorage from 33 to 124 feet deep, the deepest soundings being at the mouth of the harbour, but the navigable part of the bay is extremely narrow, as there is shallow water with a sticky mud bottom near the banks on either side.

The northern portion of the bay is not more than one-sixth of a mile broad from land to land, and slightly broader where it forms the elbow—the best anchorage being found here with sufficient turning room in 46 to 29 feet of water. A small island is to be found at the end of the north-east arm. At the end of the harbour is the lofty Batua Mount, 1,263 feet—a densely-wooded mountain extending east and west in gentle slopes and with a flat summit.

We landed in the east end of the bay and found two small streams of water. There was also a faint trail among huge ferns—some over 25 feet high—with fibrous stems of great solidity. They had immense inverted leaves, also very

fibrous, and extending in graceful curves, but with edges like a fine saw. There is a considerable amount of gutta-percha on Tawi-tawi, produced from the trunks of trees of the genera *Ficus elastica* and *palaquium*. Unfortunately, the natives fell the trees recklessly in order to obtain immediate large quantities of sap, instead of selecting big trees and tapping them regularly, which would give them a more constant and eventually more remunerative supply.

I do not know whether the best gutta-producing tree, *Dichopsis gutta*, has yet been found growing wild in the Sulu Archipelago, but closely allied species exist, flourish, and are numerous in Tawi-tawi, particularly where the soil and climate seem most suitable. Undoubtedly, if it does not exist yet, the best gutta tree could be planted and would flourish on Tawi-tawi, and I believe that in this line, if rational methods of cultivation and production were employed, much wealth would be obtained from the island. The expense of planting gutta—after the ground has been cleared—is but very small, and the returns after six or seven years from 75 per cent. to 100 per cent. larger than the original outlay.

I think that large fortunes will in the future be made in these islands by the production of gutta, but I also think that some sensible measures should be taken to protect those gum trees which already exist from being mercilessly cut down by the natives. It is, of course, an irresistible temptation for natives to get a big sum down for

a tree, instead of getting a constant yearly income from it, and I do not see how the evil is to be stopped unless the forestry officers are sent about travelling among the islands and get acquainted with the natives and the interior of the country. Giant rubber vines are found in many parts of the Philippines.

The gutta trade is at present entirely in the hands of Chinese traders, who export the product to Saindakan and Singapore. The methods of extraction are the most rudimentary, and involve enormous waste. The product is placed in a dish and left to macerate in salt water, stirring being necessary to complete the operation. This leaves the gutta-percha in a plastic form, needing further to be suspended in a windy place to dry—but the process at best gives but impure results.

While rowing about in the bay we saw several crocodiles floating to and fro with their bulgy eyes and noses just above the water. The place was swarming with them.

A five hours' pitching passage, N. 48° W., in a somewhat heavy sea brought us to a most extraordinary place called Pearl Bank—a row of sixteen or more small and low islands. The largest, on which we landed, rose to a bump not more than 40 feet high in the centre, and to another lower bump in its eastern portion. Each of these islets was encircled by a neat white sandy beach.

Taya and Zan Islands stood on an almost circular reef, which in its turn was surrounded by another from 5 to 10 fathoms below the water

surface, and this was encircled by a yet younger third reef of uneven formation, with 11 to 80 fathoms of water upon it. Directly off the edge of this outer reef great depths were registered, from 100 to 350 fathoms to the east, and 130 to 400 fathoms with no bottom to the north.

We had to wade on shore, and landed on a most beautiful beach of deep white coral sand with red grains, strewn with beautiful shells of all kinds and many coloured corals. Enormous blocks of fluted red coral were beautiful, and so also were the branches—like those of a tree—of delicately white coral, sponges, &c. The vegetation—what there was of it—on this desolate island was most curious, a species of palm with spiky leaves, growing in a spiral and overlapping one another all round the trunk, being most remarkable. The leaves in the lower portion gradually dried up and fell off, leaving neat rings one inch apart round the stump. In growing up, this palm shot out regular branches at right angles, either two or three at intervals of three feet, and each branch had a cluster of leaves at the point only. The summit retained the form of the younger palms, in spiral formation, with the spiky leaves all round. Some of the oldest palms of this species were even as much as 20 feet high, and, curiously enough, these let out roots into the ground at the sides from a height of 3 feet up the trunk. This palm bore a fruit like a large pineapple. Several other varieties of wild pineapple were to be found on this island.

Then we encountered the *bidoeng* tree, which was so common in Palawan and the Calamianes, and a lot of mangrove trees with their octopus roots resting in the water, especially on the borders of the large central lagoon to the north. A lot of large timber and innumerable cocoanuts had been washed on shore, but no cocoanut trees—the first sign of permanent human settlers—were to be found on the island.

All these islands formed a regular circle upon the reef, leaving a patch of placid water in the middle. White coral sand extended far out; then volcanic rock was also noticeable.

We were much surprised to discover that the centre of the island had been cleared of vegetation—it had been burnt; and on crossing the island in seven different places, in order to find out whether any inhabitants lived here—as we suspected—we came upon a well dug into the coral rock, with slightly brackish water 2 feet below the ground surface. This well was curiously made—a cylindrical shaft with a horizontal tunnel several feet long with water half filling it. Near this we further discovered a mat and a primitive basket, which had recently been used; also the remains of a fire.

This discovery led to another thorough search for the phantom folks of Pearl Island, and on the north coast we eventually came upon fresh footmarks of several men, a woman, and a little child. They had evidently been running to and fro dodging us—and although we spent much time, exertion, and patience in trying to find



BAJAO BOAT, WITH SAIL UNROLLED.



A BAJAO BOAT.





them, we were unable to discover their hiding place. The footmarks appeared like those of some semi-savage tribesmen, and much resembled those produced by the flattened feet of the Tagbanouas of Palawan, or by some such other semi-negroid tribe. How these people ever got here is somewhat of a mystery, and they must certainly have lived in a very dejected condition on wild fruit, roots, and fishing. They possessed no habitations and no boats. This island is called Tahao by the Bajaos and Sulus.

In a heavy swell and howling wind we continued our cruise to the neighbouring island of Laparan,  $18\frac{1}{2}$  miles N.  $71^{\circ}$  E. of Pearl Bank. We hailed a boat of Bajaos off the islet of Dokkan to obtain information, and after a good deal of parleying they brought their skiff alongside the ship. She was a lovely boat, 22 feet long and 4 feet wide, decked over so as to stow away live fish in the bottom of the boat, which was filled with sea-water and formed a regular tank. She carried a picturesque sail of canvas and plaited *nipa*, with long end tassels of grass called *Jambul*. On the two side-projecting platforms a quantity of fish, split and prepared, was being dried in the sun, and in the centre of the boat was a large iron vessel resting on one of the usual earthenware, high-coloured stoves. Fish was in process of being boiled.

The crew consisted of three men and one child. When asked their names they were much concerned, and consulted one another what to answer ; and whatever answers they did give to

any of our questions were as obviously as possible direct and detailed lies. They paddled away, as they lied famously,—their way of propelling being the more interesting of the two achievements. They held the top of the paddle with the right hand and gave it a rotatory movement with their toes, the broad paddle being held vertical in the water. It worked on the same principle as would the propeller of a steamer were it placed with its blades horizontally instead of upright.

The stern of the boat was finely ornamented with carvings, and aft, each boat, in the islands of this group, possessed a sort of triangular upright splashboard, most effective for preventing the sea from coming on board in rough weather. It frequently had two removable wings at the side which were only put up in very 'dirty' weather.

The outrigger, too, was most cleverly built on a slightly different pattern—in two pieces of bamboo inserted one into the other, the one forward being bent upwards. A bipod and occasionally tripod mast was used. Ornamented with carvings were the supports of the outriggers, strengthened by a double series of most scientific lacings and fulcrums; and on the upper arms extending out were forked supports on which the sail, mast, and paddles were set at rest when not in use. They were also used for drying fish and clothes in the sun.

A great many pearls were to be found near this island, but they were in too deep water for the natives to dive without apparatus.

On the north-east-east side of Dokkan a sand beach and an inlet into a large lagoon were to be found, and another shallow opening into the sea on the opposite side of the island could also be seen. A sand bar lay across the latter. On either side of the lagoon, however, the entrance was very shallow and had a sand shoal extending far out into the sea.

Laparan was quite a large island,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  miles long and 3 miles wide, flat, with the coast line covered with mangrove trees. Rice, corn, and coffee were grown in sufficient quantities for local consumption, and the usual valuable woods were plentiful, if one could only get at them; while tropical fruit of all kinds grew wild and luxuriantly. Fishing was the main occupation of the seafaring people now established there, what little trade they had being in sea-slug, pearls, and mother-of-pearl.

We then passed between Deoto Bato and Laparan—a somewhat unsafe channel for ships of more than 10 feet draught. There were numerous reefs across it, some of our soundings, as we carefully felt our way through, being three fathoms and less, even in mid-channel between the two islands.

On reaching Cap Island we altered our course, which had been N.  $51^{\circ}$  E., into a south-south-east direction, Cap Island stretching in a triangular shape from north to south. It possessed a fine beach both in its northern and southern extreme points, and a luxuriant growth of mangroves right into the water along its

central portion. Cap Island was uninhabited, and the vegetation was so thick that it would have been difficult to cross it.

On charts, east of Cap Island is marked Sail Rock, but it is wrongly placed some  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles north of its actual position. It is not more than 50 feet high (not 70 feet). It is a rugged volcanic rock, 180 feet in length, which, having been uplifted in some commotion, shows itself above the water carrying upon its summit a cap of coral rock—hence its name. Thus the upper portion of this quaint obstruction is of a bright reddish-violet colour, whereas the rock itself is of the usual rich volcanic brown. We passed to the south of it, where there was plenty of water. From the most southern point of Cap Island, Sail Rock will be observed at bearings N.  $70^{\circ}$  E. Deato Bato should be at S.  $78^{\circ}$  W. on a line with the southern end of Cap Island. Cap Island is called “Tababas” by the Samals, and is thickly wooded on the east side, but shows a sand beach on its southern portion.

In approaching the Pangutarang Group, we first struck Malikut Island, a mere sand spit with some little vegetation, the sand extending far in a north-westerly direction. There were from five to nine fathoms of water both east and west of it.

North Ubian was the next place we visited—again a long flat island of coral formation peopled by Samals, who said they had lived here since the time of their great-grandfathers. They carried on a small but constant trade with Jolo. There was a population, all counted, of some 200

souls, under Maharaja Paklawan and the two Panglimas, Mahommed (Mahamud, as the Samals pronounce it), and Balad. Also one Imam, called Miti.

Ubian Tangutaran, or Luangbunah, in the south-west of the island, possessed some 30 spacious and handsome houses, constructed over the water—with roofs of *cogon* and walls of solid and often carved wood. The settlement stood in a shallow bay, well-protected, but with not more than 2 feet of water. There was deeper water in the channels. At the entrance of the bay had been erected two high pyramids of wood with a bunch of white flags flying on the summit, and numerous other white flags could be seen on the tops of trees all round the settlement and on houses. This was to prevent cholera spreading, but, unfortunately, it was raging fiercely when we visited the place, and many were dying daily.

These Samals had a fleet of 40 fine boats. A small settlement was said to exist further inland in a secluded spot. Whether caused by former intermarriage with the aborigines of these secluded islands—possibly a negrito race—or whether originated by climatic conditions and mode of life, some strong peculiarities were noticeable in the type of these people. Many of them possessed fluffy, almost curly hair, others shaggy heads of hair. They all had normal development of the lower jaw, which was prominent at the sides of the face, and the profile was extremely concave, the table of facial angles

of the numerous tribes of the Archipelago, given in this book.

Going north of North Ubian we crossed the Pangutarang Passage, leaving to the south, besides North Ubian, the three flat islands of Tikul (87 feet high), Kunikulan (67 feet), and Usada, the latter a somewhat larger and almost circular madreporic island with a central lagoon—the inlet being to the west. All these islands, including Basbas further south, have risen on the same crescent-shaped coral reef which has a depth of water upon it varying from one to nine fathoms, but deeper in the centre of the semi-circle.

There were a few houses on the south-east side of Pangutarang, and we hailed a boat which had come from Jolo to ascertain the whereabouts of the larger settlements. There were four of them—all of Samals. There was fresh water inland, but conflicting evidence was given as to its quality, some saying it was excellent, others swearing it was brackish. Amir Hamza, a native of Sulu, was the chief Datto, appointed by the Sultan; whereas Panglima Tutungan had it all his own way in the southern portion of the island.

Pangutarang is a triangular island about 10 miles long from south to north, and seven miles wide at the southern part. It is quite flat, but with a deal of vegetation upon it. Pandukan to the east of it is also of a similar character, elongated, and joined by a long narrow shoal to Kulassein Island, north of it.



SAMAL HOUSES BUILT ON THE SEA, TAPUL GROUP.



SAMALS WATCHING OUR LANDING.





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island of Lampinigan, shaped in a semi-circle with a peak at each end, and then entered the narrow channel between Malamaui Island and Basilan.

One could not help being impressed by the immense size of the trees on this island.

On approaching Port Isabela, formerly a Spanish naval station, one saw a few patches cleared of forest and now under cultivation.

Port Isabela lay in a well-sheltered spot on the east of the southern part of the channel, and was screened on the east by low hills, and on the north by Malamaui Island, rising in the centre to 538 feet. Malamaui Island was densely wooded, and a great number of cocoanuts, as well as a stunted species of palm, could be seen along the beach to the south-east of the island. There was also a village of some sixty or seventy houses. At the western mouth of the channel was Panusuhan Island—a mere islet, 50 or 60 feet high, with a tuft of trees upon it.

We entered the channel at sunset, passing between Panusuhan and the reef of sand just above water to the east, marked by a beacon. There were from 33 to 62 feet of water in this central channel, but in the southern one, between the reef and Basilan Island, the reef extended right across, and there were only 16 feet of water. In front of Isabela there was deep water, from 33 to 59 feet everywhere, and the bay was encircled by mangrove swamps.

The town looked neat enough, a low, white building on posts over the water—formerly the

hospital—being prominent, and a line of corrugated iron roofs standing high up against the background of dark green trees of the hill. Some 60 or 70 feet above the sea-level was a small fort used as quarters for the American garrison, and this fort commanded both the west and the north-east entrances of the channels of approach. It had four bulwarks, and was entirely surrounded by a moat with a draw-bridge. At the entrance of the Pasahan River were a small dock and workshops, as well as other Government buildings—but everything was rather in a state of abandonment and bad repair.

I was much gratified to find here an enterprising gentleman—Dr. J. G. Beebe—who was busy constructing a saw-mill in order to develop the timber trade, for which there seemed to be a golden opening. His scheme seemed practical, and it is to be hoped that other American gentlemen of equally sound views may receive every help in putting the immense resources of these forests to some practical use.

I left the coastguard cruiser *Tablas*, as I wanted to meet the romantic chief, Pedro Cuevas, who lived on the opposite side of the island, and also to make certain studies of the Yacanes—a somewhat wild tribe living in the interior of Basilan.

The Yacanes are people who keep much to themselves, are suspicious of everybody, treacherous, unreliable, and given to fighting whenever a chance occurs. They are seldom to

be seen about, their haunts being high upon the mountains. They have marked Malay features—slanting eyes, *à fleur de tête*, skin of a deep brown, and wavy black hair of a fine texture and rich blue-black colour. They have a few hairs on the lips and chin, but none on the jaw. This tribe, too, like others we have examined in the Sulu Archipelago, possess stumpy hands, with short, stiff fingers and thumbs, ending in a triangular phalange, the webbing between being very high. Their feet, although coarse, have abnormally long toes—almost like fingers—which, in comparison with the clumsiness of the hand, are quite pliable and supple.

Curiously enough, although the type is degraded, there yet remain signs that these people came from a good stock—formerly much more refined than at present—or else how could one account for the prettily-formed and chiselled ears with undetached lobes.

The Yacanes live principally on *camotes*. They are hunters, and of nomadic habits, constantly changing their whereabouts. They do a considerable trade in wax, honey, rattan, almacega, gum, copal, etc., with the coast people, and at one time they possessed many cattle, which have of late all died of rinderpest.

As the people keep to themselves they have preserved their racial features, except for the corrupting influence of constant intermarriage. Occasionally, of course, extraneous influence can be traced, due, no doubt, to marriage with slaves seized from other tribes. This, however, is not

common. They profess to be Mahommedans, although to a rudimentary belief in the Koran are added a vast number of superstitions of their own. They revere—almost worship—certain trees.

They were formerly given to constant pillaging and murder, but have been somewhat checked in this by Datto Pedro Cuevas, who has continually fought them. The coast inhabitants, nevertheless, can by no means be induced to travel in the interior, such is their fear of the Yacanes. Their characteristic weapon is the *pira*, a sort of scimitar, but they now possess a good many old-fashioned muzzle-loading rifles. Spears are also used.

One of the peculiarities of the suspicious Yacanes is that, when visiting a stranger, they cannot be persuaded to enter the house. They sit on the doorstep and in an attitude ready for defence or retreat in case of attack.

The Yacanes are very wiry and have great powers of endurance. Boys are everything in the family, the girls being merely considered for what they can fetch in marriage. A man often indulges in two or three wives, but never more than four, according to the rules of the Koran. Men and women wear large trousers.

#### YACANES.

	Metre.		Metre.
Standing height . . . . .	1'593	Distance between breast nipples . . . . .	0'196
Span . . . . .	1'678	Armpit to armpit . . . . .	0'328
From base of neck to breast nipple . . . . .	0'163	Shoulder-blade to shoulder-blade (highest ridge) . . . . .	0'158

	Metre.		Metre.
<b>ARM.</b>		<b>Horizontal maximum length of</b>	
Humerus . . . . .	0'316	cranium (from forehead to	
Radius . . . . .	0'263	back of head) . . . . .	0'185
Hand . . . . .	0'199	Width of forehead at temples	0'131
Maximum length of fingers . . . . .	0'110	Height of forehead . . . . .	0'070
Thumb . . . . .	0'120	Bizygomatic breadth . . . . .	0'131
		Maximum breadth of jaw . . . . .	0'125
<b>LEG.</b>		Nasal height . . . . .	0'060
Femur . . . . .	0'466	Nasal breadth (at nostrils) . . . . .	0'039
Tibia . . . . .	0'403	Orbital horizontal breadth . . . . .	0'032
Height of foot from ground to		Distance between eyes . . . . .	0'031
ankle . . . . .	0'068	Breadth of mouth . . . . .	0'055
Length of foot . . . . .	0'260	Length of upper lip (from	
		mouth aperture to base of	
<b>HEAD.</b>		nose) . . . . .	0'020
Vertical maximum length of		Lower lip and chin (from	
head . . . . .	0'220	mouth aperture to under	
		chin) . . . . .	0'045
		Length of ear . . . . .	0'063

In the pleasant company of Dr. Beebe, and travelling by native *vinta* with two men paddling hard, we started on a voyage of several hours, first through the north-east channel between Malamaui Island and Basilan, and then along the north coast of the latter island, in order to visit Pedro Cuevas at his residence and capital on the opposite side of the island.

We paddled away from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., and landed at the mouth of a river, among numberless heart-shaped fish-traps, the bay at the mouth of the stream—some 200 yards wide, but very shallow—being lined with mangrove swamps; dozens of monkeys were playing about on the higher branches. A few houses, some on piles, others directly on the ground, but all of plaited bamboo and *cogon* grass, stood near the landing-place, where Datto Pedro had also a small shop. Bato-Bato (which means “rock-rock”) was the name of this place.

The valley of the Gibuan River, where Pedro's settlement lies, is very beautiful; flat, and with plenty of water—screened by a mountain mass to the south-west, by a conical high peak (1,959 feet) to the south-south-east, by a hill at the entrance of the bay at the river mouth, and by four other mountains, one on each point of land, on the north coast.

We walked some distance along a good trail to Lamitan or Gibuan, the capital of the Datto, where we found a village consisting of two or three shops and a few modest residences. We met Pedro in the street, and he greeted us cordially enough, though he seemed reserved. He asked us to go to his house—a two-storied building with whitewashed wooden panels. The interior was modestly furnished—a looking-glass in a gilded gilt frame, and a dozen new chairs, suspended from the ceiling,

seemed worried. He did not understand American ways, and he, who had been loyal to Americans, felt a humiliating lack of judgment and a slight of honor. He seemed disappointed of our visit. The subject of the war which was being fought by the instructions of General Aguinaldo was a source of fits of laughter.

"The people," he said; "the birds in the

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"I said the Datto landed here I had seen the Yacanes. I have seen their villages, and their best friends; but, I have seen no people and need no more. We have cleared the land to grow sugar-cane, and the quality of hemp. Yes, we have had some old and worn, and the island have any more. They are Sulus. The Sultan of Sulu; Datto Datto Jong—but Datto Datto as he struck himself with what the natives call

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In fact, Basilan Island is politically absolutely separated from the Sultanate of Sulu, and has been so since the year 1876. This, I think, is extremely fortunate for the Americans, and I believe that if the Americans will treat Pedro Cuevas fairly, and tolerate, within reason, the laws and customs of these people, they may eventually remove the now-existing distrust and even inspire respect among the population. There are few Christians in Basilan, and although Pedro Cuevas was formerly a Christian himself, he has adapted his religion and manners to suit Mahommedan theories.

Pedro Cuevas' early history borders on romance, so extraordinary it is. When a young fellow he was captured with a band of Ladrones in Cavite Province, and a heavy sentence having been passed upon him, he was conveyed to the Penal Settlement of San Remon (near Zamboanga). He organised a daring escape with six others, and they took to the hills. The Spaniards tried in vain to recapture them. Spies in disguise were sent out, whom Pedro duly captured and returned, bound and with compliments, to the Spanish authorities.

Eventually he and his companions, Silverio, Sabran, Taviero, Basilio, and Santulan—all dead now, Pedro was telling me with a sigh—crossed the wide strait in a *vinta* and landed on Basilan Island. By surprise and strategy they captured every town and village except the Spanish naval station of Isabela. Every Spanish attempt to capture Pedro failed. The Sulus sent some four

not an American, and that I had merely come to have the pleasure of meeting him, he presently cleared up and became quite communicative. Some chairs were taken down from their high perch and offered to us, and one of his girls—he had five daughters and two boys—was ordered to make coffee for us.

“I am very ill—I shall soon die,” said Pedro in Spanish, half-recovering from a terrible attack of coughing, and wiping his wet eyes, nose, and lips with the back of his hand. “You have reached here just in time to see me.”

“Datto Pedro, drink some water, and tell me your wonderful history,” said I, as soon as the old man had regained his breath.

“I am a Tagalo by birth,” said the Datto slowly and faintly. “When I landed here I had great trouble, as I had to fight the Yacanes. I gradually conquered 26 of their villages, and these savages are now my best friends; but be mind you, they are treacherous people and must be held with a hand of iron. We have cleared a lot of forest land, and we grow sugar-corn, maize, rice, and an excellent quality of hemp. All our animals have died. Yes, we have no luck of late. I am getting old and weaker than none of the other dattos in the island have power worth mentioning. They are Datto Assan, uncle of the Sultan of Sulu; Sabudin, Datto Indal, Datto Jong—but Calun—” he said, proudly, as he struck upon the chest,—“that is what the natives—rules over them all.”

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or five hundred men to Basilan, and this force was about to attack Isabela—where the garrison happened to be unduly weak. Pedro immediately sent word that he and his followers—if assurances were given of future pardon and liberty—would fight the Sulus and help the Spaniards—conditions which were accepted. He then came between the town and the Sulu contingent and kept the enemy off. On Don Remon Laracochea and a Spanish lieutenant going out as hostages into Pedro's camp, the Datto was persuaded to visit the Governor, and from that time became a staunch and loyal friend of the Spanish, who fully recognised his services.

Datto Calun, or Calong, a Sulu, disputed the rights and power of Pedro, and constantly opposed him. He even proposed to settle the matter by a personal fight between them, which was accepted, and Pedro mortally wounded his opponent. The conqueror, who had been nominated a Datto by Sultan Aliudin, then assumed his adversary's name, by which he is better known to the natives—who number in all some 1,500. This was in 1882, and in 1890 the Spanish Government promised him a yearly allowance of 600 Mexican dollars—a promise which was never fulfilled.

The old Datto is of middle height, but bowed by age, his limbs wiry but restless, his eyes discoloured and weary; but a light came back to them when—having found a sympathiser—he was telling me some of his hairbreadth escapes.

“I must show you my *scopetta*. It has been

my best friend all through my life, and when I die, I want it to lie by my side in my grave."

Pedro took me to his bedroom, where, by his bedside, was an old double-barrel muzzle-loading gun, so worn and broken at the muzzle that the edges were sharp as a knife.

"You see, you can use it as a bayonet when you have no more powder," said the Datto. "I captured it from the Spaniards in my younger days. It has killed many people"—pff—"indeed it has," soliloquised Pedro, in a sort of reverie—"people who stood in my way—for Pedro has never been known to turn his back. But now I am old and worn, more worn even than my poor *scopetta*"—he gave it a fond embrace—"and I shall soon die. My chest is weak, one lung gone . . . ." Another severe attack of coughing seized him.

"Oh, you will live a thousand years yet," said the jovial Dr. Beebe, reassuringly.

But the old Datto shook his head and coughed and coughed—a snappy sort of a cough—and, screening his mouth with his trembling hand, expectorated a lot of blood. The Doctor and I looked each other in the face and the Doctor made a most significant gesture.

I bade good-bye to this fellow—one of the most remarkable among the natives I met in the Philippines.

I also bade farewell to Dr. Beebe, who returned to Isabela, while I chartered a *vinta* to proceed across the Basilan Strait to Zamboanga—a distance of fifteen miles as the crow flies. It

was getting dark when we—two “Moros” and myself—put off, and, as is usually the case when you want to sail anywhere, the wind, which had until then been favourable, suddenly shifted, at the moment we most needed it, and turned into a head wind. So down went the sail, and recourse had to be made to paddling—and as the sea was getting up pretty high we kept close in to the Basilan shore. This being the time of the change of monsoon—when for a period of weeks the wind is capricious—a favourable breeze did eventually arise, and by tacking about we at length sighted the Zamboanga lights. We had some little trouble in the centre of the Strait, owing to the strong current in mid-channel which drifted us considerably out of our course—a long way beyond (west) Presidente Bank and Santa Cruz Island. But there was a fine moon above our heads, and my two boatmen sang weird songs of their land—interrupted occasionally by refreshing shower-baths from dashing waves into which we had run.

My skiff, though small—about 16 feet long—was wonderfully seaworthy, considering the difficult sea we were on; and for want of other amusement I analysed the five sections into which it was divided, the three central ones covered over with movable decks of split bamboo, the sections aft and forward being left open and forming a well for the paddlers to squat in. I had a fine opportunity for studying the marvellously practical fashion in which the outriggers were lashed—in a slightly different

mode from that of the Bajao—upon a series of double arms, the lower being 4 feet long, the upper only extending  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet from the boat's side, and serving to strengthen the lower arm at its weakest point just beyond half its length. Astern, the outriggers were supported by a straight arm of hard wood, whereas the two central supports were curved downward at the end and firmly braced, the one aft—where the strain was greatest and most constant—being laced tight to a secondary horizontal bar above it.

Near Santa Cruz Island we unhappily bumped on a rock, on which we stuck fast for a considerable time, our combined efforts—when we had all jumped into the water—not being sufficient to lift the heavy boat and get her off. But eventually we moved off again, and at last, at midnight—or after six hours' unsteady navigation—I arrived safe and sound in Mindanao, glad indeed, very glad, to have completed my visits among the innumerable smaller islands of the Philippine and Sulu Archipelagoes, with their perplexing tribes.

There now remains the most important portion of my journey across the larger islands—among the weirdest and most interesting people of the Archipelago.

## CHAPTER III

The Zamboanga Peninsula—Powerful Datto Mandi—The Samal-Laut—The Illanos—Marriages, punishments, and funerals.

ZAMBOANGA town itself is too well known for me to go into a lengthy description. In Spanish days it was a flourishing city with solidly built houses and a spacious fort, but the town was set ablaze when the Spaniards evacuated it, and although the fort and a few houses of masonry and wood remain standing, little is to be observed of its former grandeur. American civilisation bangs one in the face as soon as one lands, in the shape of drinking saloons with their unattractive signs—and, indeed, the industry of the place seems at present confined mostly to vile beer and deadly whisky of dubious origin.

Zamboanga has no proper harbour, and in bad weather steamers have to move over to Caldera Bay, on the south-west coast, or to the Masingloc River, four miles to the south-east, an anchorage protected from all winds. There is a fine pier at Zamboanga, to which moderate-sized vessels can moor.



There is a delightful club for officers upon the sea front. I, being the guest of the Commanding-General Sumner, had most comfortable—quite luxurious—quarters. But such comfort is the exception, and a stray traveller might not fare so well. Of course there is a church, and others are to be found in suburban towns, such as the one at Tetuan, which used formerly to be a fort.

There are a number of Filipino villages in the extensive plain—well cultivated into rice-fields—in which Zamboanga lies among innumerable cocoanut groves. The Filipino population is divided into Spanish, Chinese, Japanese, and now young American mestizos, Tagalos, Visayans, and crosses of the above with Magindanaos, Samals, and Subanos, which form the main population of the peninsula. The Subanos are said to number 90,000, the Mahommedans some 8,000; but perhaps the new census may throw some more light on the subject. The Christians in the province number in all between nineteen and twenty thousand. But most interesting of all is the Mahommedan settlement of Magay adjoining Zamboanga to the west, where numberless *nipa* houses and beautifully carved boats are to be seen upon the shore.

There are three principal highways running out of Zamboanga: the Tetuan Road along the east coast of the peninsula; the Santa Maria Road in a northerly direction for fifteen miles towards the mountains, and the Jesu Road to the north-west leading to the San Ramon farm—

formerly a Spanish penal agricultural colony of considerable merit. It was founded in 1870 by Lieut.-General D. Ramon Blanco y Erreras, Marquis de Pedra Plata. About 9,000 full-grown cocoanuts are still there, from which the principal revenue is derived; but, although numerous, they did not appear particularly healthy. Otherwise the place is in a terrible state of abandonment, to say the least. There are the saw-mill and distilling plants wrecked and ruined, and in a huge shed the untransportable remains of smashed machinery from Glasgow, which must have been of great value. The storehouse and superintendent's dwelling were in better preservation. High grass and reeds smothered everything—labour, I was told, being difficult to procure. Some cotton (a tree variety) and hemp were raised, but nothing approaching the scale in Spanish days. Copra (cocoanut) was dried in the sun, or by a gentle fire under a bamboo grating, on which the nuts were placed. A stockade of posts 10 to 12 feet high formerly existed at this colony.

I think that, were this farm run on a practical basis, it should prove a very profitable concern, but it is probable that before the Americans can work any of their schemes successfully, they will have to bring down to their proper and fair level the now ridiculous wages which are paid for unskilled Filipino labour.

A good road exists between San Ramon and Zamboanga, or it is quite a pleasant trip by sea in a launch, the coast-line being bordered—almost

all along—by *nipa* houses and neat fences and cocoanut groves in two or three parallel rows, with open stretches of high grass, and with more varied vegetation as one approaches Zamboanga.

One night, as I was riding with General Sumner, I was amazed at the gigantic size of the bats which flew in great numbers above our heads—some, I was told, were from 3 to 4 feet span from tip to tip of their wings ; some even larger.

One should not leave Zamboanga—the chief town of Mindanao—without meeting Datto Mandi, a fellow of considerable power in this province. He is said to be the son of a Spaniard and a Magindanao, and his facial characteristics display the strength of character of the former race and the shrewdness of the latter. Possibly, events, and the abnormal amount of intrigue which ever goes on in a revolutionised country during the disturbed stages of transition, have influenced Americans somewhat against this man, but so far as I could judge he seemed to me as strong a man as they could have at the head of the Mahommedan tribes—for only a strong man of Mandi's type can have any absolute control over them.

Mandi was made a Datto by the Spanish Government for services rendered during the Sebu campaign in 1894-5. He seems to have been held in respect by the Spaniards, who brought him to Spain and presented him at Court, when he received decorations for loyalty, and the cross of honour for valour ; also the

badge for civil merit. From the very first, Datto Mandi offered his friendship to the Americans, saying that—now the Spaniards had gone—their rule was the best thing for his country, and in 1899 he even went so far as to ask General Bates to allow him and his men to capture Zamboanga and hand it to the United States—which facts, I think, should not be overlooked through petty rancour and spite. I found him very manly and civil in manner, with plenty of common sense, and as honest as one can expect him to be in the circumstances.

Mandi's uncle is the Panglima Gondun, a warrior pirate, whose association undoubtedly strengthens the Datto's hand to no slight degree.

One of the leading accusations thrown at Datto Mandi by the Americans is his proclamation liberating all slaves within his jurisdiction—which, as might have been expected, turned into a mere farce, because the slaves would on no account be liberated and refused to leave their masters! They had been well fed and clothed and had no worries of any kind, and did not wish to change their position. This little joke on Mandi's part seems to have greatly annoyed some touchy officials. In Magay itself—where Mandi lives—there undoubtedly are plenty of slaves, and slave-trading occurs daily within ten or twenty miles of Zamboanga—if not even in that town itself—but personally I do not see exactly, with the power at hand, how it is going to be suppressed without doing more harm than good, as I have once before stated.



DATTO MANDI.



DATTO PYANG (RIO GRANDE, MINDANAO).



Since Zamboanga was turned over to the United States authorities in 1899 by Isidore Midel, there have been no signs of insurrection, as the factions in town are too numerous—the semi-piratical Mahommedan tribes in particular showing themselves law-abiding and peaceful, and grateful for American kindness; whereas the civilised Christians bring spiteful accusations against Uncle Sam of sending doctors to poison wells, produce cholera, and so attempt the wholesale destruction of the masses. Cholera, as a matter of fact, has raged terribly in the province since 1902—when it was brought over from Negros Island by Mahommedan traders from Sibuguey Bay who often ply to Dumaguete.

These Christians are lazy and unreliable—spending their entire days in gambling and cock-fighting. Their cocoanut-groves and rice-fields are mortgaged to Chinese from whom they have borrowed money at usury to indulge in their favourite vices, and their crops are uncared for owing to drought and scarcity of carabaos. Yet with poverty rampant, the natives will not work for the Americans for such wages as 75 cents to 1 peso (dollar Mexican) a day, although they were formerly glad to get from the Spaniards wages of from 10 to 20 cents (Mexican) a day. Little or no skilled labour is to be had. The Government offers one dollar (Mexican) a day for loading and unloading vessels, and such men as carpenters and masons, who received in Spanish days 75 cents to 1 peso a day, can now only with difficulty be got for 2½ to 3 pesos a day. These

inflated wages have had a most demoralising effect upon the population. There seems to be a prevalent idea among Christians that manual labour is dishonourable. The trade is entirely in the hands of Chinese and Chinese mestizos, who do what little exporting is done to Manila and Singapore. It consists mainly of cotton, hemp, rice, coffee, tobacco, sugar-cane, nutmegs, cloves, rubber, and gutta-percha. Zamboanga is not a manufacturing community. They say that rich coal-beds exist within 50 or 60 miles of Zamboanga.

The province is thickly wooded—especially on the mountains—*narra*, *molave*, *ipil*, *teca*, *tindalao*, *galantas*, and *yacal* of excellent quality, as well as *batilinan*, *cubi*, *amugois*, *guijo*, *agutud*, *panao-balao*, *lumbayao*, *lauaan*, *pagatpat*, *malacayua*, *bacanan*, and *tagal* of various degrees of goodness all grow here. Abundant and delicious fruit of all tropical kinds is obtainable.

The municipal government, which was established by the Americans in 1901, does not seem to work smoothly. In the municipal code—a condensed wisdom of ages—the natives do not seem to get a sample of American fair government, but a dose of misrule and abuse on the part of unscrupulous native officials. Misrepresentation is rampant, and the natives seem to have some difficulty in grasping what the code is all about. According to a Government report by Captain Clarke, 10th Infantry, the crime in the province is now about the same as in Spanish days, but the natives show reluctance in appealing



to the American or municipal authorities for protection. Were an American judge stationed permanently in Zamboanga, that would have, I think, quite a beneficial effect by leading to immediate punishment for crimes. It must be recollected that to the population of Zamboanga—at best a hopeless mixture of breeds—is to be added a considerable percentage of criminal parentage, owing to the neighbouring penal colony established by the Spaniards.

Catholic priests still exercise a strong influence over the Christian population, and their schools are preferred to the American. Some parents seem anxious to have their children taught the catechism and enough English to secure big Government salaries for doing no work—otherwise they are indifferent. A few young men and girls would like to learn without study; others—you can count them on your fingers—are really anxious to be instructed and work hard. The results are generally dubious. Many master enough American words (not English, you will agree) to shout at passers-by a twangy “Good mannin’! Good afternunn! Hello Jack, how a’ you? Why, sure! Say here!” and such other expressions, but when such a degree of perfection is attained in the tongue of their conquerors, few care to go, and fewer still can go, further. Now that such an able man as Dr. Barrows is at the head of the educational department, it is to be hoped that he will turn his efforts to establishing practical trade, industrial and agricultural schools—if schools they are to

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## CHAPTER IV

The Subanos and their ways—Human sacrifices—The Mahommedans of the coast.

IN the central part of the Zamboanga Peninsula—in what was formerly known as the Kingdom of Sibuguey—live a pastoral race, the Subanos (with the Calibuganes), scattered upon the mountains and in secluded valleys, in little settlements or in isolated houses, hundreds of yards apart. Their houses are on piles 6 or 8 feet high, with roofs of sago palm leaves, and floors of *pugahan* or *anibong*. Their storehouses are hidden away upon the mountain side. In them they keep their food and valued articles.

According to Mr. Frank Redding, Mr. Christie, and Mr. Williamson, who have given most interesting Government reports on the subject, these Subanos are under local rulers called *timuhays*, who occasionally assume the title of Datto, and are mere agents appointed by the Moro ruler over these weaker tribes. They are, in a way, subject and pay tribute—" *siwaka* " or " *pamuku* "—to the Mahommedan tribes of

have at all—which, I think, is a very welcome to the natives and a very beneficial to the country, and a very step towards the development of the richness of these islands.

I was very glad to hear that a "school" was started in the island, which they are giving English instruction and in the goods which they have their handiwork, and the proceeds, less value of the goods, are given to the child. This, I think, is a very annual and much encourages soul-work.

To return to Datto Muda Mandi—as he is a powerful chief over the tribes, the latest arrival of them, the latest arrival of power extends from Singapore to the extent of their methods of faring folks who Spaniards in 1840 Balanguinga, Singapore close by, and scattered boanga. They are fairly good citizens, divided into three ordinate chiefs; or *scheh*, or slave

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Here, as in the cannot settle their creditors unless till the debt

darkened cocoa- It is plentiful in Rivers, and and *anibong*

give sago of an inferior quality, and are said to produce a rash upon the skin of people eating it. The *Jumbiya* tree, when felled, is cut into sections, each of which is cut in two. The inner part, of a creamy, soft appearance with cross fibres, is removed from the outer growth of hard wood, which is a couple of inches in depth, and consists of fibres irregularly bound together, not forming concentric rings as in most species of palm. These sections are carried to the bank of a stream where a matted platform is constructed over the water, and on this the pith is laid and trodden upon by naked feet—water being poured upon it at intervals. The juice dripping through the fissures in the platform is received in a vessel below—usually a canoe—and, the moisture being evaporated, the sago-flour is dried in the sun. The Subanos eat it either boiled in water or cooked in fat, with an occasional sprinkling of sugar-cane juice to flavour it.

Rice grains are separated from the cluster by a similar trampling process on a hardened mud platform—an occupation for men—after which women and children do the rest with the familiar wooden mortar and pestle.

A fresh clearing is made by burning every year—a less troublesome process than destroying the new vegetation, for trees are said to be sparse in that part of Mindanao.

Roasted Indian corn is much relished by the Subanos, but rice is generally boiled in coarse earthenware pots of Moro manufacture, or, nowadays, in cheap German iron vessels obtained by

barter from the coast tribes. Rice is stored in the husk in cylinders, three or four feet in diameter, of tree-bark, sewn up and lashed with *rattan*, or else in bags and baskets of plaited vegetable fibre and *nipa* leaves. The women also manufacture on their own weaving-ooms cotton and hemp fabrics for home use.

The gutta-percha industry might be greatly developed were less destructive ways used. Here, as on Tawi-tawi, the trees are felled and circles a foot or so apart cut round, into which the sap oozes and is scraped out at certain periods. Perhaps one of the most useful forest products is the *balete*—a resin largely used for illuminating purposes.

Notwithstanding their subjection to the Mahomedan tribes of the coast, the Subanos have laws and customs of their own. They are not quarrelsome by nature—settle their own disputes when they do quarrel—and can live in peace even when several families dwell under one roof. The men are said to be moral, and considerate to their women and children; a wife is socially the equal of her husband—and she, too, is thoughtful and true to her husband. The children are taught obedience and respect to their parents and elders—a respect which almost borders on worship, as it does with many savage tribes. Polygamy is not recognised—in fact, looked down upon—and seduction or prostitution heavily fined (in cloth or agricultural produce).

Mr. Redding puts down the Subanos as accomplished and unscrupulous liars, timid almost to

the point of cowardice, superstitious to the highest degree, suspicious and deceitful ; but this, I think, is more towards strangers than among themselves, these traits being noticeable under similar circumstances among more civilised people than the Subanos. But, says Mr. Redding, rightly, they possess a physique of iron and extraordinary endurance. They are supple, with pleasant faces of a lighter and yellower complexion than the Moros, flat noses, broad features, teeth filed horizontally with a stone, so as to give their outer face a concave appearance, long black straight hair, and well-modelled and rounded arms and legs. Mr. Williamson, who has lived two and a half years among them between Punta Flecha and Buluan, estimates their number at 8,000 souls. Mr. Christie puts them down as of Malayan origin.

They possess a language of their own, but no characters to write it with. The tribes, however, living near Mahommedan settlements, have entirely adopted their language and clothing—the exaggeratedly large pants and tight-fitting jacket, the women's clothes resembling closely those of the men in shape, but brighter in colour and more elaborately ornamented, with a *tapis* tied round the waist by a sash or cord. The men wear a turban ; the women a kerchief tied behind the head.

The women seem fair-complexioned and graceful—disfigured somewhat by their front teeth being filed down to the gums. They occasionally wear a switch of fibre dyed with lemon and other

barter from the coast tribes. Rice is stored in the husk in cylinders, three or four feet in diameter, of tree-bark, sewn up and lashed with *rattan*, or else in bags and baskets of plaited vegetable fibre and *nipa* leaves. The women also manufacture on their own weaving-looms cotton and hemp fabrics for home use.

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juices mixed with iron—to impress the spectator with an appearance of more abundant hair than they actually possess.

From childhood the Subano is taught to endure pain—and here again we find the strange practice of cicatrices caused by burning as ornamentations upon the arms and chest of men, an abundance of such scars going a long way, it is said, towards winning the heart of a Subano woman. The girls, too, undergo a somewhat painful operation of ear-lobe extension, practised by inserting a coil of *nipa* leaf in the aperture which is gradually made larger and larger until the hole has reached a diameter as big as a shilling or a 25-cents piece. It deforms the ears terribly, and often tears them altogether.

Hunting wild hog and deer with spears, and fishing, either with traps or hooks, are indulged in—*dalat* or mud fish being plentiful in the streams.

The *pes* and spears with tempered metal heads are the weapons which they manufacture in a crude forge, and which are generally carried by Subanos.

In addition to the reed flutes—which are typical musical instruments of the tribe—the Subanos have now adopted the *agun* (metal gongs) and a guitar with strings of hemp fibre.

Totemism, in a crude form, is the extent of their religious belief, and little altars decorated with green boughs—such as we shall find among the Indonesian tribes of Eastern Mindanao—are frequently found in or in front of their dwellings.

They have medicine men—not unlike the *babalians* of our friends the Tagbanouas—whom they call *balian*. These are supposed to be in communication with deities, *drwata*—a king and a queen *drwata* ruling above male and female minor *drwatas*, one for each sex, on earth. Sick persons are said to be sometimes cured by these *drwatas*, through the mediation of the *balian*, who begin by sacrificing a cock, then spit upon the patient and flourish a stick round him. A cock is also sacrificed before planting rice and after the death of an individual.

Perhaps most interesting of all are the *catapusans* or orgies following marriages, funerals, and festivals. It is well known that Subanos perform certain incantations to escape sickness and disperse hovering evil spirits, and that after a funeral a pig's blood is shed, but much discussion exists upon the question whether human sacrifice is practised by Subanos. Although rarely performed now, it is not improbable that until quite lately it occurred frequently.

Mr. Emerson B. Christie, who visited the district for census purposes, gives a very interesting and apparently accurate account of two human sacrifices which had lately taken place. The Subanos he met were those of Point Quipit and those near Buluan, and he describes how the entire *rancheria* (farming settlement) to which the deceased belonged goes into mourning, the men tying a white kerchief round the head, and even leaving behind their weapons. Marriages are postponed, debts are not collected during

that period, and no one is allowed to enter the house of the widow and children, who must stay indoors till long after the burial of the deceased. An orgy is then arranged, and among the Subanos of Siukun it begins thus, says Mr. Christie :

“About a hundred days after death, *pangasi* (beer made of fermented rice mingled with sugar-cane and other indigenous plants) is ready. The *balian* and the widow meet at night in the widow's house, while the remainder of the population remain at a respectful distance. The *balian* sacrifices a chicken and then severs a piece of hemp fibre to symbolise the fact that the settlement is now liberated from the restraints of the mourning for their fellow tribesman. Then the *aguns* are sounded, and everybody crowds around the huge glazed jars of *pangasi*.”

Now, these handleless jars, let me tell you, are three to four feet high, with some slight ornamentation. They are imported from China and imitations are also obtained from Borneo. The Subanos value them highly. At the feasts a number of straws are inserted in the mouth of the jar, through which the oft-diluted liquor is avidly sucked up by the assembled guests.

Mr. Christie says that in his journey he heard persistent tales of human sacrifices in honour of dead Timuhays, and he is convinced that such sacrifices have taken place within the last few years. He gives the names of his informants, who were eye-witnesses at the ceremonies.

Timuhay Pogud Gubawan (Sibuguey Bay)

related that two years ago he was present at a *balu-balu* (in Magindanao *balu* signifies widow, widower) or human sacrifice celebrated at Siay in honour of the father of Timuhay Bantas. Several Subanos corroborated the account, and Datto Nunung of Siukun gave the following narrative of an elaborate affair.

When he was in the Sindangan district, representing a relative Datto, a certain Timuhay Lajahgunun died, and after the usual mourning of a hundred days a human sacrifice was decided upon. Datto Nanung, as the lord of the region, was invited, and, as is customary, received the privilege of striking the first blow. The Subanos had assembled in great force in glaring attire, and the subjects of the dead Timuhay had taken a ceremonial bath in preparation for the coming event. On being led to a shed erected for the occasion, the Datto perceived the victim, a slave, surrounded by armed Subanos. Contrary to expectation, the poor wretch was not bound. Silent, tearless and stolid, he sat cross-legged on the ground, and two Subanos sat on his knees to prevent his escape. The Datto, being requested to strike the first blow, gave the victim a very slight (he says) wound with his *barong*. At the sight of blood, the feelings which had been repressed during the mourning period broke forth into wild beating of gongs, brandishing of spears and frantic yells of joy. Amid a diabolical din, everybody whirled round and struck the victim a blow, even the women and children taking part in it, with sharpened sticks and bamboos.

With the sacrifice of the slave, and the end of the mourning, the Subanos gave themselves up in their frenzy to ample libations of *pangasi* and other rejoicings. The next day the daily occupations were resumed.

Subdivided into many tribes are the Magindanao<sup>1</sup> proper or Mahommedan settlers—black-faced fellows, with a yellowish tinge to their complexion, prominent cheek-bones, quick, shifty eyes, and jet black straight hair, both men and women having small and well-shaped hands and feet.

Although these folks are also semi-aquatic in their habits, spending almost as much time in or on the water as out of it, they generally construct their habitations on land, and are given to agricultural pursuits on quite an imposing scale. They are principally found near water, such as the sea coast, the river banks, or lake shores.

Their facial characteristics and languages vary considerably in different districts, but not so much their customs and manners. They are all manly and very warlike, quite brave, and most independent in their manner. The Sultan of Mindanao—called by them the Maguīñgan—is the recognised ruler of the Zamboanga Peninsula, with various Dattos representing him in different districts, who are practically small, independent rulers. A good contingent of Hadjis are scattered over the country, mostly men who have drifted here from Arabia, Bokhara, and Afghanistan.

One hears much about the infamy of these

<sup>1</sup> *gi* in Magindanao to be pronounced as in *give*.

"Moros," as they were commonly miscalled by the Spaniards and also now by the Americans; but, personally, I took a great liking to them. Their wonderful knowledge of navigation, their pluck and keen sporting instincts, their practical and cleanly habits, appealed to me, and I think—as I have already stated—that when the Americans have learned to understand and appreciate these men, they will find them by far the most intelligent, most faithful and reliable people in the Archipelago. I am not making this statement at random, but am speaking from extensive personal experience which no other white man has ever had among these people, as will be seen later on.

Unlike other Mahommedans of especially seafaring proclivities, these men wear tightly-fitting jackets and trousers, the latter with a seat of ample proportions. The women are garbed in large trousers, but a jacket so tight that it shows every line of the breast and arms. The *sarong* is also worn by them, and shifted from one position to another according to requirements, and sometimes to screen the face from the sight of strangers. Silk is occasionally used for these clothes, but generally cotton fabrics (from Germany or Manchester) of brilliant colours—yellow, green, or red. In their homes, however, most of the clothing is discarded by both sexes.

The architectural lines of Magindanao houses closely resemble those of Sulu homes, raised from 3 to 8 feet above the level of the ground or water. Fronds of *paguhan* as well as *nipa* are

With the sacrifice of the *Suban* *kris* of the mourning, the *Suban* *kris* of in their frenzy to ample one's eye. other rejoicings. The seen about, and pations were resumed.

Subdivided into many *prindical* pillows *danao* proper or *Mahom* sleeping quarters faced fellows, with a yellow length across one complexion, prominent One or more eyes, and jet black straight are to be seen, women having small and feet.

Although these folks are the extreme their habits, spending almost happy-go-lucky ; on the water as out of a most un-struct their habitations on The Magindanao agricultural pursuits on qu—sense—he is They are principally found he has the courage the sea coast, the river bank is something

Their facial characteristics meat and fish, considerably in different and mountains much their customs and cakes ; cocoa- manly and very warlike, purposes ; but independent in their man- will neither eat, Mindanao—called by then- doubt, accounts the recognised ruler of the and wonderful with various Dattos repre- contact with districts, who are practical- not indulge in rulers. A good contingent as Dattos are over the country, mostly in excess—a vice here from Arabia, Bokhara, Even the pipes

One hears much about manufacture.

<sup>1</sup> *gi* in Magindanao to be pro-



With the exception of their knives, swords, and spears, and an occasional brass betel-nut box, there is little that the Magindanao manufactures himself. His forge is possibly the most interesting device I ever saw among these Mahomedans. Two large parallel bamboos, 8 to 10 inches in diameter, and some 6 feet high, are solidly fixed upright about 20 inches apart. Each has a piston rod and the escaping air at the lower aperture of each is carried by a channel into a common exit pipe to which they are joined. Each piston, of course, has a valve attachment to let in air. A man or boy sits above and between the two cylinders, and with a swing of the body forces up and down one piston at a time so as to produce a continuous draught through the escape pipe blowing into a charcoal fire. A hammer and a pair of tongs of the most primitive design and a grinding-stone are the only tools used by a local blacksmith, but the result of his work is marvellous. From an old file or steel bar a magnificent *kris*, a sword of finely-tempered steel, with a curved, wavy blade, will be turned out, worked to perfection, of extraordinary sharpness, and with a beautifully polished blade, often inlaid in gold or silver or with graceful ornamentations engraved upon it. The handles, too, of ivory or precious hardwood, mounted in valuable metal, are real works of art for their beauty of line and practical design. From the curves in a blade, its shape and the number of waves in a *kris*, men of one tribe can tell at once

from what part of the country another man comes.

Weird beyond words, with a quaint rhythm, is the music of these people, the outcome of their fanciful fiery temperament. The Magindanao is a born musician—although, if you do not happen to appreciate his talents, you might wish he were a dead one. Of course, in musical notes he gives vent to his feelings in his own way—which is not ours—but his plaintive songs, in a soft, not inharmonious voice, are not unpleasant and do not lack a certain amount of poetical feeling. Such is not the case with the words of the songs—generally improvised, and fortunately forgotten as soon as they are sung. At the death of relations much doleful chanting with the monotonous beating of the *agun* is kept up day and night, and at weddings more festive and brighter melodies—which in character reminded me somewhat of the music of Arabia, certain parts of Persia and Beluchistan—are indulged in. The melodies are ever very simple, with no variations and flourishes, but invariably sung with abundance of feeling.

These tribes use the long vibrating notes of the *agun* for signalling purposes. The approach of the enemy or of a shoal of fish, the death of a parent or the wedding of a sister, all have distinguishing beats on the brass gong and are understood by those familiar with their sounds code.

The *gaddan* or xylophone, such as we found in

the Sulu Islands (copied from the Spanish instrument), is frequently to be seen in Mahomedan houses in Mindanao, and also an instrument on the same principle made with a number of Chinese gongs of graduating sizes—but I never heard Magindanaos who succeeded in doing more than making hopeless discords upon these imported instruments, which were quite perplexing to their musical capabilities.

The same remarks may be applied to the religion of the Mindanao Mahommedans as to that of the Sulus. It is but a crude and simplified form of that religion, the principal points of which show themselves strong in practical ways, such as the total abstention from eating pork, the constant ablutions, their fondness for running streams, and circumcision, which is practised in both sexes. But beyond this the average Magindanao knows little or nothing about the Koran. I very seldom saw anyone make the salaam towards Mecca at sunrise and sunset, nor anyone except Hadjis recite the five daily prayers—so typical of other Mussulman countries. And these Hadjis, as we have seen, are not natives, but mostly foreign religious adventurers—a cross between a missionary and a trader—at best unscrupulous scoundrels.

One finds but few and humble mosques—(*mezid* or *masjid*) except possibly in the larger villages—although we shall see some among the Malanaos (Lake Lanao). Many villages, however, possess a *langar*, a modest place of worship, where on Fridays passages from the Koran are

read by an Imam. Although these barbarians for the Koran I seldom heard of or saw could actually read and understand book.

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## CHAPTER V

A Terra incognita—The Malanaos—Their troubles—Spanish expeditions to conquer them—The American expedition—With the “fighting” 27th Infantry.

AT this point it may be well to remind the reader that Mindanao is the second largest island of the Philippine Archipelago, with an area of 45,356 square miles (46,521 square miles with adjacent isles) ; that, with the exception of a few coast points and some on the Rio Grande, it is practically *terra incognita*—with high mountain ranges and impenetrable forests in the interior. The tribes all over it are somewhat wild, and require tact in dealing with them.

I proposed to take a journey across the most unknown parts of this island and among the people supposed to be wildest. First of all I wanted to cross the island and take in the Lake Lanao region where the natives were extremely troublesome ; and here I had a most wonderful bit of luck. The day I intended to start a war broke out ! This would make the trip all the more interesting.

General Sumner very kindly did me the great honour of allowing me to accompany the American expedition among the Malanaos (or Mahommedan tribes of Lake Lanao)—the only civilian who was allowed to do so—and conveyed me in his own ship to Malabang, an important military post on Illana Bay—the strategic base for all operations in the Lake region.

This was on March 30th, 1903, and the heat was oppressive, for on our north-east course of some 145 miles we were screened from the wind by the high mountain mass to the north of us—a curious plateau-like region with several domed peaks with tops blown off—evidently by volcanic action—and generally in sets of two, such as the Dos Germanos, and the Ganassi peaks. Malabang is an open roadstead of considerable depth and width, but with no protection against south-west winds.

The Spaniards had built three octagonal block-houses of masonry, ingeniously loopholed, on the banks of the stream; and access to these could only be obtained across a drawbridge. The river is shallow and tortuous, with an estuary through a beach of black volcanic sand and ashes.

The river winds across the flat valley from its sources, some magnificent springs of clear crystal-like water which forces its way through volcanic rocks. But no one is allowed to drink this deliciously pure water until it has been distilled and boiled and made most unpalatable—for everything that is unnatural is good, according to modern science—and hence arise numbers of

dysentery, typhoid, and fever cases among those who take scientific care of themselves.

One mile and a half from the beach, upon the high rock from which gurgles the cool springs forming the river, is the very handsome Spanish fort in castellated style, with towers and ingeniously loopholed walls and floors—a most impregnable place against attacks of savages. The American military post with its neat *nipa* houses looks nice and comfortable; and quaint enough is the so-called Moro market and the native town, the pride of Colonel S. R. Whitall—to whose patient efforts it owes its tidiness.

The country around Malabang is pretty well open, up to the foot of the undulating plateau. There are, in the vicinity of Malabang, some thirteen Mahomedan settlements with a total of 3,600 warriors, and each settlement possesses one or more stone forts with a considerable number of *lantacas* and guns. One trail joins Malabang to Ganassi on Lake Lanao (50 kilometres). Another trail of the same length starts from Lalabuan. An excellent military road has now been cut by the Americans, joining Malabang to Camp Vicars on the heights above Lake Lanao.

Now, the troubles between white people and the “ferocious Moros,” as the Spanish called these Mahomedans, arose as early as 1577 from the necessity of opposing raids, outrages, piratical expeditions, and because of differences of religion; but although the Spaniards occupied a few points upon the coast, the treaties concluded on many occasions were constantly violated. In 1630

General Don Sebastiano Hurtado de Corcuera conducted a temporarily successful campaign against these tribes, but it was really not until 1860 that a definite and permanent occupation of Mindanao was decided upon—a local government was created, the island divided into six districts, and a military and political system was adopted.

In 1887 a campaign against the Sultanate of Buhayan, Bacat, and Kudaranga was conducted by General Terrero, and in 1891 General Wey determined to occupy several strategic points on the coast and interior, and also to send an expedition from the north to Marahui on Lanao. The Mahommedans of the east west coast of Sibuguey Sound and Dumanague were reduced to submission, and those of Pulangui (or Pulanhya) River brought under control; but those of Lake Lanao remained in complete independence and arrogance. Forts were built at Baras and Malabang on the coast, and two expeditions started, one from the south, one from the north, towards the interior. They reached Lanao and fought bloody battles, but eventually the Spaniards had to return to the coast.

The conquest of the Malanaos was, nevertheless, not abandoned. Governor-General Zamora carried on systematic operations and constructed a wagon-road from Iligan (north) to Zamboanga, protected by a number of blockhouses. Small armoured launches were brought into sections and launched in order to



Lake, and in 1898 the Spaniards seemed to be making good progress towards conquering these barbarians, when the Spanish-American war broke out, the little war-vessels were sunk by their crews in deep water, and the Lake again abandoned. So that, when, in 1899, the American troops occupied the coast points such as Iligan and Malabang, the Malanaos were left in undisputed possession of their own beautiful country—absolutely unhampered—and became more arrogant than ever; and it was not till 1902 that the Americans advanced as far as, but not further than, Lake Lanao.

Naturally, the sudden exit of the Spaniards was regarded by the Malanaos as a complete victory for themselves, and, owing to the unfortunate manner in which it was worded, the proclamation of friendship sent to the Lake Mahommedans by the American Division Commander-General Chaffee created a feeling exactly contrary to that which was sincerely intended and expected. The proclamation read :—

“To the Moros of Lake Lanao :

“Under the Treaty of Paris between Spain and the United States, executed in the year 1899, the Philippine Islands, including the Island of Mindanao, were ceded by Spain to the United States, together with all the rights and responsibilities of complete sovereignty. Among the rights thus acquired by the United States is that of commerce and free communication throughout these islands by its civil and

military agents and by all its citizens when engaged in lawful pursuits. The responsibility of the Government to protect its citizens and agents under these and all other conditions, and to insist upon the full recognition of its power to do so by all the inhabitants of the Philippines, native and foreign, will not be disputed by any enlightened government or people, etc. etc."

Now, if one can bear in mind that the Malanaos had never heard of Paris nor of an treaty; that they had never considered themselves conquered by the Spaniards—and quite rightly too, for they never were—it seemed preposterous to them that people who had never conquered them should cede their land to another nation whose name the Malanaos had equally never heard before. And this by a treaty which they knew nothing about. The sin but unhappily expressed promises contained in the American proclamation were thereupon considered a mere base stratagem to invade their beloved country without fighting, in order to dispossess the natives of their land and homes.

This lack of tact was particularly unhappy coming at a moment when the Malanaos were least inclined to believe any promises of aid from strangers. Had a letter been written in such a letter as would appeal to a civilized man, but one couched in simple language, understandable to the comprehension of Malanao, and mentioning much of the fighting in the Lanao region

have been avoided. Naturally, no personal blame should be attached to the Division Commander for his unfamiliarity with the ways of every tribe in the entire Archipelago, but when the interests of a large country are involved it seems strange that no one was employed who did know.

Colonel (now General) Baldwin's expedition was a natural sequel to this proclamation ; and the bloody battle of Bayang will ever be remembered as a magnificent bit of work on the part of officers and soldiers of the 27th Infantry and 25th Mountain Battery, but as a sad day to all American hearts on account of the great and unnecessary loss it entailed in the American lines. Besides, the defeat of the Malanaos on that occasion was only partial, and a series of misunderstandings and intrigues necessitated a fresh expedition, which in 1903 became inevitable.

The Malanaos had constructed around the lake forts of great strength—principally those of Bacolod and Calahui—which they believed impregnable. The Sultan of Bacolod was perhaps the most troublesome chief, although in his correspondence with the Americans he had since 1902 professed friendship towards the United States, and had no desire to fight them if his rights were respected. "Any intimation to the contrary is false," he invariably reiterated, "and does not express my sentiments."

The Americans assured the Sultan that he would in no way be molested, but that, on the contrary, help and friendship would ever be offered him in every way. The Sultan, when

approached on the subject of a visit from the American Commander, recommended him not to call for three months, and advised him to come around the Lake by way of all the other Malanao tribes; this in order that he might see what effect the American visit had upon his neighbours, and also that he might have time to strengthen his fortifications.

In June, 1902, the Sultan and his adviser, the Panandungan—a man of fanatical ideas and violent disposition—sent a warlike letter to the Commanding Officer requesting the Americans to return to the coast. “You must follow our religion and customs or you will be to blame. This letter,” it said, “goes to you burned in six places to indicate that it means war.” Next day a most friendly letter followed—a circumstance which well shows the childish capriciousness of these people. Another insulting letter arrived in July. It read: “We ask you return to the sea because you should not be here among circumcised Malanaos, for you do not like us. You are marauders and we do not want to follow your religion. You eat dogs. If you do not wish to leave this region, go back here and live in Bacolod under the Sultan Panandungan, who will practise circumcision upon you. If you do not come here, we will come to you.”

Captain John Pershing, who was then in command at Camp Vicars, replied in firm but tactful and civil terms, attempting to correct the unbalanced Bacolod people, and even

ployed agents to visit the Sultan to explain verbally the friendly feelings of the Americans. Everything that could be done to promote good feeling was tried by Pershing, and forbearance, patience, and unbounded tact were ever used ; but more insulting and friendly letters in couples came at intervals from the Sultan and the Panandungan.

Other local rulers, like the Sultan of Ganassi, had always proved themselves staunch friends of the Americans, and had attempted to act as intermediaries and to conciliate the unruly Sultan. However, matters seemed to grow worse every day ; attempts to cut up American soldiers were constantly made—so much so that it was forbidden to proceed along the Malaban road without a strong escort, and at Camp Vicars the sentries had orders at night to fire on anyone approaching the camp, without calling out the usual “ Halt, who goes there ? ”

In September, 1902, owing to Pershing's tact and the splendid behaviour of the Americans, most of the Dattos around the Lake approved and affirmed the American treaty, but the Bacolod people desired war.

There remained nothing else to do but to show definitely that the Americans would stand the insults of the Mahommedan chiefs no longer. A council of war was held at Malabang, and Captain Pershing, who had considerable experience of the Lake region and its inhabitants, was entrusted with the command of the expedition, which was to explore the entire west shore

of the Lake, where the troublesome chiefs were.

The expedition consisted of Troops A, G, L, 15th Cavalry ; Companies C, F, G and M, 27th Infantry ; two gun sections (Vickers-Maxims) of 25th Battery F, A, and two mortar sections of the 17th Battery, F, A, united under the command of the senior artillery officer, Captain McNair.

A pack train of mules and native ponies was provided for the transportation of rations, forage, ammunition and medical supplies, the commissary's and quartermaster's arrangements being very commendable for the perfect smoothness with which every detail ran. The hospital corp was under a very energetic and able surgeon Lieutenant R. U. Patterson. Lieut.-Col. John C. Chamberlain accompanied the expedition as spectator.

On April 3rd, in the company of Capt. Pershing, who had come for orders to Malaba and with an escort of cavalry, I rode to Ca Vicars, some 24 miles, where we arrived late at night.

## CHAPTER VI

The outposts attacked—The siege and assault of Bacolod—  
Great pluck of the American Soldiers—Narrow escapes  
—The surrender of Calahui—The escort “jumped”—  
Cholera in camp.

ON April 5th, at 7 a.m., all arrangements being completed and the troops being reviewed by General Sumner, we moved out of Camp Vicars—a most impressive sight, as the long line of blue-shirted soldiers, the splendid pack-mules and the cavalymen moved slowly up the hill towards the Lake. Camp Vicars is, I think, 2,000 feet above the sea-level: Lake Lanao about 1,500, and from the highest point between the two a magnificent view is obtainable of the distant sea to the south, and the immense sheet of placid waters of the Lake on the north. There were high mountains to the east, but no great heights were visible in a northerly direction.

Before us on the north shores of the arm of water in the south-west portion of the Lake could be perceived, upon a prominent ridge, the fort of Bacolod surrounded by immense trenches

—apparently of recent date, judging by their bright red colour—and upon the fort a number of huge standards of war—red, white, and blue—flew gaily in the wind.

We descended in a single file along a narrow and slippery trail, with high and stifling grass on either side—well above my head on the back of a tall American horse—and we proceeded over undulating country with every now and then great tufts of bamboo. At intervals we got glimpses, from the higher points, of the lake with its pretty little islands in the south-west. We passed several abandoned forts with stockades of live bamboos, and we left to the west the Ganassi peaks—one of which displayed a huge landslide.

Led by a Datto in variegated clothing, bright yellow turban, and a scarf artistically draped on his left shoulder, his legs doubled up on a native saddle with its uncomfortable stirrups held between the big toe and the next, and a crowd of attendants in similarly bright garments and kerchiefs tied into a stiff cylinder upon the head with a knot behind—we came to a friendly rancheria. The houses, made of split bamboo with *cogon* roofs, were hardly raised above the ground. They were flying the Stars and Stripes. This was the Sultan of Ganassi's place—the Sultan a personal "amigo" of Captain Pershing, and a very jolly and honest-looking old man. He, too, came out gaily dressed in yellow of the most bilious tints, somewhat relieved by blue ornamentations at the ankles. A few semi-naked boys—slaves and attendants—walked behind him



carrying a long spear and betel-nut boxes ; whereas a stalwart devil of great muscular development was entrusted with the Sultan's sword and its collapsible scabbard held together by a string, which, severed in the impetus of striking, does away with the process of unsheathing the blade.

Pathetic beyond words was the sight of a number of men and women waving large flags over fields in order to drive away the grasshoppers, of which millions hopped about everywhere. A long ditch had been cut at right angles to the line of direction in which these insects travelled, too broad for a grasshopper to jump over and too deep for one to jump out of it again. Driven quickly towards it, millions of grasshoppers found themselves at the bottom of the ditch, where deep holes had further been dug at intervals of three or four feet ; into these the surplus was swept every now and then, and destroyed by fire.

What with the swarms of grasshoppers : what with the cholera which raged in this region, and what with the astounding display of American soldiers pouring down the hill-side, the natives who squatted about in front of their houses as we passed seemed greatly concerned.

We encamped the first night on the ridge of Madumba, on the point of which an abandoned fort with a luxuriant growth of bamboos was to be seen. Dr. Patterson and I rode on alone to this fort, and several Malanaos who were hidden inside came out and were treacherously trying to

get behind us, with the evident intention of cutting us up. I warned Dr. Patterson, and he covered them with his revolver. We obtained from this point a fine view of the Bacolod fort, now, on seeing the American force approach, fully decked with war flags. We could faintly hear the distant fanatical yells of the natives, chanting their war songs, and suddenly along the shores of the lake glittered in the sun hundreds of brandished *kris* and *campilan* blades. It was an invitation—a challenge to come on.

The Americans made their camp upon the ridge among graves of freshly deceased—possibly of cholera—and not deeply buried corpses, somewhat highly scented as the horses trod upon and removed what little earth was on them. Still, for safety against the natives—I mean the living ones—this was decidedly the best spot. The night was not a peaceful one. Attacks were made upon our outposts, one native actually creeping to within two yards of a sentry and firing point-blank at him. The arm of the soldier was so smashed that immediate amputation was necessary. The brave Serjeant Waller, meanwhile, who had received a terrible gash in the shoulder and who had carried his companion to the hospital tent, entreated the surgeon, “Do not mind me, sir, he needs you more than I do. I can wait.” There was constant fusillading during the night in order to keep treacherous natives from approaching, and it was feared that the plucky devils would attempt to “jump” the camp.

On the 6th we continued towards Bacolod, but not by the shore trail where an ambush would have been easy, and where the natives ran about excitedly, spears and swords in hand ; but by a steep and difficult trail upon the hill-side—a long but cautious *détour*. A fort upon a prominent hill, from which we expected to be fired at, showed no signs of life, but by way of precaution a shell or two was dropped into it and several shells were sent ahead of us in the forest to clear it of the enemy.

On passing another fort we were fired upon at close range, and the Americans immediately replied with a fusillade. But a kitten, with wide-open green eyes and pointed ears, was the only living thing which, at the unusual sounds of the rifles, peeped over the wall to see what it was all about, and, evidently enjoying the fun as much as everybody else, took a promenade up and down upon the fortifications, wagging his tail in contentment and stretching his numbed limbs upon this sudden awakening from sleep.

Constant firing was kept up by snipers from the hill-side in front as we advanced. We were now nearing the impregnable Bacolod, and the chanting in chorus of the fanatics who had found refuge inside sounded weirdly savage. Our artillery occupied a position some 900 yards from the Bacolod fort and began shelling its bomb-proof roof. The Vickers-Maxims did most excellently, and each shell was landed straight home.

I was sitting against an ammunition box

get behind us, with the Remington cutting us up. I warned them, fortunately covered them with his revolver coat, and from this point a fine view against which now, on seeing the American strength to go fully decked with war flag American friends hear the distant fanatical remark that chanting their war songs. have some shores of the lake glittered the only civilian of brandished *kris* and which came to us an invitation—a challenge.

The Americans made a real but not very ridge among graves of from the hill-side of cholera—and not from fire, the bushes what highly scented secured as much as removed what little sight of the soldiers for safety against the wonderfully useful mules ones—this was de and of the gaily night was not a seen below, with its made upon the long escape trenches creeping to was relieved by the firing point—in the background. soldier was in Camp Vicars upon tion was not fast flashing for news. meanwhile, Pandungan—the Ma the shoulder him—appeared like a to the ho roof of the fort and not mind defiance, and when war- I can w of his was knocked off during generally peeped out and natives shouting words which the pluck invitation to come on. camp. After shelling the fort the



watching the proceedings, when a Rebel bullet from the enemy grazed my arm, for only causing some slight damage to my arm, having recoiled from the iron case again. I was leaning, had still sufficient strength through a soldier's leg. My American took advantage of this jokingly to the Bacolod people must surely have a personal grievance against me, the —as that was the first bullet which came from the fort.

The Malanaos fired a good deal straight, and sniping went on far and around us. By means of mortar and subsidiary forts were cleared all possible of the enemy. The soldiers and their horses, of the wounded all crowding up the hillside, the attired and palisaded fort down the huge surrounding trench and down towards the mountain-side, the placid waters of the lake. Behind were the hills which the heliograph connected. Every now and then, the Malanaos with us recognised the Jack-in-the-box upon which he waved his sword in signal, the banner after war-battle, the by American shells, the brandished his sword, the apparently signified.

Well, we did.

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Peck, cut a passage in the soft  
however, was so slushy and sticky  
in rain that many, myself included,  
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to run down the steep slope, so as to  
by the impetus up on the other side,  
our horses. The result generally was—  
y case—that, contrary to expectation, one  
ick in the mud at the bottom of the  
e, the horse sliding behind at a great pace,  
tumbling over one.

Once on the ridge on which, lower down,  
at the point near the lake, the enemy's fort  
stood, the Americans (Company C, supported  
by Company F and G) kept advancing until  
they were 250 yards from the fort, keeping  
up all the time a fusillade on the loopholes in  
the stockade. The natives answered briskly,  
with rifles of various patterns, as could be judged

by the different sounds of bullets whizzing past our heads—among which the snappy whiz of Mausers could easily be identified. Occasionally they let slug into us in quantities from their *lantacas*, and they succeeded in doing some damage. A bullet killed a mule and made a deep dent into the loins of a man who stood behind it. Others received slight wounds.

Great excitement prevailed when the huge 7-pointed flag on a tripod mast collapsed, and more still when a second was hoisted and immediately blown up by an American shell. Company F taking the position of Company C, this latter was then ordered to proceed to the eastward with their left resting on the lake shore, Company G, which had now come up, was deployed above the fort (north) at close range, while Company M occupied the west ravine with part of Company C, practically surrounding the enemy's position.

A number of natives attempted to escape and were killed, but in the evening the Americans had to abandon the two flanks for the sake of precaution, and during the night a great many of the enemy escaped by the lake.

The night being a clear one, Dr. Patterson and I, for want of any other excitement, proposed to creep down and inspect the fort at close range right to the edge of the big trench. The long escape trench (14 feet wide, 25 feet deep), which went north from the fort, was protected by a small trench running parallel to it all along. In this we proceeded peacefully until we reached



the edge of the big encircling trench, and we were examining the stockades of the fort on the other side—only some 15 yards off—when from the loopholes which commanded this trench a brisk fire with Mauser rifles was opened upon us. We lay flat at the bottom of the trench for some twenty minutes, while the enemy amused themselves by using us as a target. The snappy Mauser bullets whizzed past along our heads and backs—some most unpleasantly near, for the trench was only about one foot deep—and it was with some relief when the firing temporarily ceased that we crawled—under a parting volley—back into camp.

During the night a *lantaca* and several Remingtons on the hillside commanding the American camp kept firing at us and with some success. Lieutenant Deems' guns, with both Captain McNair's, moved into the centre of the line north of the fort, the Vickers-Maxims firing occasional shells. Troop A was held in reserve behind the slope of the hill. This was the first position, but we changed from time to time during the siege till the final assault took place, the American contingent remaining encamped behind a firing line of Companies G and F.

Some pathetic incidents took place. An old man, trembling, and with a hand partly shot off by a shell, was captured as he was endeavouring to escape and was brought into camp. He seemed fearless when interrogated, and bore himself with manly dignity and calm, notwithstanding

ing that he must have been in great pain. I would give no information about his people in the fort, except that many, he said, had been killed.

Upon the lake dozens of boats could be seen cruising about in the distance, especially from one of the islands, where the women and some of the men had taken refuge; and the Spanish shooters upset several canoes and their astonished crews with well-directed shots at 900 yards.

A flag of truce was waved from the fort. After firing having ceased (on April 8th) the Spanish dungan, in his gaudy clothing, appeared upon the roof of his fort and seemed very interested in inspecting the damage done by the Americans. He hailed us to come ashore. The two Filipino interpreters approached. He had a great grievance and wanted the Commanding Officer to proceed alone to the fort—possibly so that he should be taken prisoner. He was requested to convey his message through the interpreters.

"Well," he yelled excitedly, "if you want to fight us let them fight, but don't fight like men. While American ships are besieging my fort I see them down here eating up all my cocoanuts. This is not war and is not war!"

This message having been conveyed, we hauled up another great war-banner with a red border, with a white flag at the mast—and as quick as lightning. At 2 p.m. another white flag was hoisted by a little child, who placidly waved



THE SIEGE OF FORT BACOLOD (LAKE LANAO).  
(Captain Pershing, the American Commanding Officer, in foreground.)



the fort waving it as if playing with other children. The last war flag having collapsed, he was attempting—evidently instructed from down below in the fort—to tear it down with one hand, never however letting go the flag of truce.

The Panandungan again came up and made ridiculous demands, so that hostilities were resumed. He would not surrender, and insisted on the American Commander approaching the fort alone—which was out of the question.

We had cholera in camp, and one American died that afternoon ; others were taken very sick. Precautions were used, such as boiling water ; but it seems rather strange that it never struck doctors in the tropics that those who are generally attacked by it are the hardest drinkers, not of water, but of whisky. From that day we had deaths from cholera every day, mostly among the packers. One fact was certain, that although the Americans were ordered to drink boiled water only, they got cholera badly ; whereas the Malanao camp-followers, some hundreds of them, who invariably drank plain unboiled water from the lake—I did, too—never got it at all. But maybe the doctors would call this a miraculous escape, and the first fact an incomprehensible occurrence. Naturally, in camp there is very little opportunity to boil the water properly and in a cleanly way, and the taste of it, when thus made wholesome to drink, was enough to make anybody sick, Irish as it may sound.

It was not till 2.30 p.m. of April 8th, or after

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 fort.  
 the shape of deep and  
 of pointed stakes  
 reaching the big trench.

Then there remained to cross the chief obstacle of all, the big trench 30 feet wide and 35 feet deep. A glance at the excellent plan of the fort, drawn by Lieutenant Peek, will show how marvellous were the defences of this place.

A bridge of bamboos was hastily made by the engineer, Lieut. Peek, and as it could not be made of sufficient strength for its great length, a lot of brush and branches of trees were thrown into the bottom of the trench to minimise the fall of those who in the assault might be precipitated into it. The mortars from a height 1,500 yards off in the meanwhile kept up a well-aimed fire, as did also the Maxims at 75 yards. Detachments of Company M and Troop A now carried the bridge down and succeeded in throwing it across.

Serjeant G. I. Marik of Troop A was the first to run across, then Corporal Ludke and Serjeant Samuel Hafer ; Lieutenant George C. Shaw with Company C quickly followed ; but alas ! the bridge gave way and several men tumbled down into the deep trench. As can be seen in the illustration—taken at that moment—one portion of the bridge stuck some way down the tunnel, and by means of this the plucky Americans rushed and climbed like cats up the steep wall.

Meanwhile, the besieged, with their *campilans*, dashed out from covered trenches and squeezed through loopholes. Serjeant Hafer had one arm cut off clean by a sword cut, and the other smashed by an American bullet. Serjeant Marik was severely wounded in the ankle by slug, and

three days of siege and continual shelling, the assault upon the fort was decided on. Na with the strong force at his command, Pershing could, had he wished, have easily taken the fort the very first day, but the loss of a hand-to-hand to fight with these fanatics would have been appalling; and by holding Malanaos under fire in the fort longer the hope of weakening them to such an extent that an attack after all became necessary was increased. There was no hope of weakening them to such an extent if an attack after all became necessary. The chance from within would be reduced. The chances of loss on the American side were making a taking a Then another reason was that a surprise attack was expected on the 8th, without which it would have been unwise for the force to make an attack. Although criticisms regarding this were made by the usual busybodies, it was sound military judgment and the part of the American Commander. He never lost sight for one moment of the possibility of inflicting upon the enemy the maximum possible with as little to his own loss as possible.

Well, in the afternoon of the 7th, under a heavy rain of infantry fire, our advance guard, consisting of Company F to the west, Troop I to the north, having Vickers-Maxims, and Company C to the east, were ordered to take the subway leading from the fort to the beach. Company G south-east of the fort.

A number of obstacles were encountered on approach. These included treacherous pits and a narrow passage. The only soldiers who remained ill remained



inside. It was impossible to go inside without being cut to pieces; and as, even then, they would not surrender, a lot of grass and wood were quickly conveyed across and lighted and thrown inside—other fuel being poured upon it with due speed.

Amid hurrahs the fort was now ablaze and we retired across the trench to await events. The powder magazine blew up and with it went the solid roof of the fort, the flames shot up and a tall gloomy black column of smoke.

That was the end of impregnable Bacolod!

When we entered again shortly after, in the smouldering fire were some 30 charred bodies, and old *lantacas* swung upon wires close to the loopholes; others lying flat at rest on a bed of ashes—12 guns in all, and some large Spanish cannon. The construction of the fort inside the big trench was most interesting.

Angular at three corners but rounded on the fourth, it had a battlement of earth and stone between strong facings and revetments of bamboo, inside and out. This wall, 15 feet wide at base, 10 at summit, which supported a substantial shell-proof roof made of bamboo and mud, had its main entrance to the east duly protected by a traverse. Outwardly it was 15 feet high on the north side, but only about six on the southern. The well of the fort was about 50 feet square. Two diagonal tower-bastions, with inner and outer palisades of bamboo, were evidently constructed to command and protect the northern and southern ditches of escape.

Lieutenant Shaw received a slight wound ; but many narrow escapes occurred. One, which is represented in the illustration, happened when the storming party entered the fort ; the fighting Chaplain, C. Damon Rice, was among the first to enter, and was looking around for snapshots with his camera when, from a covered passage, the fanatical Panandungan leapt out waving a *kris*. We shouted to the Chaplain to look out, just as the Mahommedan was about to slash him in the back—a blow which, by a miracle, the Chaplain managed to avoid. I was fortunate in taking snapshot of the man in the act of striking the snapshotter.

A little further plucky Dr. Patterson kneeling, bandaging the terrible wounds Serjeant Hafer, when the Panandungan raised his vicious blade to strike at him ; but Patterson—a powerful man—struck him such a violent blow in the chest that the fanatic next seen flying down into the deep trench. Before he had time to reach the bottom he had been pierced by innumerable Krag bullets.

Private Cosser of Company C had a close shave, too. He was looking down into the trench when two Malanaos sprung up behind out of a covered underground passage and slashed at him furiously. One man he hurled down into the trench with the butt of his rifle, the other he shot dead ; but he himself received six wounds. In the meantime, from an aperture in the shell-proof roof soldiers were attempting to shoot those who still



27TH INFANTRY, U.S.A., ASSAULTING FORT BACOLOD.  
(Malanao Chief attempting to kill Chaplain Rice shown on extreme right.)







A "LANTACA" IN THE CAPTURED FORT OF BACOLOD.



MALANAO CHIEF SURRENDERING THE FORT OF CALAHUI.

Now, one question presented itself at the observer—the question how these trenches were made; and the my heightened by the fact that not an our removed from them had been thr Personally, I believe that advantage taken of earthquake cracks—earth extremely common in these regions— natives had merely enlarged and work done partly by nature. On this seemed very apparent. had also evidently caused the wash away the surplus earth into the lake. But the work the same.

Besides the north and northern one, 14 feet wide, feet long, leading up 30 feet wide and 35 deep, there was another covered also leading to the lake. was connected with the fort by a kind of ingenious double bamboos at an angle, v arrangement—on which down from one side to Having captured the medan fort in Mind some minor forts to three miles distant, strength.

On the 9th *lantacas* captured

the interpreter, Company M by the gay we came to the 45 feet deep— destroyed. This of it, it would means at hand to were held as into the fort. The across the ditch, and onceself, a hand- held by one man at of the Datto preceded a better idea of the found no one, Pershing



"LANTACA" IN THE CAPTURED FORT OF BACOLOD.



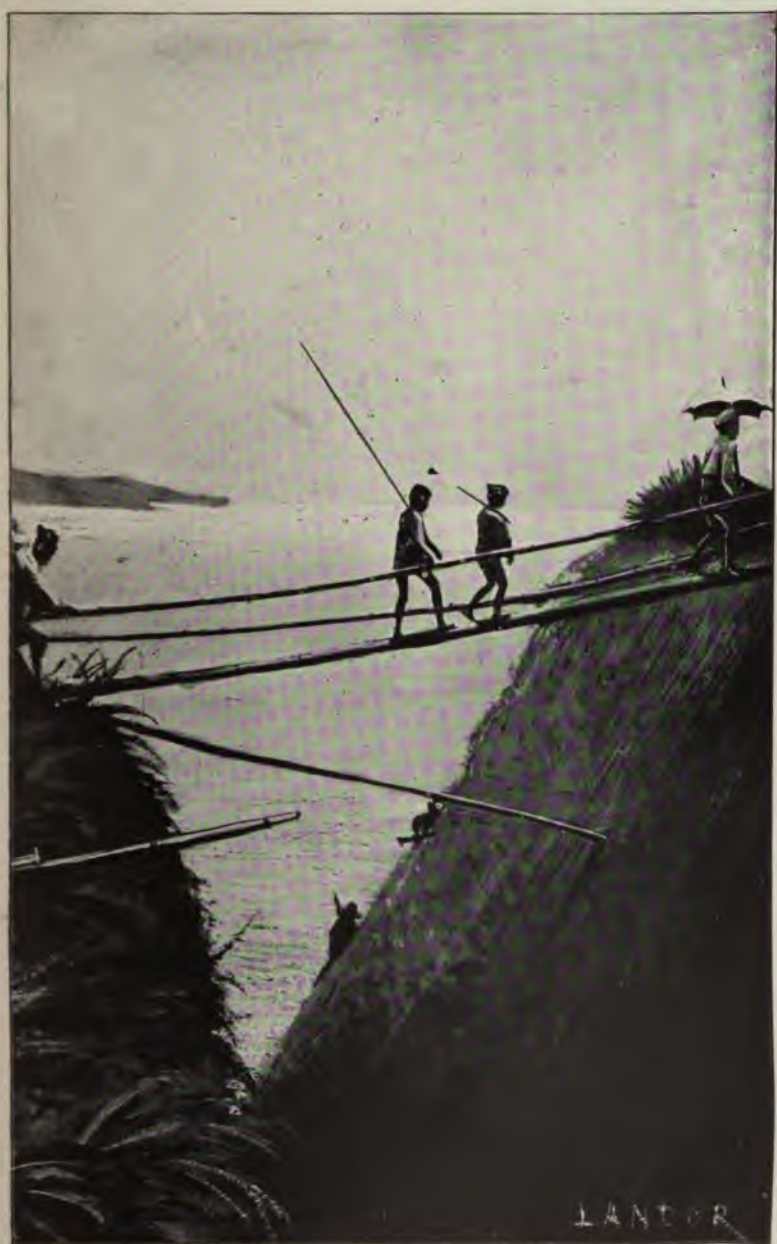
MALANAO CHIEF SURRENDERING THE FORT OF CALAHUI.

suspended in braces from the ceiling. A few scared chickens and a little green parrot were all the living things we found inside. A number of flags, red, with white and black borders, were heaped upon the ground, and it was to be hoped that these flags of war had waved for the last time over these forts.

Outside the wall on the north and the palisade padded with earth on the west were rifle trenches and on the north side, where the position was commanded by the higher hills behind, a parapet. Rifle pits were also to be found, and a 6 feet deep snare, which the natives, in their hurry to depart, had not finished roofing.

A very sad affair occurred. The escort of a pack train was "jumped" by Malanaos, who had hidden behind rocks, and three American soldiers were terribly cut up with *campilans*. Some had their arms cut clean off and further amputation was necessitated. Coporal Reid, who was terribly wounded all over, died a few minutes after being carried into camp by his companions. Lieutenant Mangum, who was also attacked and slightly wounded in the fingers and leg, had a miraculous escape. A Malanao with his drawn *kris* attacked him, and the American officer fired four times with his 38 Colt, but his cartridges did not explode. The fifth shot went off and hit the fanatic in the loin-cloth, in the ample folds of which it remained embedded without doing further damage. In attempting to avoid a blow from the *kris*, Mangum tripped over a rock and fell, his adversary jumping upon him. Holding





HOW WE ENTERED THE FORT OF CALAHUL.  
(Bridge of two bamboos over trench forty-five feet deep.)

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Inside the wall on the north and the palisade  
l with earth on the west were rifle trenches  
on the north side, where the position was  
anded by the higher hills behind, a parapet.  
pits were also to be found, and a 6 feet  
are, which the natives, in their hurry to  
, had not finished roofing.

A sad affair occurred. The escort of a  
n was "jumped" by Malanaos, who had  
behind rocks, and three American soldier  
were terribly cut up with *campilans*. Some had  
their arms cut clean off and further amputation  
was necessitated. Coporal Reid, who was terribly  
wounded all over, died a few minutes after being  
carried into camp by his companions. Lieutenant  
Mangum, who was also attacked and slight-  
wounded in the fingers and leg, had a miraculo  
escape. A Malanao with his drawn *kris* attack  
him, and the American officer fired four times  
with his 38 Colt, but his cartridges did not  
explode. The fifth shot went off and hit  
fanatic in the loin-cloth, in the ample folds  
which it remained embedded without doing  
further damage. In attempting to avoid a blow  
from the *kris*, Mangum tripped over a rock  
fell, his adversary jumping upon him. Hol-

the sharp sword with his gloved hand Mangum hit the Mohammedan in the temples with the butt of his revolver, and eventually the man was shot.

Personally, I have no belief in revolvers at any time, even the best of them ; but possibly a revolver of a larger calibre, 44 or 45 at least, with reliable ammunition—an impossibility in damp tropical climates—might prove serviceable. Altogether in these fights the Americans only had one man killed and 14 wounded—a very small loss considering the difficult work accomplished. Unhappily, cholera killed more people than bullets or other weapons of the enemy.

Uncle Sam's soldiers seem to entertain a love for ham and for a red liquid with mysterious seeds in it called "canned tomatoes"—as deadly a diet, I think, as human beings can devise for a tropical climate. When to this is added water boiled in the cylinders that are used to pack all sorts of articles when on the move, it can hardly be a matter of surprise that everybody suffered from dysentery, stomach troubles, fever, or skin troubles of some sort or other.

The officers, too—and I admired them for it—fed, without murmur, no better, in fact, worse than the soldiers ; and, personally, I lived many a day—and, mind you, quite happy on it—on hard tack alone, rather than eat food which, excellent as it would be for a colder climate—the quality being good and the quantity plentiful—I knew would undermine even my constitution. The result was that during the

campaign few could boast of the excellent health which I enjoyed.

I am not making these remarks in a disparaging way, but having some experience of how to feed myself and my men on the march, I think that a change in the diet of the American soldier in the Philippines would be very beneficial to his health, and would put a stop to many a complaint and to deaths which are now attributed to harmless and even excellent water.



## CHAPTER VII

A triumphant march—The Malanaos—A royal maid—From Malabang to Iligan overland for the first time.

WITH the surrender of Calahui the victory over the Malanaos of the western shore of the lake was practically completed. But the Americans continued their march to the most northern part of the lake. The country we traversed was very beautiful, and most of it under cultivation in neatly kept fields. The trail we followed was extremely bad for horses, and we had to go along ravines so steep that a couple of mules slid down and were lost. The hospital-assistant's horse also rolled down among rocks from a height of over 50 feet, but was uninjured. He however, got stuck so fast among the boulders that great difficulty was experienced in extricating him. He was brought up bodily to the trail, pretending to be dead until he was made to stand upon his legs, when, by way of thanks, he kicked in every direction, scattering his sweating helpers. The last ravine before reaching the summit of the ridge, on which was another fort with the

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usual growth of bamboo, proved that we had to halt for two hours until they had cut a passable trail for the horses.

The country which disclosed itself was undulating, thickly wooded in the by the lake, but quite open and cultivated mountain slopes. We came upon a number of *rancherías*, neat houses with gabled *cogon* roofs made upon bamboo with walls of split bamboo. These have peculiar windows—elongated horizontal regular slits. They are made thus to allow the free use of spears upon enemies, and also as a means of seeing their women.

Really, as we went along, it was to observe the extraordinary industry of the barbarians. Upon ravines so steep that a foot could hardly hold, one found, on each side, a neat look-out house perched on a rock. On these, brother Malanao keeps one crop and the other on approach of his neighbouring tribes. Any number of these can be seen, one on nearly every hill. Doubtless, they are also used as signals from one tribe to another—of the Malanaos are masters.

The actual dwellings are almost always to be found on the lower undulating slopes, screened by tufts of bamboo and the whole inside a strong fence.

On a hill we passed a strong wall, which we destroyed.

high flat-topped peak ; whereas eastward three wooded peninsulas stretched out into the lake. The country seemed to be getting more level towards the northern part of the lake, and on a clear day a view of the entire sheet of water (some 450 square miles), with its great chain of distant mountains to the south and a thickly-wooded chain of hills nearer the lake shore, can be obtained from a high point. As we scan the horizon, several high ridges, the Ganassi peaks, on the south-south-west, stand prominent, amid a lot of cultivated valleys and ridges through which we have marched.

To the north-east the country seems less interesting, lower, and not rugged. One and a half miles from Calahui two flat valleys open up, divided by a conical grassy hill ; and further off another almost semispherical hill, of bright-red earth with squares of green vegetation, resembles a huge ornamented tea-cake. It forms a head-land. The mountain range to the north is free from trees up to some 800 feet above the lake level, but has a dense growth of what seems to be a species of pine above that height.

From Calahui the country was undulating at the foot of the moderately high mountain range to our north. A magnificent valley, beautifully fertile and nicely cultivated, was then disclosed—nearly each field possessing curious “rattles” of large bamboos with loose cross sticks, which, when swinging in the wind, caused a noise to scare birds away.

Hundreds of Malanaos, with their spears and

*kris*, greeted the Americans with their "*mapa*" (good), and offered their friendship. We came to a bit of nasty trail, very rocky and slippery; then to another fort with a growth of bamboos. Further groups of natives stooped the ground in submission, and offered eggs and cocoanuts to the soldiers; while others excitedly sounded gongs apparently to greet us, probably also to signal the neighbouring forts that we were approaching and friendly.

The edge of the lake was, as we have seen, irregular in its south-west portion—and with some small peninsulas, the one in front of Buncurung stretching out in a north-east direction with an islet at its end. One of these peninsulas was the domain of the Sultan of

On April 11th we camped at Malaig upon the lake shore, not far from Oato's place.

We had quite an interesting time at Malaig, where Amai-Buncurung and his pretty daughter welcomed us in their beautiful house, which was of considerable size, with huge beams and panels of carved wood. Ornamented pillars supported the roof, and several carved wood wings projected at the eaves.

The pretty royal maid thrust a frail hand through the rectangular slits of windows, and grasped the sunburnt hand of her adopted son, Captain Pershing. The American commander was the "adopted father" of all the friendly natives, sons and daughters. We strained our eyes to get a glimpse, through the narrow opening, of the face of the person to whom the title was bestowed, and oh! she was pretty.



kept her mouth closed! That is, mind you, according to canons of local beauty only. Her eyes were as far apart as the formation of a human skull could possibly permit—a little further and they would have been situated like those of a bird; the flatness of her nose, which hardly deserved the name of a nose, was fully compensated by the prominence of her lips. But what awful teeth—filed and blackened—a miniature coal-cellar! She seemed pale and sad, and her luxuriant hair hung in locks over her face. She apologised for her *déshabille*.

"Come in," said she, in a thread of soft, trembling voice. "I am upset because two relations have just died of cholera in here; but you do not mind that? They have only a moment ago been buried."

We went in—Lord, what a terrible odour!—and were graciously received, the princess, the Datto, and his followers professing intense thankfulness for the friendly behaviour of the troops towards their tribe. I asked to photograph her, but she wished to dress up first, so the operation was fixed for the following day. She sat in a bundle upon a mattress under a canopy—there were two canopies—and Amai-Buncurung sat by her side.

In the evening Captain Pershing had a reception of several chiefs who had come into our camp—a bright assemblage of strange types, dressed in all sorts of colours, yellow and red being predominant. The vicious homicidal weapons which they carried contrasted oddly with the ludicrous coloured sunshades which

## E GEMS OF THE EAST

spread over their heads. These  
s of them, sat cross-legged, Turkish-  
ly packed round Captain Pershing  
vise sat—in a most jovial manner—  
n upon the ground.

Many of the natives possessed ant  
glish military rifles marked with "V.I.  
: royal crown, and even the children  
long sword vertically in the right hand  
with the left they supported the scabbard  
sheath of these swords is in two s  
held together by small strings, and falls a  
striking a blow.

The facial features of these Malanaos  
divided into two distinct types, one  
strong Papuan influence, and showing ch  
not unduly prominent, but a great de  
and breadth of lower jaw, tapering int  
inent chin. The eyes, of a rich de  
were quick, shifty, cruel, and bloodsh  
nose, of the absolutely Papuan type  
broad, curved, and flattened under.  
was blackish, coffee-coloured, and  
instances very black.

The other type was distinctly  
slanting eyes and high cheek-bones,  
and well-rounded lobes to the ears.  
this type had straight black l  
moustache or beard, whereas th  
possessed both a slight moustache a

The ladies of Lake Lanao were, li  
mostly noticeable for their prom  
blackened teeth, as well as for l.

heavy eyelids and long eyelashes. They tied the hair into a graceful top-knot, and left a curly pendant lock on the neck. Their arms and legs, generally bare, were beautifully formed and graceful, with much muscular power, the knee in particular being chiselled with anatomical perfection, and therefore beautiful. The fingers were long and highly webbed, and the long nails were stained red.

The Malaig settlement was very large, and possessed a mosque, an open pagoda-like structure with a 2 feet high baluster on three sides and a stone wall to the east. A huge wooden bottle-shaped drum, with skin stretched upon the larger end, was used to call the faithful to prayer.

From Malaig the trail was good over an undulating grassy plateau, well cultivated in many portions, and with numerous *rancherias*. This was the first time that white men had succeeded in going round Lake Lanao from south to north.

Marahui was situated in a nice undulating valley. The Spaniards had built commodious *camarines* here, a pavilion for officers, offices, and hospital ; also a kiosk on the beach ; but now only two corrugated iron buildings were to be seen.

A great many Malanaos came to greet Captain Pershing, among whom was Hambul the Sultan, a tall, intelligent, middle-aged fellow of Malay features. He wore a huge circular bamboo hat with a silver ornament in the centre.

The Malanaos divide themselves into three principal tribes. In the northern part from

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ayauan to Romain they call them rabus. In the Southern section of Lanao, including Ganassi, as far as Maciu, Onayan tribe. The rest are called Maciu. Macius claim to be the most ancient of Lanao tribes, and to have existed before Magellan's influence spread in this region ; and the Sultan is very proud of his remote ancestry. The Macius say that they first settled at Ombogan on the west coast, and a pretty legend they tell of how the first Maciu man who came to the coast found his wife in the mist rising over a picturesque waterfall on the Agus River (the north outlet of Lake Lanao).

All these Lanao tribes are most industrious and raise quantities of maize, coffee, bananas, cacao, rice. Cocoanuts do not grow on the lake, probably because of the salt water. Cattle and carabaos are imported from Zamboanga and Barrira.

There is a good trail joining the Butig to Parang-Parang, and east of the Butig a good deal of raiding takes place. The tribes on annual foraging expeditions, a life being necessary to their existence. They take carabao and cattle, and are most voracious. At weddings they will eat their last crop if they need for their farming.

They have quaint war dances with spears and swords, and suway dances to the accompaniment of *gabbang*. They indulge in horse-racing, and they are very fond—the same

numerous races until he is beaten. They ride upon most uncomfortable saddles with stirrups resembling the Sulus', held between the big toe and the next.

The Lanao region is overrun with Panditas, wise men, and medicine-men, officials, and *sayids* or priests, who are the chief instigators of trouble. A "pandapatan" is a military genius who lays out forts and places for defence; a "sangupan" is the head or chief adviser of a tribe. The social classes are rulers, *sacopes*, or fighting men, and slaves. The latter are treated with great consideration, and are absolutely part of the family.

A pretty custom exists. The children call their father "elder brother"—*caca*, for instance, Caki<sup>1</sup> Diran, name of a Datto near Ganassi—and in case of the ruling classes the father does not go by his own name but is known as So-and-so's father, viz. Ama-ni-Manibilan (*Ama*, father; *ni*, of). The words, *Ama-ni*, are frequently contracted into *Ami* or *Amai*.

Polygamy by purchase is practised.

The graves are frequently built in two chambers, the second lower than the first, and the two joined by a connecting channel. The body is deposited in the lower chamber and the channel blocked with stones, while the upper chamber is filled with earth—a similar process to that typical of Beluchistan. In swampy places, however, as we have seen, the bodies are encased in tombs above ground.

<sup>1</sup> *Caki* a corruption of *caca*.

All members of a tribe willingly give a helping hand in tribal defence, such as the construction of forts and trenches, and all able-bodied men may be said to be soldiers.

Individually the Malanaos are capricious, as the peculiar sheen on their shifty eyes denotes. They possess hands with long fingers, and feet with abnormally long toes which they use as fingers. You constantly see them picking up things between their toes and passing them up to the hand to avoid the trouble of stooping.

They are superstitious—sickness, according to them, being the result of evil spirits entering one's body. Unlike the Christians, who accused Americans of poisoning wells, the Malanaos attributed the comparative freedom from cholera they had enjoyed while it was raging along the coast to the constant firing of the outposts at Camp Vicars, which had scared away the evil spirits of cholera.

Lieut. C. Deems (25th Battery) was telling me some interesting legends he had collected on Lake Lanao. The Malanaos, except the Macius, claim descent from priests from Mecca, and they tell of various miracles performed by their ancestors against mythical enemies. They say that a long, long time ago four men came from *Mukka* (Mecca) and landed in their *vintas* on the shores of Mindanao, near the Rio Grande. They were *sarip* or *sherifs* (priests). They had no food and they set themselves to build fish traps of bamboo stakes far out in the water. In splitting one large piece they were surprised to find an egg within. With prayers of grateful thanks

they left the egg covered with sand upon the beach while they went on with their work. On their return they found the egg had developed into a beautiful girl, who loved them all and bore them many children. These were the ancestors of the Malanao people.

Another version of the same story is told by those who do not approve of polyandry as practised by that mysterious young lady. Long, long ago in a distant country, far away from Lanao (the term used in the Malanao region for Lake), lived a man called Radindapatera. His settlement was called Mbaran. Under the water of the Lake lived a woman, Caribang, who was as fair as the moon. She was the mistress and the very soul of the Lake. The Lake was also inhabited by *bul-buls*, wicked devils, who, however, kept away from good Caribang. Although these *bul-buls* have no wings and only long claws, they can hover about the air at night to look for dead men. When they do find one, and no one is watching, they tear the bowels open, eat the entrails and, to avoid detection, fill the vacuum with bananas, and by some surgical method of their own, close up the skin again so as to leave no trace of their evil deed. The Sultan of these *bul-buls*, Omakan, naturally hated good Radindapatera, and a fight ensued on the Lake, where they fought desperately for an entire moon (month). Rajah Suliman, Radindapatera's brother, was killed by Omakan. The latter's sword broke in the fight, but, he being an adept at magic, each time the blade snapped it became two fresh blades.

Alone and grieved, Radindapatera sat out that night, mourning the loss and cooking his dinner. His grief was so great that when he made his fire and put his pot of rice on to boil, he set his vessel on two stones (instead of three), where it was not steady. Seeing that the pot was about to fall over, he placed his knee under it for a third support, and burnt it badly, at the same time allowing the pot to fall over. While lamenting his misfortune he heard a voice among the tree branches above his head. A *bul-bul* was there laughing at him.

"Radindapatera," he called out, "your grief makes a fool of you ; have you no longer sense enough to balance a pot on three stones ? "

"I do not know who killed my brother."

"Omakan," replied the voice in the tree.

"Where is Omakan now ? "

"On the other side of the Lake."

Radindapatera sought Omakan and killed him, after which, so as to get away from the troublesome *bul-buls*, he proceeded to Bgunga where Caribang lived. She loved him, and died in giving birth to a child, a little girl ; but the child lived.

During this period of misfortune a *vinta* landed on the Magindanao coast with four men who came from Mukka. They separated and taught the people the Allah alatala. One stayed in the Magindanao valley ; three went to the Lake (Lanao), one settling at Maciu, one at Romain, the third at Ganassi ; where they preached the Koran.

One of them—the Sarip Labunchuan—



eventually married Caribang's daughter and fought the people of Mbaran who would not accept the Mahommedan faith. The *Sarip* chanted to these rebels: "*Ilay lay y la la*," and they all fell on the ground dead, while their settlement burst into flames and was destroyed.

The *sherif* of Magindanao also went up to the Lake in order to fight those who would not accept the Koran, and they say that the aborigines who never became true believers left that region (Mbaran) and migrated to the forest of the mountains, where they live to this day in trees. Neither they nor the Spaniards who came to their help, they claim, ever beat the "true believers" of the Lake—a true boast which, however, they cannot apply to their conquerors the Americans.

MALANAOS.

HEAD.	<i>Onayan</i> ( <i>Ganassi</i> ).	<i>Bayabus</i> .
	Metre.	Metre.
Vertical maximum length of head . . . . .	0'217	0'225
Horizontal maximum length of cranium . . . .	0'183	0'190
Width of forehead at temples . . . . .	0'145	0'123
Height of forehead . . . . .	0'060	0'065
Bizygomatic breadth . . . . .	0'135	0'127
Nasal height . . . . .	0'060	0'050
Nasal breadth (nostrils) . . . . .	0'050	0'045
Orbital horizontal breadth . . . . .	0'035	0'035
Distance between eyes . . . . .	0'035	0'032
Length of ear . . . . .	0'055	0'065
Length of upper lip . . . . .	0'020	0'025
Length of lower lip and chin . . . . .	0'040	0'040
HAND.		
Hand . . . . .	0'170	0'185
Fingers . . . . .	0'110	0'110
Thumb . . . . .	0'110	0'110

At Marahui we struck the military road to Iligan (north coast), 15 feet wide, but overgrown with grass. Leaving the lake, we descended in a zigzag from the hill, 200 feet high,

into another beautiful and fertile valley with plentiful grass and banana trees, and a pleasant march took us to Pantar upon the Agus River.

Pershing's march through this country, from Calahui, had taken the shape of a triumphant procession rather than of a warlike expedition. The minor chiefs, recognising the superiority of the Americans, met us in force upon the trail, with home-made American flags or white flags of peace. They all bowed and professed their allegiance to the United States, and they were greatly surprised by the honesty of the Americans in paying ready cash for whatever they got. Necessarily, the passage of a large force with animals through a country involves a certain amount of damage to crops, but an indemnity was promptly paid for whatever mischief was done.

The Spaniards had made a military road from Iligan to Marahui and had protected it by a number of blockhouses. At Pantar a magnificent iron suspension bridge, 125 feet long, had been completed in 1895—a really astounding work in the centre of a savage island,—of which only the high sustaining stone pillars now remain. The gurgling river of beautiful clear water had now to be crossed in a canoe, every atom of iron from the bridge having been used by the Malanaos to make weapons and ammunition for their *lantacas* and guns.

On the other side of the stream we saw American soldiers, a large camp being established at this point; but whereas the inimical Malanaos had greeted the victorious expedition in a

hospitable manner, not as much as "How are you?" was shouted across the stream by the brother Americans. The first greeting we received was an intimation that none of us must on any account cross over, as we had cholera among us. Next, that none of the soldiers on our side of the stream must wash in the infected river, whereas those on the other bank were allowed to splash gaily and daily in the refreshing stream. Eventually these conflicting and amusing orders were altered into a permission for the soldiers to wash feet and hands—under no consideration the face—and officers from our camp were several times entertained very hospitably by officers on the other side.

I was also permitted to continue the journey across the island to Iligan—the first time it had been made entirely over land from Malabang—and I am under a great obligation to the Commanding Officer at Pantar for much kindness and for furnishing me with horses. Accompanied by Captain McNair, Captain Kirkpatrick, and Lieutenant Peek, I went down by the new and excellent American military road, among gigantic trees. There were six camps to protect the road—Pantar, Tiradores, Mumungan, Camp 2 near the river, and the new post of Nunukan. At the larger camps were stationed four companies of infantry; in the smaller only two. At Pantar was an additional troop of cavalry.

None the worse for the genial hospitality shown us at every camp, we reached Iligan safely.

## CHAPTER VIII

Don Juan's bedroom—The old  
Parang-Parang.

Don Juan, after his return from Iligan, a  
small town in the south-east portion of  
the province of Misamis. The  
Davao river, the northern  
boundary of the bay, and  
the bay itself. On  
the bay are falls of con-  
siderable height and settlements  
of the natives of the bay, and  
the Spanish town a  
few miles on the right  
bank. There is an abundance of  
coconut groves  
and the people are Filipino  
and the lower portions  
are used as shops.  
Iligan, but only  
to the north. Ships  
are a mile north of the  
bay a portion of a high

The evening was spent in being entertained by the hospitable American officers, and on returning home to the quarters of Colonel Williams, where I slept, I was surprised to see the sentry, Krag rifle at his shoulder, behaving in a strange fashion as if stalking something.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"A boa constrictor, some 20 feet long, has got under the house, and I am trying to kill it. I heard a devil of a row in the chicken-coop. . . . He ate three chickens to-night, and escaped as I came up with a light. He lives under the house. . . . He is as big round as my leg. I'll get him!"

Notwithstanding the unusual kind of pet stored away in the basement, I had a good night's rest on a comfortable bed, and early the next morning, in the company of my American friends, started by a different route on our way across the island to Malabang.

After crossing the river, south of Iligan, we abandoned the American road and took the old Spanish trail back to Lake Lanao, where we were to rejoin the military expedition. For some distance this trail went through flat wooded country, then it rose at a steep gradient until some 200 feet above sea-level, when it again became easy along the mountain side with deep precipices beneath. Here and there trees had fallen across the trail, but otherwise it was still good everywhere.

About half-way between Iligan and Pantar the remains of a Spanish signal station could be seen,

# CHAPTER VII.

Iligan—A boa constrictor under one's Marahui hill range,  
Spanish trail—Cholera—Paro from the third  
Lake Lanao lies.

THERE is very little worth no expedition at  
small community in the sou had developed  
Iligan Bay in the province and some 14 cases  
plain is fertile with a fine A packer had to  
outlet of Lake Lanao flowi others were taken ill  
this river there are pictur of the Engineers,  
siderable height. Several to make a survey of  
are to be found along the pleasant experience of  
in what was formerly attacked by the disease  
tumbling-down fort is to his voyage.  
bank of the stream, as w interesting ; they were  
drinking-saloons. Exte scooped out of a single  
line the shore, and am ornamented backs, and  
houses—more or less h tied to a handle. These  
of which are walled were inserted in sections of  
There is no good hart holes cut into them, and  
the large bay much on the side of the boat. The upper  
prefer to anchor abo the side of the boat was held  
Spanish town, where wedges. The boats had a  
but now broken-down and 16 paddles.

as low and swampy.  
by the same trail as  
camped. During the  
and our outposts were

took a lower trail, of intense  
impression of *rancherías* and  
as houses decorated with  
ings were protected all round  
sides. Numerous graves were  
houses. We went through a  
them, the body being in all  
the ground within a rectangular  
feet high, filled in with earth,  
upright stone in the centre. Some  
ed, were two-tiered, and the newer  
usual decorations of white sun-  
banners. There were but few and  
bananas by the water's edge, but  
le and flourishing were the banana

then passed a large village, where most of  
houses were spacious and handsome, with  
tely wood-carved walls. The gable roofs  
at a steep angle—possibly built so  
use of the excessive rainfall in the lake region  
ed, moreover, were lined with a layer of  
crossed sections of bamboos close together,  
which acted as channels to drain the moisture  
sorbed by the thatch of *cogon* grass. The  
difficulty of keeping the thatch on at such a  
steep gradient was overcome by long and heavy  
bamboos that rested on the ground, crossed the

roof at intervals, and were tied where they intersected on the apex of the roof. The pile supports of the house were not thrust into the ground, as in most native houses of the Archipelago, but were huge conical pillars of wood merely resting upon the ground, the horizontal cross beams on which the structures rested being inserted in grooves at the upper end of these heavy cones. The insufficiency of these foundations was evinced by many houses which had been blown by the wind to most dangerous angles, and were propped up to prevent entire collapse.

We came across many rice-fields and more flourishing houses as we went along, some within very strong fortifications. Another double-roofed mosque had been erected upon the lake, and many were the stone piers used by the natives for landing from their *vintas*. It was interesting to notice how these warlike people had fortified that region, each ridge being protected by one or more forts with a screening growth of bamboo as well as a similar screen to cover an escape from one fort to the next.

On our arrival at Camp Vicars an amusing incident occurred. Owing to cholera regulations the victorious force, being infected, was asked to remain in quarantine outside its own camp; but as we were the more numerous and more in need of comfort than those few who had been left in charge of the camp, they, who were healthy, were requested to move into quarantine quarters, which they gladly did, upon a distant hill, while



we triumphantly returned to the comfortable tents of Camp Vicars.

Another expedition, which completed the entire circuit of the lake, left Camp Vicars on May 2nd, and fought severe battles both at the Pitacus fort and the Taraca fort on the east coast of Lanao. In the Pitacus fort 100 Malanaos were killed.

The Americans—the fighting 27th Infantry and 15th Cavalry, under Captain Pershing—showed immense skill and pluck in assaulting the forts, and many deeds of bravery were recorded on the part of officers and men. Perhaps the most daring was that of Lieut. G. C. Shaw, who, at the attack of the fort, held his position alone on the top of the parapet, while his men were killed and wounded at his side. This brave young officer distinguished himself greatly on the first expedition, and was recommended for gallantry and meritorious service. His coolness, pluck, and modesty were really remarkable.

As for the leader of these expeditions, to whose tact, consideration, patience, and strategic skill sufficient praise cannot be given, it is to him that Uncle Sam owes entirely the pacification of the Lanao Mahommedans; and surely, if there is one man who truly deserves to be made a Brigadier-General, it is this gallant officer, Captain Pershing, who, through skill alone and without flourish of trumpets, was able to accomplish such a difficult and important task, with so small a loss on the American side.

I returned to the coast, the entire journey from

rice, maize, onions, pumpkins, *papayas*, and tobacco in small quantity ; but wild roots are also considerably used for food, the *crut*, the root of a shrub, being quite intoxicating when eaten raw.

The Tirurays do a little trading in gutta-percha, honey, baskets, and mats, which they barter with the Chinese and Manobos for *sirongs*, beads, brass rings, brass wire, shirts, knives, spears, and earthenware pots, gongs, and trinkets, which form all the riches they possess.

The arms principally used by them are bows and arrows, blow-guns, spears, occasionally a *kris*, and small *bolos* enclosed in sheaths of twisted fibre. Traps and snares are ingeniously made for fish and game.

The women do most of the planting with sharply-pointed sticks, but the men assist in clearing the land.

The Tirurays say that in 1897 or 1898 a great famine, pestilence, and drought killed a great many of their people.

The government of each tribe is patriarchal, assisted by a council of the elders. Slavery and fines are the chief punishments.

The title of *cafeduan* is inherited by the nearest male relative of the last chief.

Constant intermarriage among relations of the same tribe has greatly conduced to the weakening and degeneration of these people—all the members of one tribe being related to one another. This evil is recognised by the natives themselves, who now intermarry with neighbouring Tiruray tribes. Those who marry Mahommedans or Filipinos

are, nevertheless, compelled to abandon the tribe in disgrace and never return.

Marriages are secretly arranged by parents at the initiative of the young man's father, and if the young man or girl get to know of it they pretend to commit suicide. At the festival given when the announcement is publicly made, the youth attempts to run away and has to be captured and bound. A dowry or purchase money must be paid to the bride's father before the rejoicings, which last two or three days, take place. The wedding itself is short and simple, without elaborate rites, or priests, or pomp, beyond the tearing off of the *emut* which conceals the girl's face, after which the ungallant youth, imitating the song of the *uya-uya* bird, again runs away.

The *Sifetungor* ceremony is performed by the mother of the bride, who chews some betel-nut and lime and then passes it to her daughter to continue the process. On taking it out after mastication she in her turn places it inside the mouth of the groom-elect, and with a mutual touch upon the head of bride and groom the ceremony is concluded. This chewing mixture, marking an epoch in their lives, is stored away and kept till death.

A girl may live with her lover before marriage without shame, but faithfulness is required after marriage. Certain rights are exercised by old men before the marriage of a girl who has reached the age of puberty.

A few *Billian* (a corruption of *Bahan*) are

found in the Tiruray country, and are something between priests and medicine men, using plants and herbs, and having but little influence, although they claim to be mediums between a deity and human beings. As they profess to entertain their deity constantly to meals, credulous people provide food for these *Billian*, as they call them, and their exalted guests.

The *Billian* sing and dance to God. They take off all their clothes for this purpose, except a loin-cloth, and flap their arms against the body, as in the *chap* dance of Beluchistan.<sup>1</sup> When in a trance they predict the future and coming events, but the natives regard them more or less as humbugs.

Here, as among the Indonesian tribes of the east coast (Gulf of Davao) and central Mindanao, one finds small altars or shrines to the spirits and their deity.

Their beliefs are not unlike those of our friends the Tagbanouas of Palawan. All expect eventually to reach heaven, hell being reserved entirely, according to them, for non-Tirurays in general, and for their special enemies the Mahommedans in particular. They have traditions of extra good folks, who are revered almost like saints, but not exalted to divinity.

A curious legend, evidently suggested by Spanish Christianity, is related by them. A man, Laguay-Leugcuos, who came from heaven, lived on earth a long time ago and married a

<sup>1</sup> See *Across Coveted Lands*, by the same Author, vol. ii. p. 306.

virgin, Metiatel, from whom without intercourse a son, Matilegu Ferrendam, was born. Another tradition says that this son was not born from the virgin but mysteriously grew out of a jewel. The *Billians* say that Laguay-Leugcuos has a body, can talk, and is not a great God, the great God never coming to earth and having nothing to do with people.

A novel and practical method in the way of prayers is employed. No regular prayers are offered to their deity, nor sacrifices or ceremonies, but all prayers are addressed to devils and evil spirits in order to pacify them. Individuals carry upon their persons innumerable charms, such as bits of wood, chicken-bones, bark, or a leaf, for self-protection, increase of beauty, success in inflicting harm upon enemies, telling the future, etc.

The same superstitions exist here as among the Tagbanouas, and indeed among all the pagan tribes of Mindanao, applied to sounds—the song of birds, the cry of a lizard, etc.—being good or bad omens. Upon the song of a pigeon called *limugan* is dependent the undertaking of a journey, for instance. If the bird sings behind a native he will proceed, but if in front he will discontinue his journey.

Polygamy is practised according to people's means, but it is seldom that a man can afford more than one wife.

Slavery for debt is recognised, and it generally falls upon the children of the debtor after his death to pay the penalty.

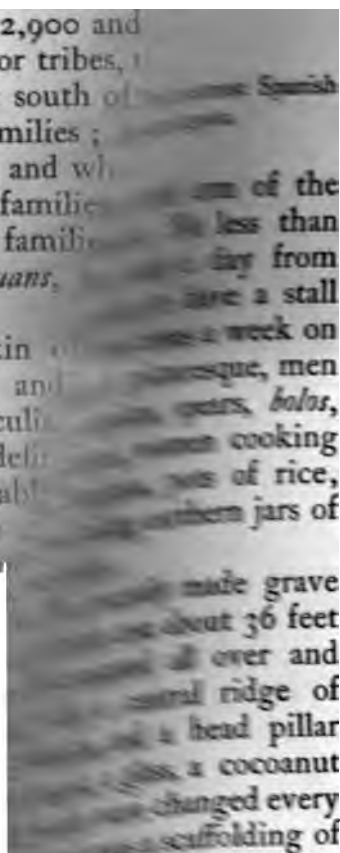
except one on the Matabal River. The T Matabal, and Malabacao Rivers with brooks and streams water this country. There are but few trails except paths from house to house.

The Tirurays call themselves Dulangan Manobos, Manobo being the name given by the Mahommedan tribes.

The entire population of the Tirurays is estimated to be between 2,900 and is subdivided into *cafeduans* or tribes, one under Amaneacul, just south of Spanish River, consisting of 80 families; whose chief is Melenoyao, and who lie behind Riza Bay, of 66 families; a tribe at Cusiang, of 80 families; there are some 38 *cafeduans*, are a stall families.

The Tirurays have a skin of clean, and well polished, and prominent eyes with a peculiar discoloration being noticeable are long and fine. The quite thread-like—like a nose extremely low at nostrils; whereas the lips and voluptuous. The them. The men occ moustache and beard are fully developed w possess a fairly acute

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DATTO UTO'S TOMB.

## CHAPTER X

the Rio Grande—Datto Piang—The innermost Spanish fort in Mindanao—In the Liguasan lagoon.

A short distance up the north arm of the Rio Grande is a native market. No less than five Dattos claim one peso each a day from every Chinese trader who wishes to have a stall under the market shed. Three times a week on market days the assemblage is picturesque, with men in enormous hats with *campilans*, spears, bows, and long grass-cutting knives; women cooking dried fish between two bamboos, pots of steaming clams, large and small, and selling earthen jars of salt from evaporated sea-water.

Near this place was the recently made grave of Datto Uto, a heavy timber case about 30 feet square, which was to be cemented all over and filled in with earth, with a central ridge of cement raised like a tumulus, and a head to the west. A silver teapot, a glass, a coconut bowl, and a *kundi* with water were changed every seven days. Above the tomb was a scaffold of bamboo with canopies of diminishing





DATTO UTO'S TOMB.



sides of which were ornamented with indentations. At the four corners stood four sunshades, one above the other upon a common stick, and five at diagonal corners. Triangular banners, red, white, and yellow in stripes, were also at the corners of the grave.

We next visited the Datto's huge house, now inhabited by the Princesa, his widow—a very conceited woman, who, judged by her manner with officers, evidently had some grievance against the Americans.

We waited an interminable time while, through the gauze mosquito-net of her canopy, we could perceive her making her toilette, helped by her slaves, and taking her time to chew *buyo*, and smoke cigarettes—while her slaves were polishing the silver *buyo* boxes which are ever produced when strangers call.

At last she appeared, with an assumed air of boredom, yawning herself almost to extinction. She sat on a high stool, with a row of slaves in white behind her, and seldom condescended to reply to any questions. I thought I would employ my visit in looking round the house, rather than waste attention on so superior a person. Perhaps the Princesa was not well and was still grieving for the loss of her husband. She was all in white and devoted her time to shoving *buyo* into her mouth with the blade of a knife. She had gold rings, one with brilliant white and green stones, on her first and third fingers of both hands, and before her upon a tray were valuable boxes of silver—for her toilette.

Her house was a regular armoury ; there were huge *lantacas* tied to each column, and a rack with some seventy antiquated rifles and double-barrel guns. Outside, under a shed, the larger artillery was displayed—quite a considerable number of *lantacas*.

On May 2nd, I started on my expedition across Mindanao from west to east, Colonel Noble, the Commanding Officer, most kindly sending a launch to convey me as far as the river was navigable—that is to say, one day's journey to Datto Piang's stronghold, up the Rio Grande.

As early as 5.30 a.m. we steamed up the river, one of the largest in Mindanao, and at Kinbangan we passed the old Spanish block-house and a large house ; there was a powerful Moro chief here. At the junction of the tributary, Libungan, a small fort was also to be found and a market. Pulanhya Masrah was the native name of the Rio Grande. As we went up the north arm, which became very winding as we advanced, there were tufts of bamboo and banana palms along the bank, as well as numerous fish-traps in the water. The country around was low, grassy, flat, and sloppy, with slimy banks of black mud. Every now and then we passed a small *rancheria*. In one of the sharp bends of the stream at Pagalungan the Spanish gunboat "Constancia" was ambushed by the natives, and although some 300 of these were killed many of the crew were murdered. A small monument has been erected here in memory of the Spaniards who fell.

The Rio Grande swarmed with crocodiles, and it was rather interesting to notice the places along the banks where the natives came for water, or to bathe, and where for safety they had made strong palisades of bamboo in the water.

At Calo Calo, where the river turns sharply north-north-west, the natives have cut a canal of some five or six hundred yards, which shortens the journey by some 5 miles of river navigation.

At Tumbao, where the north and south arms separated from the main body of the Rio Grande, was a small stone fort protected by a stockade and two watch towers, now in a tumbling-down condition. The Mahommedans were under the Sultan Bagunbayan, who had a settlement of about twenty houses. We went down the southern arm among numerous flat islets, and between banks lined on both sides with thick groves of bananas, some cocoanuts, and mangoes.

As we neared Taviran a quaint two-storied house was to be seen, the upper storey of which was built on the top of a mango tree; and, further, we came to the Spanish fort with large wooden buildings within its low wall—some 10 feet high. Saturday, the day we were there, was market-day, and the place looked very lively, dozens of boats being moored to the bank. This fort had a drawbridge over a moat, and overlooked the river from one large bastion in the south-west corner. This fort was occupied by American soldiers, to whom we had brought commissariat stores.

We turned back east on our way up stream.

Floating baths and landing-places combined, made of two or more huge logs a foot or so apart, with bamboo and *nipa* screens all round, existed at each *rancheria* all along, and were made fast to the shore by means of long vines and ropes.

We went through clouds of grasshoppers, and the fields of Indian corn on either side seemed thoroughly eaten up by these brutes. We saw crocodiles floating unconcerned across the stream. We got stuck in the mud once or twice, and on nearing Datto Piang's place, where the stream has a bar, we had to leave the launch and proceed by canoe, as the stream was getting too shallow.

Now, Datto Piang, a Chinese *mestizo*, was a most interesting character, and certainly the most powerful chief in Mindanao. When we entered the stockade within which is his palace, we found him surrounded by a crowd of slaves and natives, arguing, presumably, over State affairs. He was busy making a *kris* blade, at which he was filing away with all his might. He wiped his dirty hands upon his trousers, after which he shook hands with us in a cordial manner.

I had been told that I should have great trouble in getting this fellow to supply me with men, and that I should find both him and his subjects very treacherous and slippery ; but Piang and I got on very well from the beginning—especially when he heard I was an Englishman. He had heard Englishmen were like Chinese and never broke their word.

His priest and chief adviser, Sherif Afdul, from Bokhara, and I were able to converse in the Pahari (Hindustani) language, which we both understood—a very fortunate circumstance—which won my battle easily. Piang, whose reluctance to furnish men, except under compulsion, is proverbial, sent a slave into his house who presently returned with a handsome *kris*.

“I give you this sword,” said Piang, “because you are my friend. You have only to ask what you wish and I will do it for you. I also want to give you a brass cannon. . . .”

I interrupted my generous host, because to travel across country through dense forests without trails, carrying brass cannons and such other articles is no joke. I took the sword with many thanks, and persuaded him to send the piece of ordnance down to the coast where my American friends would ship it for me. I requested him to give me his best twelve men, whom I would pay well, feed, and reward, but I must have no trouble with them. He promised all, and he kept his word. It was agreed that I should start east the next morning.

Datto Piang, the Sherif, and I had been sitting on a billiard slate sipping coffee.

“I want you to see my house, my *lantacas*, and my boat—come,” said Piang, leading me out from under the shed where we had been.

His house was strangely impressive, with handsome brass guns mounted on the verandah, and numerous pretty faces of girls lining the balusters, while in the courtyard were huge iron

Spanish cannon. The white walls, with green and red ornamentations, were quite attractive and gay in the brilliant sun.

In the crowd of men and women which surrounded us I was astounded to find how many were blind of one or both eyes, and how many had complaints of the eyes. Most of these were due, I think, to after-effects of the worst of venereal diseases.

Under a shelter Piang's gala boat, 70 feet long, scooped out of a single tree of enormous size, rested upon supports. It was ornamented with handsome decorations, had a frieze of green, white, and red along the edge, and a covered superstructure of festive appearance. It took 70 paddles in couples to propel this boat, which was used only at State ceremonies.

Piang's place lies at the junction of the Bakat River and the Rio Grande on the south bank of the larger stream, and two Spanish rectangular blockhouses are to be seen at this point, one three-tiered with a wing and a bastion. A number of native houses lie near them. Kuturanga or Kudarangan is the name for the fort to the north, and Bakat the one on the south bank of the Rio Grande.

We walked from this spot to Reina Regente, the last of the line of Spanish forts in the interior of Central Mindanao. It lies on the Tinunkup hills, with an extensive plain to the west, with many Mahommedan habitations, the chief characteristic of which is that the walls are made of entire sections of bamboos superposed hori-



zontally, instead of vertically, as is usual. The peak of Kocion was visible due west beyond Tamontaca, and a long range with high mountains extended towards the north-west. To the east also were mountains with high peaks. Between Bakat and Reina Regente we had come through some marvellous plantations of bananas.

The fort of Reina Regente is one of the handsomest (not the largest) I saw in the Philippines, and has double loop-holed walls, diagonal towers, really comfortable airy buildings inside, and a good hospital, and *polverina* (ammunition house). The fort is beautifully drained, has fine baths for officers and men, and a big covered cistern, 14 feet deep by 9 square. The fort is commanded by a hill to the south, and could not stand against artillery, but is excellent against attacks of the Mahommedan tribes. A high block-house existed on that hill in Spanish days. On the north an avenue leads to the river only 150 yards off.

The Spaniards kept 1,000 men (Disciplinarios) here, but the Americans managed to do just as well with only 18 Filipino Scouts under the able leadership of Lieut. B. Stark, who was in command.

It was from Lieut. Stark's company that the four scouts who were to accompany me were drawn, and I was greatly indebted to that officer for selecting four men who were a credit not only to their officer, but, indeed, to the American Army. So that, in one afternoon,

notwithstanding all the trouble predicted, I had been able to get together my entire expedition, and by next morning was able to take my departure.

Lieut. Cooper, of the 10th Infantry, volunteered to accompany my expedition only as far as Davao, and I was very happy indeed to have with me such an agreeable, thoughtful companion, a splendid traveller, and a most sensible and polished gentleman. He was a West Point man, and that is indeed an ample recommendation for anybody. I fear that on many occasions he must have found my kind of travelling rather rough, but he bore it throughout like a man.

We left Reina Regente at 11 o'clock a.m. on May 3rd in canoes, and travelled up the streams in a general south-east direction, the river here being 120 yards wide with high banks. Houses were scattered about all along, and on the bank to our left lay the Binandan *rancheria*, some 8 houses, with a cluster of cocoanuts. A lot of lotus leaves floated gracefully upon the water, and carabaos basked joyfully in the refreshing stream.

My carriers were Mahommedans, and I had employed as their head-man a fellow called Bilanan, a creature of wonderful resource and remarkable acuteness, who spoke some Spanish. He pointed out to me curious parallel holes in the river-banks made by a kind of swallow, locally called *pilica*, the nests of which are named *pasciu-papano*.

We landed at Pudedoplanghi, a blacksmith's shop, to inspect the works, such as have been described elsewhere, the ingenious double bellows and curious heavy hammers lashed with *bejuco*.

On nearing the Liguasan lagoon, the country became more undulating and well-wooded down to the water's edge. Near the Tinulusan *rancheria* (on our right) was again a stretch of cultivated country and more floating landing-places, and here and there groups of natives getting out of their canoes. These fellows did a deal of bartering and trading at *rancherias*.

Overhead large brown hawks with white heads and necks circled around, and every now and then a young crocodile showed its head out of the water. We were now in a region of luxuriant cane, called *kiogao*, and had come to the island of Kabaksalan between the east and south-east branches of the Rio Grande. We followed the south-east arm, the larger, 40 to 50 yards wide.

We landed on Kabaksalan to get wood for fuel, and to inspect, in a most picturesque spot under the shade of gigantic trees, the ancient grave of a revered sultan—a circular tomb of coral stone (3 feet high). They say that every Friday morning Panditas and natives come here on a pilgrimage to pay their salaams. This Datto, Bilanan told me, died before the occupation of Cottabato by the Spaniards, which was as much historical detail as I could get out of my informant.

The Rio Grande, which had so far flowed

westward, here made a wide circle in a northerly direction at the entrance of the Liguasan lagoon. We entered the stream, Butiran, 20 feet wide, which took us in a south-east direction.

My men paddled the canoes with short paddles, to which they gave a semi-circular motion, banging its handle at each stroke upon the bamboo air-chambers, and then abruptly raising the paddles from the water. These air-chambers, which are not outriggers, consist of three bamboos fastened on each side of the boat. We wended our way among *cayopo*, a lotus plant which has fluted leaves of light green colour, a flower tulip-shaped, velvet-like, and fatty to the touch, and feathery roots. Two-thirds of the stream's surface were covered with this and with other water plants, such as water-vines, with red stems and triangular leaves, called locally *cancon*.

On arriving at the junction of the Tapoc stream with the Talido, we got our first glimpse of Mt. Apo at 138° south-east.

The Liguasan lagoon was no lagoon at all when I was there, owing to the great drought. There were channels here and there with some water in them, but most of the bed of the lagoon was now high and dry, smothered in reeds and grass. We went down the Talido (south) 10 yards wide. Ducks rose in thousands as we went on, and we saw a weird specie of black crane with an abnormally long neck. This bird does not float upon the water, but is a sort of submarine traveller, leaving only the head out of


the water. When first I saw one of these fellows, it looked just like a water-snake, as the body could not be perceived at all.

The vegetation in the water somewhat impeded our progress, for not only were lotuses plentiful, but reeds (*tanagobo*), through which we had to break our way, grew in abundance, and also another long-stemmed plant with many dark-green ribbed leaves—the *gabi gabi*. Then there was plenty of *lusai*, a feathery sort of moss, and the *butira*, with large circular leaves floating on the water. The *silal* (*buri*, Spanish), a tape-like, light yellow leaf, so fibrous that it is almost untearable, is twisted by the natives into rope. Plenty of *guaya* (crocodiles) seemed to be about.

At sunset we landed to cook our dinner. While doing so we heard screams and wild yells. My men got very excited, and, leaving their food, rushed away. After a few minutes they returned with some ducks which they had caught with their hands, so plentiful were these birds. They had joined a lot of Mahommedans who, running and screaming through the high reeds, scared the ducks and compelled them to fly, when they were captured by the quick natives.

The red flames of our fires, and others all around the horizon belonging to native travellers and sportsmen; the wild vegetation, and the blue moonlight shining with peaceful tints upon the lotuses, produced quite a poetic effect—had there not been millions of mosquitoes—and what mosquitoes!

We continued our journey by moonlight along the narrow tortuous channel of the dried lake till ten o'clock, when we halted. We thought we might get some rest—but sleep was an impossibility, for we were stung all over by mosquito



## CHAPTER XI

The Pawas and the Liguasan lagoon—Floating islands—A river of dead snails—The craving for lime and betel-nut explained.

IN one spot as we went on the *cayopo* bulbs were so thick upon the surface of the water that for a distance of some 150 yards we had the greatest difficulty in getting through. According to the natives the *cayopo* produces no actual flower, but there is in these lagoons another kind of lotus—not unlike the Chinese, which has large leaves (eight to twenty inches in diameter), with ribs radiating from the centre, and forming a kind of cone from the stem. The flower of this, when open, is ten inches in diameter, and is called *tawa* by the natives. The seeds are contained in a conical-shaped receptacle and preserved in a soft white tissue, but the head of each seed shows through a ring-shaped aperture of the envelope. The white part is cooked and eaten by the natives.

There was a great variety of grass upon the muddy banks, such as *panosun*, and *nesse*, a grass

with long pointed leaves as sharp as razors. Then *saghighat*, a kind of convolvulus, was found. My men told me that the portion of marshy land subject to inundation before entering the lagoon proper on the north-west side was called by them *Pawas*.

At four a.m.—after having been unable to sleep as long as two minutes owing to the fierce mosquitoes—we started again, through a very narrow channel, so narrow that the boats had to be lifted out of the water on several occasions, especially in going round sharp corners. The water was running, but was filthily dirty, a deep layer of guano floating upon it, as well as a vast accumulation of putrid vegetation.

There were millions of ducks, geese, and black cranes, and a giant species of grey pelican with an enormous beak. Other varieties of lotuses were now visible, the *butil*, not a pinkish-violet, but white with indented circular leaves. The *balash* was another aquatic plant.

Through intricate channels we eventually emerged into more open water, a fine and most poetic lake with floating islands upon it. The principal island is called Bang—a most extraordinary place, one-third of a mile in diameter, with people living upon it and with houses, trees, and agriculture. This island shifts its position to the south-west side of the lake during the north-east monsoon, and moves over to the north-east side during the south-west winds, and when the monsoons are about to change, and the winds are capricious it is all the time on the



move upon the surface of the lake. When you walk upon it you have to walk pretty lightly and be careful where you put your feet, or you go right through the island into the water below; but otherwise it is an enchanting place.

Several fishermen have houses with nice fields of maize on the island of Bang, and they fly a red flag upon a high mast above their houses as a signal to their friends and traders who would otherwise have some difficulty in finding exactly where the island has gone. They spear fish with a three-barbed harpoon, and also crocodiles, which are plentiful. When I landed the natives had just killed a large one.

Around Bang are numerous other little floating islets, principally made of guano in an advanced state of decomposition, and eventually these, accumulating decayed vegetation, and earth deposited by the wind, will become regular islands. To the south of the island (when I was there) was a most delicious stretch of pink lotuses, to my mind infinitely surpassing in beauty—and most certainly in extent—the Imperial lotus ponds of Peking. Here, too, we have cormorants and the weird long-necked sub-aqueous black cranes, and ducks sitting on the water in myriads, and wild fowl playing upon the floating islands, picking up what food they can.

The bottom of the lake was composed of decayed vegetation, and was only a few feet below the surface. When the paddles stirred it, its substance rose in dense clouds to the surface, and its stench well above the surface.

The formation of these floating islands seems to arise from the settling of organic matter between the lotus-plants and this, as it accumulates, solidifies in the heat of the sun. The stems of leaves and flowers becoming decomposed at the roots, the leaves gradually accumulate on the surface, and owing to their fibrous qualities interweave and form a kind of natural matting. Centuries of such accumulation, the addition of earth blown by the wind and the abundance of guano, easily explain the formation of these strange islands. Although not common, they are also to be found, I believe, in a similar climate in South America.

The channels got somewhat broader as we approached the Buluan River in the south of the Liguasan. We passed a great many boats laden with crates of Indian corn, fish, betel-nut, and other products on their way to Datto Piang's.

We got stuck again on a deep bed of *cayopos*, and had it not been for a number of natives coming to our assistance, walking on the water—not unlike our Saviour—and pushing us through while others were towing, we should have never got through with our heavily laden canoes.

I must say that my men were most good-humoured and hard-working. They continually drank plenty of the putrid water, and every now and then, when they got overheated in getting the boats on, jumped right into the water—regardless of crocodiles—and swam and played not unlike ducks. Really, these Mahomedan tribes of Mindanao and the Sulu Archipelago were

absolutely amphibious. They revelled in water. On returning to the boats they took good care to wash their feet well so as not to bring in any mud, and, garbing themselves in a natural head-gear of a lotus leaf, punted or paddled away again to their hearts' content.

Near the mouth of the Buluan river was the *rancheria* of Iganatarik, and on our left another *rancheria*, that of Damagabbian, whose Datto had died. The tall fern (*tahbin*), some 15 feet high, was plentiful along the banks of the Buluan.

The Ettig river, flowing from south to north, entered the Liguasan, but we followed the stream that flowed from south-west to north-east. We then entered a rapid and narrow channel widening further on among tree stumps, islets, and a dense growth of reeds. On the River Pandag, which was a tributary of the Buluan River, lived Datto Mangulamas at his *rancheria*. We passed along a fetid stream, a solid mass of decomposed organic matter with occasional patches of pink lotuses, and crossed another small lagoon, so shallow that my men walked, towing the boats. To the south-east beyond a stretch of lotuses was a grassy plain with wooded mountains in the rear, while to the south-west were two parallel hill-ranges with three double-humped peaks. To the west and south-south-west of this range rose another high mountain range, and to 160° south-south-east lay the volcano of Matutun, a cone of graceful lines.

We entered the Buluan River through a narrow passage, grassy and full of lotuses. The

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the houses were half open with a cage-like attachment on the basement behind. Other houses were constructed on the top of trees, the highest branches having been cut on a level so as to form supports on which to build these inaccessible homes. One house on the bank was on piles 18 feet high, and nearly each dwelling had a number of cocks sitting upon its roof.

We had entered the Buluan river at 5.45 P.M., and at seven we had arrived at the Buluan settlement, where we were to abandon our canoes and strike across land. For want of better water we had to do our cooking with the concentrated essence of snails we got from the river, and of all the sickening meals I have ever had in my life of adventure this certainly was the most memorable. Snail tea and snail coffee were enough to make anybody sick, but we had to drink something, as, having been roasted in the sun the whole day, we needed some moisture inside. Still, extract of snails does not sound very appetising, but it was not necessarily unwholesome, and we suffered no ill-effects from it.


During the night the mosquitoes, of all sizes and all tones of buzz, were unbearable. They were in absolute clouds round us, and if you happened to open your mouth you swallowed a few before you knew where you were. Of all ill-bred mosquitoes, these were the champions. They forced apart the little squares of the mosquito-netting and came right in, and they found their way under blankets and wraps with which we had wrapped every inch of skin for

protection. Eventually I made a fire, and, placing upon it wet wood to produce as much smoke as possible, sat above it until morning came. My men had wrapped themselves tight in their *malung* (or *sirong*), a bottomless sack, four feet long and four feet wide, a garment they wind round the waist like a sash, wear on the shoulders like a shawl, and use as a blanket when sleeping.

We had stopped at Datto Maurarato's place on the left of the stream going towards Lake Buluan, but the chief Datto in the neighbourhood was Bayumul, who dwelt on the opposite side of the stream. He came to see me and seemed very irritable. I having given him some presents of looking-glasses, beads, and needles, he became more amenable to reason, and promised to give me the extra carriers I required.

I was very much interested in these Buluans, and solved here—after much unsuccessful reflection for several months—the problem why the Mahommedan tribes of Mindanao and Sulu have such a craving for betel-nut and lime, and why they undergo the painful process of filing their teeth.

In the house of the Datto were many children all suffering from terrible ulcers all over the body and face, caused by the worst of venereal complaints, the existence of which I had noticed in most Mahommedan settlements I had visited on Mindanao ; but while ever noticeable in youngsters it is seldom apparent in the older people, although one rarely finds a Magindanao



who has not been affected by it in a more or less violent way. Bilanan and all my other men told me that every child must have it. They all showed me unmistakable marks of having gone through it, and the many blind people whom one notices everywhere are an ample testimony that it is general. It is hereditary rather than contracted. I have seen children—as in the case of this Datto—of absolutely healthy looking father and mother—outwardly—who were a most pitiful sight, and if ever I noticed any development of it in well-grown people it was to be observed chiefly in women suckling children so affected.

That the use of betel-nut, *buyo*, and lime is so universal, and that the natives have a perfect craving for it, notwithstanding the trouble it involves of carrying a whole outfit to satisfy it, is an ample reason to me for believing that its use is an instinctive requirement of their system rather than a pastime or a vice. Those who use it profess that the abundant salivation produced helps digestion and gives relief to bodily fatigue, and that lime preserves the teeth—which no doubt it does. Others go so far as to say that it excites sexual desires; but the intense craving for lime is due, I think, to its purifying effects upon the blood; moreover, when absorbed in such quantities, it is a reconstituent of the bony matter; while the betel-nut is a refreshing stimulant and a digestive, and so are the *buyo* leaves. It is undoubtedly true that the combination has a preservative effect upon the teeth

when the enamel is filed—which it would not have were the enamel left intact.

Naturally the abuse of *bunga*—or betel-nut, *buyo*, and lime—have ill effects, like all other remedies ; consumption is occasionally produced by it and also intestinal troubles, but both these are more frequently noticeable with the Christian Filipinos of other islands, who lead a more or less lazy life, than with the Mahommedan adventurers of Mindanao, who take plenty of exercise to work off those ill-effects of the combination upon their system.

The Buluan Mahommedans are identical with those of the Rio Grande, with the exception that they have never heard of money.

I took a trip to Lake Buluan, which was almost dried up, but many houses were scattered both along the river and on the lake shores. There were mountains to the south-south-east, north-east, south, south-west, north-west.

At the entrance of the lake, on the Buluan, stood the village of Maslabeng consisting of 24 houses, where I was hospitably received into the homes of the people. They had spears and harpoons (the *balala tchebatt*) with detachable double-barbed steel heads, and the usual *mamanan* or lime box, but otherwise there was no sign of great wealth among this tribe. The usual contingent of children, some with long hair, others clean-shaven with long locks behind, *à la* Japanese, crowded round in evident curiosity, or played with the fowls which shared the house, or with hook-tailed cats. On the floor they



displayed rather nice *shapiay* (mats). They raised a good quality of hemp for their own use.

There are some 19 or 20 villages around the lake, the largest, Debotil, containing about 100 houses. Eight of these settlements have been entirely abandoned.

## CHAPTER XII

Among the Bilans of Central Mindanao—A daring savage chief—Difficult marching—The beautiful Calaganes.

It was pleasant to be marching on foot after having been cramped inside the narrow canoes among tins of corned beef and bags of rice. I arranged to lead with two scouts, the baggage with its carriers to come next, Lieutenant Cooper with two scouts remaining in the rear to prevent straggling.

We made an early start from Buluan, at 4.30 A.M., among the few cocoanuts along the river, then turned northwards along a flat, grassy valley, the grass high above our heads, which made marching heavy and stifling. The country seemed desolate enough as far as population went, only an abandoned hut or two, as at Damassawa, being visible—huts used only when *palai* was grown here. Swarms of *campundi* (*tapudi*) locusts passed us, the sky was black with them, and they left a pungent odour behind. The chivalry of these locusts was great, each male carrying his wife upon his back. My men ate them raw and

alive and said they were good. They seemed crisp enough under the teeth.

Then we went through a long tract with intricate vines, where my men had to use their swords freely to cut a passage.

At the settlement of Buluans called Cancon a considerable clearing had been made and a couple of houses stood on stilts 20 feet high. Then we struck the *rancheria* of Malalla, with some 120 people all told. They had no special points of interest except their stirrups, which slightly varied in pattern from those we had seen before, the big toe actually resting upon a platform 3 inches square with a hollow to fit, instead of the stirrup being held between the toes as is usual.

Alep was our nearest mountain, east-south-east, when we reached the Malalla River. The stream ran in a general direction from east to west. We made a night march after dinner, in fine moonlight, and as we passed several houses of natives there was much excitement, as they had never seen white men before, and did not know whether we were hostile or friendly. An old woman came into my camp and said she wished to see a white man. She looked at us, said we were all right, and, politely asking whether we required anything, returned to her home.

On reaching the river Alep—which had here a general direction of south-east to north-west—we encamped at a Bilan market in the forest among *nonoko* trees of gigantic size, vines and troublesome creepers (*uagheda*), the latter hanging from the highest branches in festoons.

The next day, when I was walking ahead, and after I had gone some little distance, I suddenly came upon a crowd of Bilans who were holding a market on the river bank. On seeing a stranger they jumped for their spears, but I waved my hand to them to show that I carried no weapons and had no hostile intentions, and went right among them. This place was called Damablak, and there were a few huts in the neighbourhood. It was some little time before the rest of our party arrived, and by that time I had already settled down to a friendly meeting with these fellows, the sign language playing an important part in our conversation. They had a language of their own, although some few words resembled Magindanao. They belonged to the Indonesian type. They did not file their teeth, although they blackened them ; they possessed long, wavy, almost curly, hair, tied into a knot behind, and the men had a slight beard and moustache. The eyes had no slant, but were quite horizontal ; the ears with undetached lobes. The children had brown hair, which evidently turned black with age.

They wore the *salual*, or short red breeches like bathing drawers, a *taul*, or short tight coat, and the *otob*, a small turban. They had few ornaments except the *galanta* and the *cuitto*, small brass instruments which they carry about their persons.

The *herpes* skin disease seemed to be common among them, but otherwise they appeared to be of abnormal strength and wiriness, without

superfluous flesh or fat ; suspicious but good-natured, and with a keen sense of humour.

Each man carried a spear with an iron head fastened with a hemp string to a cane shaft 6 to 7 feet long. Some of them had large knives which they had obtained from Mahommedan traders of neighbouring tribes.

They were much delighted with needles, looking-glasses, and beads that I gave them, and became very friendly. Each man carried a *kalfi*, or small *bejuco* basket, slung upon his shoulder, with *buyo*, lime, etc. Mallayan, their chief, was quite intelligent and displayed great surprise at the colour of my skin. What illness had caused my skin to be so white ? Were all the people of "my tribe" really the same colour ?

Lieut. Cooper, who had now come along, inquired of the chief whether he had heard of a "great, great country called America, the greatest country in the world ?" The puzzled chief enumerated the names of all the neighbouring tribes, but . . . .

"Merika," as he repeated like a parrot, frowning in deep thought ; "Merika . . . . Merika . . . . no, there was no such tribe about. He had never, never heard of it !"

"Ask them if they ever heard of Spain," exclaimed Lieut. Cooper, rather put out, as I could not help laughing.

But the name of Spain, too, had never reached the Bilan's ears.

Near their houses on high stilts, over 20 feet high, the Bilans stick into the ground sharply-

pointed bamboo blades, at an angle in order both to injure incautious enemies approaching at night, and also to catch wild hogs which, as they run, often get speared this way.

The Bilan makes the flooring of his home on two, three, four, five different planes, one a few inches above the other. Access to the house is obtained by a long wooden log with notches in it on the landing or lowest platform. Occasionally an outer platform half-way up the high stilts is found, upon which things are placed to dry in the sun.

The *dancalan*, a wooden plate with a handle for chopping meat, is found on this platform, and their fires are made in the large ash trays as used all over the Archipelago. Under the house is a cage for their ponies and pigs, and a most ingenious shoot of split bamboo for dogs to come in and out of the house is invariably to be seen.

On leaving this place we went south-east, then east-south-east, then due east, crossing and recrossing the tortuous and terribly stony river Alep, the general course of which we mostly followed, so as to avoid the thick vegetation on the banks through which progress we have been slow.

A hilly region was before us to the east, with Alep as the highest point. We came to the Dalul river flowing from the north—a much larger stream than the Alep, into which it flows—a mile or so beyond a Bilan market ground, and in these streams we found many conical fish-traps laid by the Bilans. Several natives bolted



BILAN HOUSE (CENTRAL MINDANAO).

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into the forest as they saw us approach. The forest on both sides was so thick that cutting our way through it was out of the question, so we had to content ourselves with walking mile after mile in the water—most unpleasant, because the tepid water had formed a slippery growth of moss upon the stony river bed, and one was constantly slipping and jamming one's feet between rocks.

While waiting for the remainder of my party who had lingered a long way behind, Bilanan and I visited some interesting hot springs called Mayanaid, on the left bank of the stream some little way off, then, upon coming to a most beautiful and deep pool of limpid water, we called a halt for lunch, and all indulged in a delicious swim.

It is marvellous how full of resource the natives are. They would make a neat little shelter in a few minutes with bamboos, *bejuco*, and palm-leaves ; they improvised serviceable rain-coats for themselves, and hats and leggings, with similar materials ; made cooking-pots and water-vessels with sections of bamboo. With the leaves of the *bilak*, a fan-palm, which they twisted backwards and then fastened together, they made cups and drinking vessels.

*Yangban* trees of enormous size, with their wing-like roots, were plentiful, so also was the *manuang*, a tall tree whose light green bark was clear of branches up to a great height above the ground. Species of ivy and other creepers were innumerable. We had to undergo considerable



about two miles off, stood a barren range with a higher and well-wooded chain of mountains behind. From north-west to north was a gap on the horizon line; otherwise we had hills all round, Alep Mt. being now to our west. We had travelled practically due east towards the pass in the divide, and could see on the hill-sides patches of Bilan cultivation, maize, *camotes*, and rice. We then descended into a stony little streamlet running from north to south—a beautiful thread of deliciously fresh and limpid water. It appeared to us the most delicious water we had ever seen after the filthy extract of snails of the Buluan River.


We halted by the side of a magnificent *langban* tree with immense contorted roots, luxuriant foliage, and branches protruding for some 40 feet over the stream. The enormous weight of the tree was supported on a vault of these roots, forming a regular hollow or cave 20 feet long by 12 feet wide; a deep pool of water reflected the fantastic curves of this giant and its powerful roots spreading far into the stratum of earth and pebbles that formed the river bank. In the roof of this wooden cave dangled innumerable smaller roots, wavering like snakes in the current of air, and other older roots embraced and held up big suspended rocks, four or five feet in diameter. In examining this place by the light of a torch at night, I found several spears and other Bilan fishing implements.

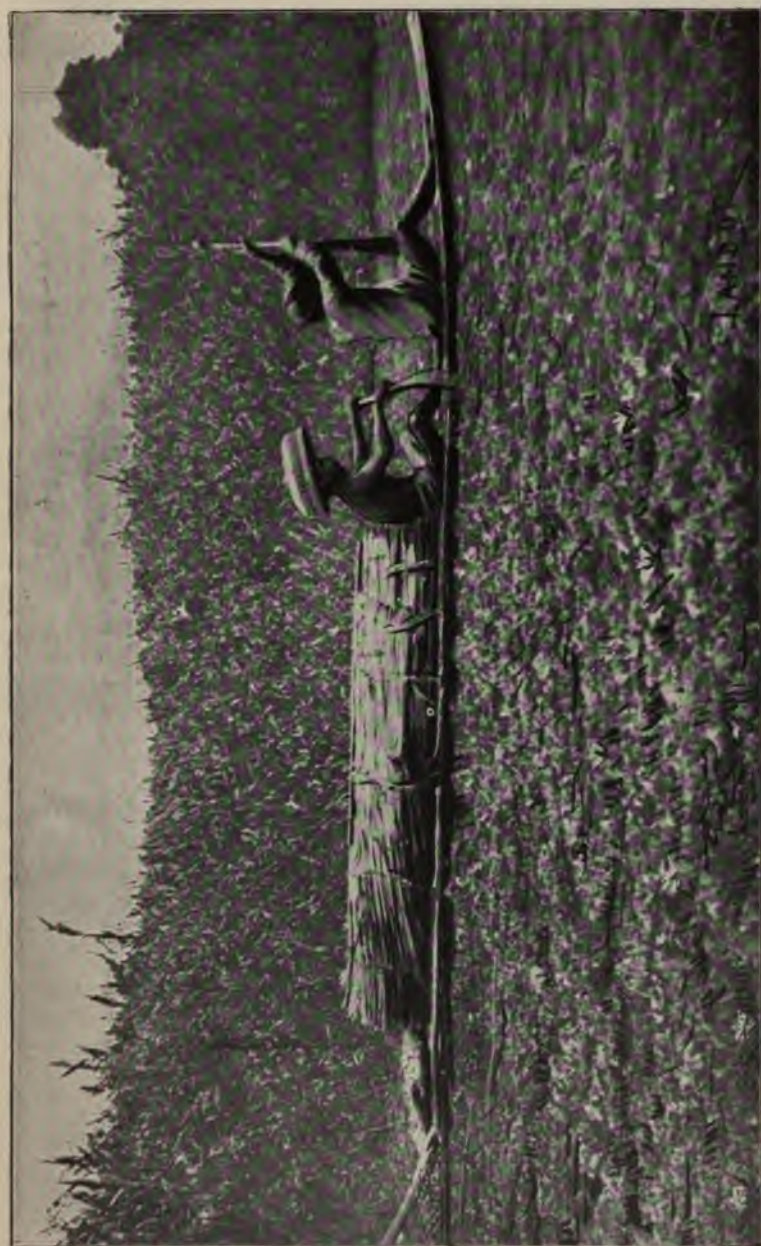
We had lighted up a big fire and had placed two scouts on guard in case of our camp being

“jumped”—these tribes having a great fondness for night attacks. My men were gaily conversing and cooking, and I was writing up my notes, when we thought we heard peculiar noises about. There was high grass all round, and we could not see very far. We were all either sitting or lying down. Suddenly we heard a rushing noise through the grass, and we thought it was a wild hog or a deer, which are plentiful, but what was our astonishment when a magnificent savage on a restless pony galloped, brandishing a spear, into the middle of our camp. He pulled up defiantly and asked who we were; declared that this was his country and he was Datto Ghialodin; were we friends or enemies?

I took a sketch of him then and there by the red light of our camp fire, for this wild-looking creature was too picturesque for words. His black hair stood straight up in masses with long locks behind; a short coat and short breeches left exposed most beautiful anatomical detail of arms and legs. The polished skin of his cheekbones, nose, and forehead shone in the red light like bronze, and on the bony knuckles of the wiry hand in which he held his spear; while his piercing eyes, apparently steady and unconcerned, took in thoroughly all that went on all round. He rode with short stirrups and a Buluan brass bit.

Now, I could not help admiring the pluck of this fellow, and I wanted him to get off his steed and be entertained like a friend—but he would not hear of dismounting, and kept his spear all the time ready to strike. I kept on





NAVIGATION OF AUTHOR'S CANOES ON A THICK GROWTH OF LOTUS PLANTS.  
(Floating island in background.)

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 erceived us.





patting the pony and rider, made him presents of red cloth and beads, which delighted him, showed him his face in a looking-glass—which he thought was somebody else's face behind the mirror—offered him mementoes of needles and thread for his wife, and so on, till at last the chief could no longer contain himself for joy and surprise. He burst forth into weird cries which echoed all round in order to call his tribesmen, who, he explained, were hiding all round us in the grass and forest ; but, cry or no cry, his folks did not display the courage of their chief and would not come in.

He was not much of a fellow for talking ; he had never seen or heard of white men ; but he displayed his evident gratitude by a grunt—"hrrr"—each time I gave him a present. All of a sudden, and without warning, he bolted off the way he had come.

The tributary Cosacbato from the north-east here joins the Kima river from the south-east. We proceeded south-east between mountains closing in on both sides. While in a very narrow ravine, on turning round a sharp corner, I found an old Bilan sportsman after monkeys. He was carrying a big, dead ape slung upon his shoulder for food. He was scared out of his life when I suddenly came upon him, but he soon recovered his senses and took the first opportunity of bolting. Other Bilans whom we saw in the distance upon the hill-side to the north-east, where they had their houses, also displayed great running powers when they perceived us.



the south-west we now had high, grassy hills in great part cleared of trees, most of the existing being *ninul*, *kanit*, and *pagulinen*. We were travelling along the Sinapulan River, which runs from south-west to north-east with a tributary from the north-east, and here again terrible stones, which made walking continuous in and out of the water difficult. This must carry enormous bodies of water during rainy season, as it drains the entire basin. We went on under huge *kehn*, *lahwan*, and other trees, the wood of the last-named much used by Bilans for their canoes.

Then came the steep ascent to the Mantalaugan. One of the scouts, the strongest-looking, was taken very ill—the case with tall, strong-looking men is often delayed me a good deal.

Having crossed a second ridge some distance above the Sinapulan stream, through dense but devilish woods, where we had to tread over slippery volcanic boulders, and through thick pieces by thorns, we at last reached the highest point of the watershed, marked by a large *muraui* tree enveloped in a parasitic vine. We descended to the head waters of the stream along which it was only possible to wade here among much volcanic rocks and *babian*—fan palms—of immense size. One's feet and one's toes

In the river course we wound through a dark forest of *olesse* trees. The first of pumice-stone was present, the clay saturated with sulphur. A cascade of

stalactites of magnificent copper-green tones. Then came high terraces and waterfalls.

Endless trees had fallen in this region, over which we had to clamber, and occasionally pass where they formed a long bridge, balancing ourselves, from one side of the river to the other. We crossed and recrossed the tortuous Alep River I could not tell how many times. The Cambolin is a tributary of the Alep, a most fascinating stream in rocky terraces covered with green moss—terribly slippery, but pretty to look at. The vegetation was dense on both sides and formed a regular arch over our heads. Frequently the arch was so low that we had to stoop down into the water, body and all, to get through—and, moreover, for some days we had been tramping continually in water, and the skin of our feet had become extremely tender.

A dry river-bed followed, then a bit of thick forest, then an ascending hill-side. We came to a great clearing burnt by Bilans, and saw some of their high houses, raised as much as 30 feet above the ground, to the south of the hill-side beyond. Some twenty Bilans rushed out, spear in hand, when we shouted to call them, and on perceiving that we were not some of themselves they decamped in due haste.

From this point we followed another stream which had high rock terraces of volcanic formation, so rounded, polished, and slippery that we could hardly hold our footing. We had some difficulty in keeping the baggage dry in going down the waterfalls of various heights, and in

order to do so used an improvised ladder that we carried—a long bamboo with notches—for the banks were steep, and we could only proceed where the water flowed. The course of this stream was from north-west to south-east and we had now crossed the watershed. We encamped upon the hard lava for the night, and the vegetation was so luxuriant above us that sun never penetrated here. The moisture was stifling, everything reeking with it. The river further down disappeared for some 200 yards through a subterranean passage under the smooth, rocky volcanic river-bed, made apparently by an extensive flow of lava.

When we had reached the bottom of the hill we abandoned the stream and proceeded through dense forests of *babang anan* trees over 100 feet high, and some *lahmut* trees of immense diameter—8 feet, and as much as 15 feet at the base, including the side-wings. Some of these majestic trees were 150 feet high. We were now in a zone of gigantic trees of great age.

A vine, 120 yards long, had been placed across the river by the Bilans in order that they might find their way across to the other side at night, and also to prevent them from being washed away when the water was high. Then we came to another stream with a bed of large smooth spherical pebbles which turned under one's feet as one trod upon them and jammed one's toes painfully.

We left the zone of gigantic trees and were now in a region of wonderful creepers, the *nagheda* particularly, a regular huge cascade of

prettily-shaped leaves. Low shrubs and plants were plentiful—too many of them—the large-leaved *nopur*, the *langanassi*, and among boulders the *alum*, the red-ribbed leaves of which placed on one's head are said by the natives to cure headache.

We came to the home of Datto Inuk, with its entrance railed off upstairs, and chiefly remarkable for the baskets of all sizes and shapes that it contained. Spears with iron and bamboo heads, bundles of arrows with detachable heads, were stuck in the ceiling. Also some *tampipi*, or working knives, in broad square *bejuco* sheaths, and some shields.

At Latian, Datto Inuk's place, there were about six Bilan houses, all walled round with superposed horizontal bamboos. From this point we struck very grassy open country, and then a region of giant *buri* palm with leaves 7 feet in diameter. We marched eastward and had on the north an extensive mountain mass, including Apo, the great volcano, at 15° north, bearings magnetic. Seen from this point, however, the giant was not so impressive as when observed from the sea.

We passed the old *rancheria* of Salumincon in the middle of an extensive plain. Near this place I caught three Bilan women whom I wished to photograph. They shrieked and yelled and cried in terror when I pointed the camera at them, which they thought was some sort of gun, the two younger, who had collapsed in a heap, taking cover behind the older dame. Eventually,

on being presented with needles and beads, they became bright and jolly, and were quite nice and gentle. They wore heavy circular brass earrings with beads all round and occasional bead pendants, and heavy bead necklaces with a pendant charm like a small brush. Brass rings were coiled round each toe and brass wire bracelets, some with inverted angular ornamentations, covered the arms from the wrist to the elbow. They also wore white shell bracelets and rings of brass and tortoiseshell. A pretty short blue zouave jacket, with red border, ornamentation of beads, and large sleeves ; a short red skirt like a diminutive *sirong*, going no further than the knee, and a red cloth slung over the right shoulder, then under the left arm, the fold used to stow goods and chattels such as brass *buyo* boxes, etc., completed their attire. The hair was worn in a knot behind, where a wooden comb was placed, and a long tuft was left protruding like the tail of a cock.

In crossing another magnificent forest of giant trees, we encountered on the banks of the Balatucan River (running from north-west to south-east) a number of Calaganes, an Indonesian tribe of great beauty, somewhat akin to the Bagobos. These people possessed magnificently chiselled features, and supple, well-rounded limbs, combining great muscular strength with grace and elegance of line. Seldom in my travels have I seen more anatomically perfect specimens of humanity than these Calaganes and Bagobos.

The Calaganes had pensive faces, with velvety

steads is the *magbabaya*, a rude wooden image, not unlike a wedge, four or five inches long, and ornamented with cross lines and a symbolical head and other details of anatomy. The *magbabaya* is stuck in the under part of the roof and screened over with a cloth, so, unless one looks for it, it may easily pass unnoticed. Above it, as a rule, and for its protection is a rack for *bolos*. All these tribes are extremely careful over this rudimentary idol, who, they say, preserves them from sickness and trouble, the shape of the idols varying slightly with each tribe. They will let no stranger touch them, and only with great difficulty can information be got about them.

The Mandayas build their houses higher than the Tagaods: they are about 12 feet long by 8 feet wide, but the walls only from 3 to 4 feet high. Near and under the *magbabaya* is the *sayawan*, an elaborate altar, with black and white ornamentations closely resembling Papuan carvings. This altar is from 3 to 5 feet high on four columns. Inverted triangles, quadrangles, coils, and circles seem to be the favourite designs; but the altar platform sometimes displays a pattern of four wings; on one side in the shape of conventional heads of birds in sets of three, and the other the heads of a bird and a lizard. These altars are frequently seen outside the house, and in front of them is placed a stool, on which, at the beginning of their dances, one person at a time sits and sucks the blood of a living pig (which has previously been castrated), and which is lying tied on the altar platform.

our journey of some 200 miles we had received the most charming hospitality and consideration from barbarians and savages, we shall soon see what a Christian reception was like.

A terrible storm was threatening overhead.

his shield. When an enemy is killed  
torn out and eaten.

andaya man, like the Bagobo, wears  
a garter, under the knee, but with an  
hog's tail attached to it.

In the Mahommedan tribes, all these  
tribes suffer greatly during the early  
of their life from the *tabucao*, the most  
of venereal complaints, imported, I think,  
Mahommedans of the coast ; and also  
in diseases caused by their fish diet.

Guiangas are also found upon the coast,  
though the greater number of them have  
at refuge on the north and east slopes of  
Apo. They resemble the Bagobos, both in  
appearance and customs. The men wear the  
*batinao*, or large circular earrings, but of *batinao*  
wood instead of ivory, and they tattoo the chest  
and arms like the Bagobos, in sets of parallel  
interrupted lines forming angular designs. The  
tattooing is tinted with charcoal from *almacega*  
(copal).

They are great workers, peaceful and submis-  
sive. Their number is estimated at 5,000, and  
they possess a dialect of their own. Like the  
Bagobos, they may be seen going about with the  
pretty shoulder-bag thickly ornamented with  
beads and tassels, and having two strings joining  
on the chest where they are held by brass rings.

They and the Bagobos often brand their arms  
with fire, the cicatrices produced being con-  
sidered a great ornamentation. Each mark, they  
profess, shows success obtained in love affairs. They



He further informed me that neither General Davis nor Governor Taft had any authority, as he was in command of the place—he was a mere corporal—and would turn out his soldiers and the local police to drive me and my party back—a challenge which I joyfully accepted.

I immediately started back to meet my men in order to force my way through, and I gave him an intimation to that effect. This man ran after me, asking me to stop and argue, but he seemed so far from possessing anything like civil manners, not to speak of the most rudimentary local geographical knowledge, that I preferred other methods of getting on.

I went back to the river and waited and waited impatiently, but my party, hampered by the sick man, had not come up, and as I heard a great ado in the town I went back alone and unarmed—I generally travel unarmed—to meet what came.

The American soldiers stationed there had been quickly turned out and so had the police, as well as a few American residents and visitors—some fifteen in all. In a body they were hastily coming on, evidently in a great state of excitement. I walked towards them, and when they saw me they rushed up, surrounded me, shoved the muzzles of their rifles in my face and said they would shoot. Well, I could not help laughing. They all spoke a great deal, but really said nothing, and, indeed, I could not make out whether I had fallen into a settlement of lunatics or what.

I cannot say that I used pretty language in my conversation with these gentry. I had been treated with so much deference and kindness by Americans and natives alike all over the Archipelago that I felt this reception all the more.

When they had shouted themselves hoarse and begun quarrelling among themselves, some professing it was a shame to treat a white man in such a way, they climbed down a good deal in their threats, and several offered the use of a house, as well as bread, coffee, or anything we required—offers which I flatly refused with thanks. I would rather have starved than accepted anything from them.

I informed them that, according to my plans, I intended resting two nights and one day at Santa Cruz, as I was discharging my carriers who had to return to their homes on the Rio Grande; that I would give them 36 hours to reflect or despatch a messenger to the Commanding Officer at Davao (whose guest I was asked to be, by the way), after which, if necessary, I would fight my way through.

They at once decided to despatch a horseman to Davao (30 miles off), and I agreed to wait the 36 hours I had intended to devote to this place.

We had come for eight days at the rate of 20 to 30 miles daily—quite good walking over that rough country. Our last march was over 30 miles.

The civilians subsequently showed much consideration, and made many offers of hospitality ;

but under the circumstances, while appreciating their kindness, I was obliged to refuse everything. When my party arrived some two hours later, I made my camp at the stream, where a guard of American soldiers and Filipino police with loaded rifles was placed over us, the American soldiers sincerely apologising for being compelled to obey such . . . —well, I cannot use their prefixes—orders. They were very nice and ready to do anything to oblige us.

The storm which was threatening came—a torrential rain in bucketfuls—and the trail on which we had made our camp became a regular stream. But we were so hardened to anything of the sort, we did not mind. It might wet our clothes, but could not dilute our pride.

The day of rest was spent in paying off my men—a most devoted, faithful, gentle, honest, thoughtful, hardworking, jolly lot of fellows—they are generally described as barbarous fanatics—who seemed very sad at having to go back. They wanted me to take them to my country with me. They declared they would fight for me if necessary.

Then to rearrange our baggage. Renewed offers of hospitality came from the town, but I held firm. The messenger from Davao returned with orders to let me proceed immediately, and I was glad to hear later from the Commanding Officer himself, Col. Day, that the two men who had chiefly been guilty of the offence, which had been neither countenanced nor approved by him, and for which, in fact, he fully apologised, were

people were given to cannibalism. They drank human blood during times of famine and even up to quite lately they have indulged—and do indulge in—human sacrifices. They mention the Bagobo of Talagutun (near Malalag).

They believe that cannibalism is a thing of olden days, except among some of the more remote tribes upon the mountains. It is a question among the coast tribes whether they have learnt better and fear punishment. The Bagobo when he did human sacrifices combined business with it. The slaves on whom he practised cannibalism are said to have seldom died of a disease, but they were not killed off. Oh, no! It was only when a slave was hopelessly ill, or when he was unable to do any more, that he was destined to be sacrificed. They performed the sacrifice in the morning, either before the planting of rice, or at the death of a beloved parent, or when they wished to scare the spirits of evil or sickness, or to propitiate the weather.

They believe in two things—the “good” and the “evil”—for which they have a good deity and a bad devil, Mandarangan, the latter responsible for all ailments. It was to this evil spirit that the human sacrifices were devoted, as they think that he cherishes human blood. I was rather loath to believe this at first, but I cross-examined many natives and they all maintained that

knot behind, and under the knee they wear several strings of beads (the *ticas*).

The lobes of their ears are frequently much deformed—if not torn—by the enormous earrings they wear, either of wood or with circular discs of ivory, for which they pay large sums. A simpler earring—the *taling*—made of cocoanut leaves is frequently worn in default of more luxurious ornaments.

The Bagobos have very powerfully set teeth which they generally file into a point and dye black. The older men have quite a noticeable beard growth, especially on the chin, and moustache, and I saw some who were quite hairy in the centre of the chest, and on the lower portions of arms and legs. Occasional tattooings of lines and dots are visible upon their persons, as well as more elaborate ones of radiating lines, and even rudimentary attempts at animals, upon the breasts.

Many of the people nearer the coast have been Christianised, principally through the tactful efforts of Padre Mateo Gisbert, quite a remarkable character in his way, who has lived along this coast for over twenty-two years. He was the founder of the Sta. Cruz Settlement.

Bagobo men go about with spears, or bow and arrows in their hands, often carrying a pot of honey, and always with a mat basket upon their backs, or a bead sack. They look honestly at you into your eyes when they speak—their eyes having a most peculiar lustre such as is found in cannibal races. It is not improbable that in

remote times these people were given to cannibalism, or at any rate drank human blood during certain ceremonies, and even up to quite lately it is stated that they have indulged—and do indulge—in human sacrifices. They mention Datto Magagum of Talagutun (near Malalag) who was a cannibal.

Personally, I believe that cannibalism is extremely rare nowadays, except among some of the more inaccessible tribes upon the mountain-side. It is out of the question among the coast Bagobos who have learnt better and fear punishment if discovered. The Bagobo when he did go in for human sacrifices combined business with pleasure. The slaves on whom he practised his little fancy are said to have seldom died of a natural death, but they were not killed off wholesale. Oh, no! It was only when a slave was incurably ill, or when he was unable to work any more, that he was destined to be sacrificed. They performed the sacrifice in the forest either before the planting of rice, or at the death of a beloved parent, or when they wished to scare the spirits of evil or sickness away, or to propitiate the weather.

They believe in two things—the “good” and “bad”—for which they have a good deity and the devil, Mandarangan, the latter responsible for all ailments. It was to this evil spirit that the human sacrifices were devoted, as they think that he cherishes human blood. I was rather loth to believe this at first, but I cross-examined many natives and they all maintained that

sacrifices were made. When practised nowadays—very rarely—the deed is done in some hidden spot, and the greatest secrecy is maintained for fear of punishment.

The Bagobos are well off—principally because they require so little. They are thrifty, and certainly the nicest people on the east coast of the Davao bay.

They possess a language of their own of considerable wealth. One of the chief characteristics is that a Bagobo seldom uses a plural. When he does it is formed by the addition of *mga*, and the adjectives are unaltered for either gender. The articles used are *si*, *yan*, and *y*. The comparative is formed by the addition of the adverb *sun-nud*, and the superlative with *tuo*, whereas the diminutive is made by prefixing *diloc*, little, or *marentac*, small.

The verb *to be* is obtained by adding the particle *go*, whereas the verb *to have* is made by prefixing *doon* to the adjective or noun. In the conjugation of verbs there is but little variation. In the past indicative *den* is added ; *pa* for the future tense ; and *paden* for the subjunctive. The verb is frequently repeated in order to intensify its meaning.

In hearing Bagobos speak it is somewhat difficult to determine exactly certain vowels, the *o* and *u*, for instance, being frequently used one for the other, and also the *e* and *i*, and nearly each tribe has a slightly different way of enunciating the same words.

Closely akin to the Bagobos are several tribes

along the south-east portion of Mindanao—and all these tribes are remarkable for their wonderful endurance and their power to withstand pain.

There are a few Manobos scattered along the south-east coast, but they are to be found in greater numbers on the south-west portion of Mindanao, on the eastern peninsula of the Gulf of Davao, and also at various points in the valley and hills on either side of the Agusan River.

These curious people are very warlike and treacherous, making night attacks upon their enemies with spears of great length. They are probably the most numerous of the non-Mahomedan tribes of Mindanao, their number being estimated at 12,000. There was much union between the various Manobo tribes, although many live very far apart, and as they occupy the most important parts of Mindanao this union was rather unpleasant for the intervening tribes upon whom these people often made raids. The larger number of them is found on the Culaman coast. They do not care for work and prefer preying on neighbours. They build their houses on tree-tops or on stilts of immense height—partly to be out of reach of the spears of enemies, one mode of killing people in these regions being by spearing them through the floor while asleep.

The Manobos are fishermen and hunters, and have curious religious beliefs of their own, in three deities—which they imagine in the form of animals in the forest. One is the protector of whatever crops they grow : the second is a sort



of Diana, who brings them luck or ill-luck in their hunting. The third deity is the evil one, bringing sickness and trouble. Upon altars, quaintly adorned and with curious leaf oramentations—not unlike the *Inaos* of the hairy Ainu of northern Japan, these people make offerings of rice, meat, and wine, in order to make these spirits friendly.

They seldom live more than one year in the same spot, although they cannot be said to be an absolutely nomad race. They have a somewhat fierce expression on their faces, eyes slanting considerably, heavy eyebrows, especially near the nose, and long black eyelashes. The bridge of the nose is raised quite high. Their lips are much developed, the upper lip projecting beyond the lower, so much so that in profile its point is the most prominent of the facial angles. Their hands are pretty well formed, the fingers being long, but with unpleasant, cruel, square-tipped ends. Their nails are good. Their legs, curved slightly outward, are very powerfully built, and, like the Bagobos, they wear below the knee the *ticush* band, twisted round a fibre of the *unayan* tree. The Manobos of the Agusan valley vary a little in appearance from other tribes.

Then there are the Tagacaolos, whose features appeared to me more of a negroid type—possibly intermixed with Indonesian tribes, but not purely Indonesian. Their nose is extraordinarily depressed, except a sort of button lobule with nostrils abnormally broad but finely chiselled and not coarse.

Like the Manobos they possessed ears with undetached lobes. Upon their over-lapping, prominent brow-ridges they had luxuriant eyebrows, a rather bulging upper lid to the eye, and very firmly closed lips, the upper lip projecting and curling over the lower—a point which they have in common with the Atas, another tribe inhabiting this region as well as Central Mindanao. These Atas have undoubted Negrito characteristics, as we shall see later. The Tagacaolos have small mouths, well-proportioned skulls, and, unlike Negritos, straight but coarse hair, with a slight moustache and beard on the chin only. Their eyes are absolutely straight horizontally, the iris generally somewhat discoloured in the upper portion. The teeth are filed either into a sharp point, or else in the Magindanao fashion. Their hands, as compared with those of other superior and pure Indonesian tribes, are stumpy and coarse, with short thumbs.

The Tagacaolos have nomadic habits and a gentle disposition, are less superstitious than other tribes, and are absolutely hairless on the face. They shave the hair of the head except a tuft on the top of the skull.

*Caolo* in their language means mountain stream, and it is on these watercourses that they are generally to be found. The Tagacaolos believe in a *Limokun*, who lives in trees and has power to make or prevent people sneezing or moving for hours if he wishes.

Many are to be found scattered along all round the Gulf of Davao, but principally on both sides

of the entrance into the Gulf proper, as well in the interior, in the country lying between Matutun Volcano and Apo Mount.

The Atas vary considerably, according to outside influences of neighbouring tribes. The I found south of Davao had long curly hair, very little hair upon lips and chin. Their complexion was of a blackish-yellow, the eyes straight, the teeth filed, the eyes of a bluish-brown, much discoloured in the upper part of the iris, but very large, with long eyelashes. The arms and legs were very thin, the long fingers taper-tipped. But as we shall find other purer and more interesting tribes further north I will reserve the description later.

Except some slight trouble in crossing the deep rivers we had a pleasant walk of thirty miles, mostly along the beach, and passing several villages, mostly Filipino and Bagobo. When we arrived at Davao, the entire journey on the island having occupied only nine days, including one day's rest—a record which, even to future travellers—there had not been any other ones on the particular route I followed. I shall have some difficulty in beating; but I was fortunate in the men who accompanied me.

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## CHAPTER XIV

Davao—The Samals of the Davao Gulf—The Tagaods and the Mandayas—Their primitive idols—Their lofty homes—The Guiangas—The much tattooed Atas.

ON a previous occasion I had visited Davao, coming along the coast by sea from Zamboanga. The south-west coast of Mindanao was very high and mountainous from Pt. Quidapil to Pt. Bucut, the mountains rising to a height of from 1,500 to 1,700 feet, and forming a table land. They gradually got lower on nearing Pt. Baluluan at the opening of the Sarangani Bay. We got a glimpse here of the high Mt. Matutun (or burning mountain), a volcano of beautiful although irregular lines.

Balut Island and Sarangani Island lie off the most southern point of Mindanao. A small Spanish fort is said to exist on the east side of the smaller island. Balut has a high volcanic peak (3,117 feet) with a long streak of volcanic mud upon it.

The Gulf of Davao is very impressive, Mt. Apo, said to be over 10,130 feet high, rising, as we have already seen, to the north-west part of

it. Personally, I think the height of this mountain has been greatly over-estimated. It has been ascended several times by German, British, and American scientific men, but the height has, I believe, only been measured by unreliable aneroids. The highest peak has two streaks of sulphur upon its cone. It is quite a handsome mountain, but not to be compared in beauty to Mayon in Luzon, for instance.

At sunset, with a golden sky behind, Apo looks very nice towering in beautiful cobalt blue and clearly outlined against the sky. The entire mountain range has so indented a summit that it is like the teeth of a saw. About half-way up on the mountain side, a horizontal line of white mist and smoke is generally to be observed within the immense concave basin formed by neighbouring mountains. This mountain really looks bigger than it is because to the north the country looks so flat that at first sight one might suppose the eastern coast of the Gulf to be separated by a channel from the west, which of course is not the case.

On the east peninsula stretching southward stands a high peak with mountains that are high towards the north and south, but gradually dwindle to nothing towards the northern part of the Gulf, and also at Cape St. Augustin, on the extreme south.

At one time the Americans occupied Matti on the east coast of this peninsula, a desolate place which was left for many months, absolutely cut off from the world, in charge of Lieut. Humber.

Matti has a well-protected bay affording a good anchorage, islands screening the entrance of the harbour; but the place is at present too isolated to be of any substantial use.

The population of the east coast from Matti to Surigao is principally composed of Visayans and wild Mandayas. The latter spend their time in terrorising the Christians. Hemp, *almacega*, or copal, tobacco, and wax are raised—industries which might be greatly developed; and a good deal of cattle is kept, as the grazing is good. But this entire portion of the east coast of Mindanao is in a terrible state of abandonment, having no communication with anywhere. The Spaniards kept a small detachment at Matti to protect the few Christians from the Mandayas.

The mode of fighting of these people was ingenious enough. They set houses ablaze by means of a lighted arrow with resin upon it, and when the inmates, unawares, ran out they were treacherously speared.

The east coast is rather precipitous and sparsely populated; and in Davao itself there is very little of interest. An old Spanish settlement which has gone through many vicissitudes, it is now a sort of tumbling-down place, with luxurious drinking-saloons kept by Armenian money-makers or by Spaniards. One or two serious American traders, I was glad to see, were trying to establish a more permanent and less deadly trade with the neighbouring tribes, and one gentleman—a volunteer captain—seemed to work on very sensible lines, and every success is

to be wished him. The Christian Filipinos were all doing some trading in beads and looking-glasses and other such articles, and were opening up nice shops in the basements of their houses, and it is to be hoped that some day Davao may flourish again as it did some years ago. The land is fertile, there should be no trouble in getting plenty of good labour, and if the *almacega* and gutta-percha trade, as well as the *copra*, wax, and agricultural products were developed, no doubt ample profits could be made here.

Padre Mateo Gisbert had a fine convent and a two-towered church, the latter containing a broken-down organ whose only stop in working order—the *vox angelica*—gave most diabolical squeals when played upon.

I was very hospitably received and treated by Lieutenant Humber, who was now temporarily in command at Davao, and who filled the following posts: Post-adjutant, Commissary, Quartermaster, Recruiting Officer, Engineer, Ordnance, Signal, and Intelligence Officer, Post Treasurer, Summary Court, Provost Judge, Provost Marshal, Commanding Company and Post! I bade here good-bye to my good friend Lieutenant Cooper, who returned to Cottabato, and I proceeded alone on a journey from south to north along the basin of the Agusan River. I left behind the Filipino scout who was ill, and, with the kind permission of Colonel Day, took along the three others to protect my camp and goods.

I partly followed the coast towards the head



of the Gulf, and partly followed what is known as the Lassan trail, and I crossed the Agdao and Lanang Rivers, upon which were small villages, mostly of *mestizos*. Then I passed through Parmican, a Tagaod settlement of some twenty houses, whose people deal in timber and raise *abaca* (hemp). The timber is towed to Davao at high water.

The best woods are the *ghesuh*, hard wood for construction ; *magulitum*, a soft wood from high straight trees ; *amolauin*, the finest timber for supports or pillars, much used by the natives in house building ; *baet*, very hard but rather brittle and liable to split ; *lawahan* and *boghis*, two excellent woods for boats ; *lanepya* and *doghoan*, which are cut into boards ; and many other equally valuable species.

Sasa Point was the nearest point of the Mindanao coast to Samal Island, which, with Talicud Islands, lies in the northern part of the Gulf. On Samal Island an interesting tribe of people called Samals—not to be confounded with the Samals of the Sulu Archipelago—is to be found.

These Samals are very handsome people, of Indonesian origin—not of Malay extraction like the other Samals—and their features are so regular that they might be taken for Spaniards or Southern Italians. Their hair is curly—almost like that of Negritos—they have a fair-sized moustache and a short “imperial.” They have very large eyes, perfectly straight, with long eyelashes, and eyelids drooping at the outer

corners like those of Caucasian races. Their lips are thin and firm, and their ears have detached lobes quite unlike most other tribes I had examined. The forehead was wide, but the back portion of the cranium lacked width. The skull was also abnormally flattened above. The cheek-bones were very high, and the lower jaw-bone much enlarged but tapering into a small chin. The nose was well-formed, the nostrils only slightly expanded, and the bridge of the nose quite raised. The upper lip projected over the lower.

The skin of the Samals is of a darkish brown colour. They file their teeth horizontally, leaving a concave outward surface, and they blacken them. These people seem to have an extraordinary development of chest (some men having breasts almost like women), arms, and legs. Their feet were coarse, with high instep and abnormally developed toes, and their hands suggested a brutal nature, the square-topped fingers, stumpy, with heavy knuckles and short pointed thumbs, making their hands indeed most repulsive to look at. But the wrists and ankles were comparatively small and well-formed. Their pulse-beat was extraordinarily feeble and slow.

They build good boats, walled up with *nipa* leaves held together by bamboo strips so as to form a water-tight surface, and with a small cabin roofed over. A far-projecting double outrigger, a square sail, and a split bamboo deck on which the cooking was done, completed the fittings of these vessels.

A curious legend about a *padre* attempting to

## THE GEMS OF THE EAST

Christianise the natives of Samal is relate them. The *padre* produced an image desired that all should be baptised, a which the people of the interior refused submit. He imprisoned some and com the others to shave their hair. The image eventually smashed and the *padre* driven. It appears that before this the Samal people done a brisk trade in *camotes* with the M coast, but from that day nothing would on the island—which the Christians was a punishment for their refusal to Christianity.

As I went along I could plainly see upon the Samal coast the house of Cap a datto who has control of the entire side of that island. The island has a bone in the centre forming easterly and watersheds. While the coast is in Samals and Filipinos who have intern them, the wooded hills in the interior by Mansakas, or Manchakas, who chiefs in the north of the island Scidoro—a Mandaya—the other M ayan-Samal.

One of the peculiarities of all the along this Davao Gulf was the banked up with sand and formed parallel to the sea-line for a considerable before actually entering it. A great trading-crafts could be seen along owners did a good deal of bar smaller island.

I had the pleasure of meeting an enterprising American upon this coast—a Mr. Whitehorn—who had started a farm and trading-station on a small scale, and was doing quite well, being much liked by the natives all round.

The number of tribes in this region was simply bewildering. Guiangas, Atas, Bagobos, Tagacaolos and Mandayas, Tagaods (along the sea), Mansakas, on the mountains, Mangoangans (on the Tagum River), Tagalinaos (who practised cannibalism and who lived between Caraga and Katil), and also the Culamans, not unlike Manobos, a most warlike tribe living near Surangani, who are said also to indulge in meals of human flesh.

In the *Lappii*, when a victim is killed, the legs and arms are eaten, but the head is sold for house decoration. The Manobos, on fighting, drink or, at any rate, smear the mouth with, the human blood of the victim, which they profess renders a man brave.

The Tagaods, whom I met here for the first time, were a remarkable race, with straight hair of a fine texture such as is found among highly civilised people, and slight moustaches and beards. Their complexion was of a rich light brown, and the nose was very much flattened with enormous nostrils. The ears again had undetached lobes; the teeth were filed and blackened; the feet had large, stumpy toes—but the hands, especially in the women, were very beautiful, with long, supple, tapering fingers, the men's being somewhat spoiled by the square nails and by the

a bed of lava with large holes and cavities, and eventually we climbed over a low hill range—about 100 feet high—with thick vegetation and trees of gigantic proportions upon it. We struggled through the tepid water of the stream, often up to our waists in water, often having to dive altogether to avoid the entangled branches which hung over the stream or the many rotted trees which had fallen across. One's shoes got full of sand and mud and gradually wore down the skin of one's feet, softened already by the moisture of hours at a time. One's hands and face were constantly being injured and cut by thorns or by the sharp-edged leaves of reeds through which we frequently had to force our way.

Another heavy rainstorm—this was the rainy season—began to pelt us, the vegetation above our heads when saturated with water letting down the surplus in regular streams. My toothless old guide lost his way and said he no longer knew where we were. One of the scouts was seized with fever and was doubled up with pains in his inside, and became unable to walk—I had no extra men to carry him ; so that when night came on, rain falling in torrents, we did not feel particularly happy.

In a reconnaissance that I made with one scout, I had a great piece of luck, and succeeded in capturing a Mansaka whom I discovered lying in wait on the top of a tree with his spear ready to be dropped upon us when we approached. We got this fellow to show us the way to the nearest Mansaka settlement.



TREE-DWELLER'S HUT, MINDANAO.



THE WHITE TRIBE OF MINDANAO (MANSAKAS).  
(Photograph taken in the Dark Forest.)



We now proceeded along other streams, the Mabub flowing north into the Pantod, which in its turn flows into the Nabuntaran. My Mahommedan carriers had told me that these Mansakas of the forest were an absolutely white tribe, and I was very anxious to see them. We approached very carefully so as not to frighten them, and when we got near enough, unperceived, I could see them busy making some coarse earthenware pots. Each had his long spear stuck into the ground by his side. There was a small clearing with four houses on enormously high stilts. The people were chatting away, their voices sounding most musical and soft.

I advanced towards them. Dear me, what yells! The pottery works were abandoned, a much-adorned young lady climbing the long notched bamboo of her house with the rapidity of a monkey, while the men with their spears vanished in the forest. But there were plenty more inhabitants upstairs, and those I would not let escape. The inmates of the larger house and we had a good tug at the primitive ladder, which they were trying to draw up in order to prevent us coming up, and amid a regular pandemonium of threats we mounted the 30 feet or so to their eyrie, where two or three men received me, spears in hand, in an attitude of battle.

They were trembling all over. They evidently had a shock when they saw me, for I noticed them looking at my clothing to identify to what tribe I belonged. Having made signs to them



to lay down their spears, I entered. I placed one scout at the entrance to prevent them escaping.

When I had patted them a good deal, as you would a cat, to reduce them to their normal state of quietness, and shown them that I carried no spear or knife or anything to injure them, they eventually became calm enough.

Their houses were of the Mandaya type, of great height, with the usual inclined plane for dogs to enter the house. Inside there were two partitions, boarded off, 6 feet by 8 feet, one the sleeping-room for men, the other for women. Panter was the name of this place, and that of the chief, Aman, in whose house I was, and who was squatting near me.

My men, in the meantime, had gone about and captured a number of fellows for me to examine. I was amazed. These Mansakas were indeed as white as, in fact, whiter than Europeans. It was the ivory white of Latin races and not the pinky complexion of Anglo-Saxons, but that they were white there could be not the slightest doubt. This does not mean that they come from the same stock as we do, nor is their colour derived from stray wrecked European crews which have dwindled in the interior and intermarried. Far from it. It is mainly due to these people living in the dark forest or in dark huts and being seldom exposed to the light of the sun. Also to their vegetable diet and to undue proportion of sweet food, which is bound to affect their blood, and eventually their complexion, and the constant

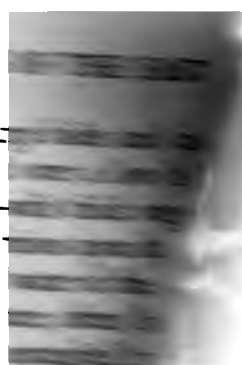
immersion in water when moving about, the waterways being the only ones by which comparatively quick travelling can be effected in those regions.

This Panter tribe consisted of 15 men and 15 women in 10 houses scattered in the forest, and they raised *tobo*, sugar-cane, *tigarig*, bananas, *paoda*, and *wacag*, two kinds of *camotes*, and *katumban*, pepper. On these they almost entirely lived, besides some wild game. Other similar tribes, which we will visit, were near.

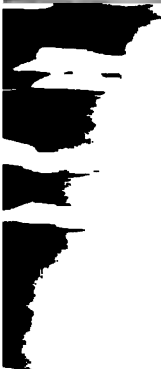
When young they were beautiful people, with eyes in perfect condition, of warm and most magnetic deep brown. The eyes were perfectly straight, like those of Aryans, large, with heavy upper lids and fine eyelashes, quick but somewhat shifty, like those of any people accustomed to hunt and constantly to fight and suspect.

There were two types clearly distinguishable, one much higher, much whiter, and more refined than the other, which had a slightly yellowish, occasionally a brownish, tinge in the skin.

Although the skin was white, the features of these people were in no way Caucasian like ours. They appeared to me of a marked Papuan type, especially noticeable in the lower type, the nose being flat and much expanded at the nostrils, while the better type possessed rather well-formed noses. The upper lip was prominent and more developed than the lower, but with most beautifully-shaped Cupid's bow lips. The ears, too, were of remarkable chiselling, beauty, and refinement, small and graceful. They were



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they could be inserted in the grass thatch of their roofs, and some had rudimentary suggestions of legs and nose and mouth. Others were mere conical pieces of wood.

The *asho-asho*, which I saw here for the first time, was an enlarged idol rudely representing an animal resembling a cock or some sort of bird. A *tawagan*, or offering box, where all sorts of charms were kept—such as leaves, roots, stones, crocodiles' teeth, etc.—was generally seen in every house suspended near these idols, which were further adorned with fringes of *chamanao*.

These people also have in their houses beautiful shields, spinning wheels, the *anibun*, or dish made of bark of the *palma*, large baskets made of plaited *bejuco* strengthened with bamboo ribs, others of plaited *palma* leaves, a row of wild hog's jaw-bones and fangs, and ingenious conical stands made of a large split bamboo interwoven with *bejuco*, upon which are rested the earthenware pots of local manufacture; *bejuco* loops and snares for wild boar, and *coglons*, elongated violins similar to those used by the Tagaods. Occasionally six-stringed bamboo instruments, with raised outer fibre used as strings, were to be seen, as well as the usual altars suspended from the ceiling, and closely resembling those of the Tagaods.

Very finely plaited armlets (*baccaao*) from the *mangashah* plant (*nito* in Visayan), as well as bracelets (*pashogut*) or when of metal called *aquinud* and *ponod*, were worn by the women.

The fishing harpoons (*lingua*) of the Mansakas had a single-barbed detachable head tied to the pole with a long string.

Last, but not least, they had small wooden and metal pipes (*sigupan*).

## CHAPTER XVII

Intelligence of the White Tribe—Bird-like habits—Elevated thoroughfares—A plucky old lady—The people of Kanda-gawan—Suffering from leeches—Swarms of cockroaches and ants—Bitten by a deadly snake.

I FOUND this white tribe of extraordinary intelligence, but as weird a people as it is possible to imagine—during the night they signalled to their neighbours by curious cries what was going on. I spent the night in the Chief's house, and he and his were most hospitable and affable. They had never seen money, nor did they understand its value.

The Mansakas produce a fire by the friction of a sharp-edged piece of wood upon a flat rectangular one into which a central slit has been cut. Some easily inflammable powder, from a dried fungus, or a small piece of tinder is placed in the slit, directly under the rubbing blade. Less than one minute is sufficient to produce a fire. The lighted powder is then placed on a charred piece of wood and becomes ignited by being blown upon.

Early the next morning I received many polite

ers who brought in presents of *camotes*, sugar-cane and bananas, and their delight was great when I gave them needles, thread, beads, and pieces of salmon and beef. They insisted on my drinking some of their wine—*bais*—with them, a terribly acid stuff.

There was a thick mist over the forest in the morning, and the plants, saturated with moisture, were dripping as if it were raining heavily. In the dark forest was heavy slush and mud, and stuffy vegetation, spiked palm leaves like saws, the large-leafed *baghiki*, and the *maghilan*, a palm with long narrow leaves split at the end. The air was stifling, and thorns of all sizes and shapes were under foot, at the sides, above one's head.

Some of my Mansaka friends accompanied me, and after one hour we came to another settlement with similarly white people. These, under Chief Tilican, had cleared quite a good bit of ground and had fenced fields of *camotes* along the banks of the Tabignanan River.

As we went on, through difficult country, swampy and slushy, my sick scout had great difficulty in keeping up, and I endeavoured to obtain men to help him along ; but the Mansakas, who by now knew of our approach, had nearly everywhere bolted. Only one sportsman I was able to catch—a young fellow who was so engrossed in attracting doves by imitating with marvellous fidelity their song on a *tambuan* (a whistle), that he never saw us come. We had a most amusing scene with this distracted gentleman, who carried with him, and would on no



account part from, a *limokun*—a pear-shaped cage of split bamboo with a tame dove inside meant to decoy the wild birds. Into a *tambuan*, or cylinder with sticky stuff from the *tagup* tree, he dipped a rod to which the birds stuck if once they rested on it. This fellow, when we took him along, talked all the time to his bird as if it had been a human being, and certainly his affection for the pet was quite touching.

We struggled a good deal in the muddy Kandagawan stream, and we were now in a region of immense bamboos, regular forests of them, most troublesome to get through, for the older ones break down and get so interwoven with their neighbours as to require endless acrobatic performances to get along, unless, of course, one could spend a lot of time and cut one's way through.

We were now in a region which had never been traversed by a European, and I had deviated from my course in order to look for some other Mansaka settlements which I had gathered were strewn about here. In this bamboo region the settlements were difficult to find as no trail existed. By mere luck I got to a point where, resting against the thick growth of bamboos, was a severed bamboo of great height with notches cut into it. On the ground were recent foot-marks in the slush.

Knowing the bird-like habits of these folks, I climbed the primitive ladder to see what there was on the top of the bamboos, and, to my amazement, I found laid on the top of the

vegetation two long horizontal bamboos on which muddy feet had trodden, as well as other horizontal bamboos in succession forming an elevated path. I signalled to my men to keep quiet and come on. Having gone some twenty or thirty yards on the top of the vegetation, balancing ourselves on the rickety bamboos—some 20 feet above the ground—I emerged into an open space where four large houses stood at a great height, bridged from one to the other. The primitive bridge—altogether about eight or nine inches wide—on which I was, now crossed the open space, on supports, with a clear drop under me and no hand-rail of any kind, direct to the principal house; and having removed my shoes for safety I went on, balancing myself as best I could.

I had no sooner got to the centre and most elastic portion of this shaky structure than the surprised Mansakas in the houses detected our presence. Suddenly I heard piercing shrieks and yells which were echoed on every side, and between the fissures of the bamboo walls I could see people running to and fro. Two arrows passed within a few inches of my face, others not quite so near; while at the doors and windows which were banged open stood shrieking males and females brandishing spears and knives.

They seemed highly agitated, and it was quite a picturesque scene. An old woman presently crawled out of the house upon the scaffolding on which I was and proceeded to throw large stones—of which she carried an armful—at us with

fever when we did not broil. Never in my life have I seen such rain—regular sheets—when it did come down. The energy of all combined was not enough to bail the water out, as it came in at fifty times the speed that we could throw it out, so that we had to beach our boats and find some device in order to continue our navigation. Some large bamboos were fastened along the canoe side like air chambers, and down with the stream we went again, I actually having to lie for several hours with water up to my neck, as you would in a bath, as I had not the strength to stand up. The lagoon seemed endless and lost a good deal of its charm during the storm, which showed no signs of abating.

The channel we followed was in places as much as 100 yards wide. No more reeds were to be seen, but grassy banks instead, with high trees upon them and dense foliage of a deep green. The water flowed very slowly here. It was almost stagnant. Here and there a patch or two of lotus leaves floated on the water.

At last, aching all over, as I have seldom ached before, burning with fever, soaked to the marrow of my bones, and with my skin peeling off from the constant moisture, I arrived at 9 P.M. at Talacogon, after fifteen hours of canoe-travelling that day, mostly in a torrential rain.

The tree-dwelling Manobos of the Agusan valley are large-featured, coarse, and of a Negroid type, with very dark brown skin, and a trimmed moustache and beard. They are much tattooed on the arms and chest, with intersecting series of

parallel lines forming checkers, angles within angles radiating from the corners of a quadrangle, and successions of crosses. They are very fond of supplementing the corners of a square with decorations generally of straight lines.

Taken together with the Manobos of south-west Mindanao, a superior tribe to those of the Agusan, they form one of the largest tribes or Mindanao after the Mahommedans. They are not exactly nomadic, but they occasionally shift their residences about the same district for the purposes of cultivation. They are treacherous, cruel and suspicious of everybody, and their principal reason for the high location of their houses is that they may be protected against enemies. In many customs they resemble their neighbours, the Mandayas, possessing practically the same religious beliefs and superstitions and the same idols as most Indonesian tribes of Mindanao. They are fond of sombre colours in dress and decoration, dark brown and black being evidently their favourite hues.

Talacogon, with a population of 3,000 people, was the most important place I had seen since leaving Davao. A very intelligent and polite Spanish *Padre*, Francis Nibot, was stationed here, who had a fine wood and corrugated iron church full of all sorts of Catholic images, and a spacious convent annexed. In front of the church were the premises occupied by Macleod & Co., an English firm which was attempting to develop the trade of the lower Agusan—especially in hemp, which was plentiful but of poor quality

and colour. Three Chinese traders were also settled here, and did fairly well in a small way.

I was in great luck. Macleod & Co had sent up a small gasoline launch on her last trip, and she was to leave early the next morning. Mr. Mack, the engineer, having recovered from the shock of seeing us arrive from up river, and in such a condition, most hospitably entertained us to an irresistible and copious supper of potted delicacies, as well as strong doses of quinine and other medicaments, and took most thoughtful care of us during the night, which somewhat alleviated our troubles. Moreover, the pleasure of seeing an Anglo-Saxon again after leeches, cockroaches, snakes, and bewildering tribes was considerable. And as we slept soundly, undisturbed, we did not start till 10.45 the following day.

There were extensive plantations of hemp on both sides of the river for great distances, but principally on our left. The country on the bank opposite Talacogon was undulating, and seemingly very fertile. We passed San Louis (fifty houses, of which only twenty form the nucleus of the village) some five or six miles down stream on our left, the river being very tortuous along its course, from west, swinging round to north-east and then west-north-west, its width being about 100 feet, and of considerable depth. We came to the rapids of St. Agnes and to whirlpools—the worst one opposite St. Agnes itself under a big cliff. From this point the current

was very swift. The left tributary, Massan, had a small island at its mouth.

We went our 12 to 13 miles an hour, as with the heavy rains of the previous days the current was swift. Reeds covered the banks, and there were occasional pretty red flowers. At noon we arrived at Guadalupe (twelve houses), with plenty of hemp plantations, and here the river made a grand detour west among nice scenery, but the soil seemed swampy, and trees were growing sunken into the water. The place is flooded altogether when the river rises during the rainy season. The level of the river is highest in March.

Another whirlpool was found near the Libang Island and the tributary of the same name, where the river widened considerably. On the left bank a Manobo village of ten houses existed, inhabited by members of one family—all the members of the population being related to one another. As we got further down the stream many canoes with a double cabin were seen upon the water. They were propelled by means of primitive paddles, made of a mere rod with a circular disc attached to it.

We reached Esperanza at 3 P.M., and here the Agusan formed a wide basin, very shallow in its north-east portion, the navigable channel being on the south-west side along the high bank opposite the settlement (pop. 2,500), which stood on the right bank of the stream. The country was very open all round. The important tributary Ojoz, which came from the west-south-west,

joined the Agusan below Esperanza, and the river ran almost straight in a northerly direction for quite a distance, swerving but little to the east.

We passed Anbacon Island, flat and low, of gravel and sand, and the two Pinganan Isles, after which a very pretty view was obtained of De las Nuevas town (twenty-five small ruined huts) and another island. Small rapids and little islands, more hemp plantations on either side, and bananas, were next seen, and we described another big S at Las Nuevas Viejo before again proceeding due north.

S. Matteo town (twenty-five houses) stood 20 feet above the river, the rapids at this point being very swift. The river channel was now wide, with shallow water on our right. Again came a long straight run northward ( $340^{\circ}$  north), and after passing the Bogobos tributary (on the left), low hills, thickly wooded, stood on both sides of us. Large sementeras of hemp were now all along, and we received a most exuberant ovation when the launch whistled a salute on passing the flourishing little Emparo, a Visayan village of twelve houses. Last, but not least, came S. Vicente (twenty houses).

On approaching Butuan City one began to see cocoanuts all along on both sides of the stream, and plenty of *abaca*; and, basking in the muddy water, carabaos, which I had not seen for some time.

The river was here very deep and quite navigable for good-sized boats. Between luxuriant

groves of cocoanuts I at last arrived at Butuan at 6 P.M. on May 31st, having completed a great loop of no less than eight hundred miles in the most difficult and unexplored parts of Mindanao, journeys which everybody had so far deemed impossible to accomplish.

At Butuan, where I stopped for my birthday, June 2nd, I was most hospitably entertained by a countryman of mine—Mr. Campbell Dauncey, agent of Macleod and Co. I was still suffering from my snake-bite, and I spent most of my time in having leeches sucking away blood from a swollen and semi-paralysed hand and arm. He (Mr. Dauncey) was the only Anglo-Saxon residing in the place, Mr. Mack being due to proceed for Sebu.

There is little of interest in Butuan except the church, which is elaborate, rich, and well-constructed of masonry, of wood, and of corrugated iron, and the large convent in which lives a pompous, prosperous, and popular Spanish *padre*. The Visayans of this coast are very religious, and give all their money to the Church, their former superstitions and rudely-carved native wooden objects of worship having merely been supplanted by more elaborate and highly-coloured stucco images of foreign make, that is all.

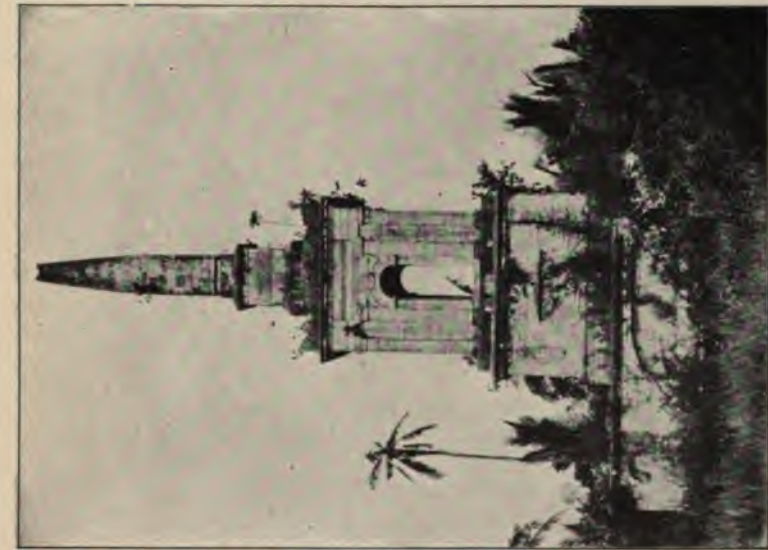


## CHAPTER XIX

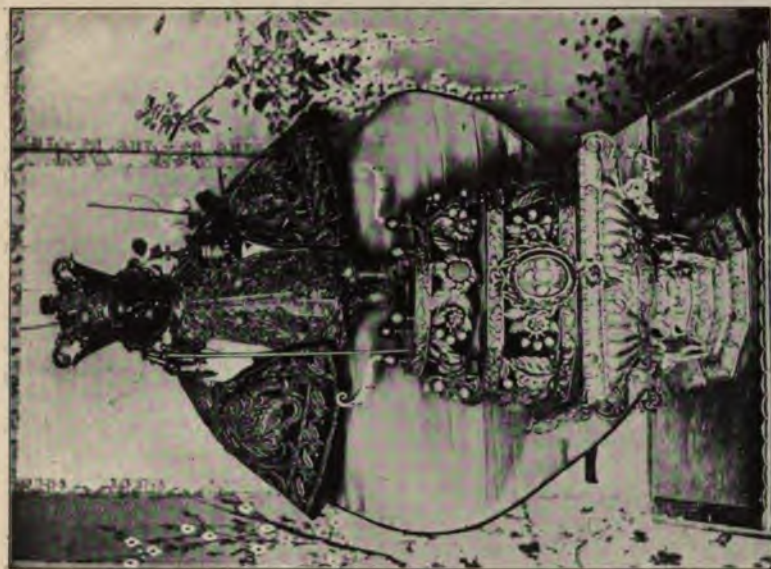
Across Sebu Island—Among Insurgents—On a native boat from Sebu to Negros—Across Negros Island—A successful model farm—Guimaras.

I TOOK the opportunity of the launch *Holdfast*—a well-deserved name when you were on it in the open sea—laden with hemp which was to proceed to Sebu, to convey my scouts there and hand them over to the Commanding Officer at that post.

These three men—Miguel Montero, a Tagalo, Balvino Enriquez, and Cipriano Anastasio, two Zamboangans—proved themselves to be most docile, obedient, faithful, patient, thoughtful, plucky men, who did great honour to their Company and their country. Although two of them were extremely ill, I never heard a complaint from their lips, and they came along like men. In the villages and towns they behaved with extraordinary dignity, never associating with the natives, whether Christian or not, and were most sober in every way. Their conduct was indeed quite exemplary, and deserves particular admiration in a country like the Philippines.



MONUMENT TO MAGELLANES AT THE SPOT WHERE HE  
WAS KILLED.



THE FAMOUS BLACK-FACED SANTO NINO.

as the death-place of the great Magellan, illustration from a photograph by Mr. Tatom shows the Spanish monument memory of that great traveller.

Some of the sand-spits I had observed low that the few fishermen's houses upon appeared as if they had been built in the of the sea. Extensive fish-traps had been constructed near these dwellings.

Sebu—or Cebu, just as you please—quite nice-looking as one gets near, with line like the teeth of a saw, and white clouds playing around its highest summits.

Having entered the channel between and Sebu we soon were in front of the well-known coast-trading and hemp centre, having considerable intercourse with Manila, and formerly with Hongkong and Singapore. In 1898, 618,556 piculs<sup>1</sup> of goods were exported, the highest record known for the port. Sugar and copra were also exported in some quantity, but trade, I was told, had considerably fallen off of late.

Sebu Town is one of the largest in the Philippines, with nice buildings, especially those built by British companies, who, unlike the American business-men, had come early and had accordingly built themselves comfortable houses. The famous blind Nino, which can perform all manner of tricks, is one of the sights of the place in the same name, and in front of the

<sup>1</sup> N.B.—1 picul = 137

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sort of kiosk, protecting the wooden cross planted by Magellan on landing upon this island.

Sharing equally in the unbounded and delightful hospitality of the American Commanding Officer and in that of the jovial local Britishers, and having my snake-bite attended to in the hospital, I rested for a whole day, and, leaving my scouts here to be returned to their command, on June 6th proceeded unguarded to walk across Sebu Island over the mountains from east to west.

Sebu Island was at that time very much disturbed by bands of *ladrones* or insurgents, who had taken refuge here from rebellious Samar and Leyte Islands, and the Surigao Peninsula. Mr. Sheward and an American Customs official offered to accompany me part of the way, as far as some gold-washings on the mountains, and having proceeded by launch to Naga down the coast south-west we started off on foot with an escort of some twenty Constabulary men.

In front of the coral stone church at Naga lay some dead bodies in open hearses, the eyes open and the joined hands holding a cross, while a crowd of relatives and friends—men on one side, women on the other—squatted round them, waiting for the local *padre* to come and bury them.

On striking across the island upon a capital cart road we found hot springs at Mainet village, situated among nice round hills prettily cultivated right up to the summit, hemp plantations, bananas, sugar-cane, tobacco. Beyond

Pandan, the former *hacienda* of Pablo Mejir, who was assassinated for his friendliness toward the Americans, one obtains a magnificent view from the top of the hills of a beautiful valley to the north-west at the foot of the Albaco volcano ; to the north is thick forest, and north-east a flat stretch of cultivated land with an expanse of sea behind. One could get a good idea here of the great backbone of mountains stretching from one end to the other of Sebu Island.

We left the road and travelled north-north-west by a little trail over grassy undulating country, rising higher and higher the whole time. We marched till about 9 o'clock in the evening upon the mountain, when by a steep and slippery descent among high grass we went down to a stream, and up on the other side, where a shed marked the site of the gold mine. The miners had been celebrating. They had not seen anybody for some weeks and felt rather dull. One of their companions had died and he lay buried just outside the front door, under a pathetic wreath of flowers made by the coarse hands of his rough but good-hearted companions.

"There he lays under that heap of earth upon his chest and body ! You see, we made that cross, we did," exclaimed one burly fellow, as by the mixed light of the moon and a lantern he showed me the grave. "Then last night—no, two . . . no . . . three nights ago we killed a boa constrictor in the chicken coop. We all shot at him and . . . it is a marvel to me no one was killed . . ."

We had been caught in a heavy shower and we were drenched, so those miners—there were about six—who had been able to wake up, hastened to place at our disposal all their spare clothing to give us a change ; and to please them not only had we to change once but twenty times, as in their kindly hearts, but somewhat hazy brains, the fixed idea of changing had taken root, and change we must. Then the same about washing one's face and hands, until it nearly led to a row.

The meal they prepared for us would have been ample for a company of soldiers, and whether you wished accessories in your coffee or not, or salt and pepper and mustard and pickles and tomato ketchup, you must perforce accept—and a watch was kept that you ate everything, or else entered into a long argument.

More good-hearted devils it would have been difficult to find. But their life was pathetic. Stranded upon these mountains, these men had no resource but drink. It was too bad. I heard later that the mine had been abandoned.

When I left, alone, with only three native carriers, the next morning—my friends and the escort returning to Sebu—I climbed again the steep hill and proceeded over the ridge forming the backbone of the island. Once upon it one got a magnificent view of the sea to the north-west with Negros Island and its high peaks. The trail I followed went north-west through high and troublesome grass and occasional patches of



hemp. On my left a high pinnacle of white rock stood vertically, a landmark for great distances.

When once we had got over the ridge the trail was easy, either in a gentle slope or level, although at a considerable altitude ; now among high grass and reeds, now between bananas, *abaca*, ferns, and trees.

Here, unexpectedly, on rounding a corner, I came upon a band of insurgents. Some were armed with Remingtons, but most only had *bolos*. They were resting, and had not seen me come in the high grass. They sprang to their feet, but I went forward and grasped the most respectable-looking fellow by the hand.

"*Buenos días, señor !*" I quickly put in in Spanish, which he quite understood. "*Como está ? Me alegro verle Vd. en buena salud. Tenga la bondad de sentarse !*" (Good morning, sir, how are you ? Glad to see you in good health. Pray sit down.)

My interlocutor was evidently startled and amused.

"*Muchisimas gracias,*" he replied feebly, and we both sat down. "But you carry no revolver !" he exclaimed in surprise ; "and you have no soldiers with you !"

"I do not need soldiers or firearms," I interrupted, "when I am travelling among such *buena gente* as you. . . . What do you keep in that bag slung upon your shoulder ?"

"*Mangoes ; le gustan a Vd. los mangoes ?*" (Do you like mangoes ?)

"Yes, thank you ; let me buy them from you ? "

"You cannot buy them, but you will accept them as a gift."

More polite *ladrones* it would be difficult to imagine. Unfortunately, the result of mutual misunderstandings had driven these fellows to the hills, and once an exciting life of adventure of that kind is undertaken it is not easy to stop it.

They showed me the way to Toledo, gave me more mangoes as a parting gift when I left, and begged me not to give information about their whereabouts to the American troops. Cordially shaking hands with everybody all round, my three carriers and I departed.

On the western side of the watershed a good deal of cultivation was noticeable, mostly tobacco and hemp, and at Bai a few huts were built on the hill-side. The country was undulating, and to the south-west white limestone rock was visible among the vegetation. On the trail many volcanic rocks were to be observed. Towards noon, walking at a brisk pace, we had got down to the flat where we travelled between plenty of *abaca* plantations and fields of Indian corn, the trail going due north in a valley between low hills. Some miles inland from Toledo, petroleum of a very dark bituminous quality was found. Attempts have been made to work this well.

A suburb of great length lay along the trail, now excellent ; and, as it was Sunday, women dressed up in all their finery paraded about, and little stalls were erected by the wayside on which

*buyo*, tobacco, fruit, and *tuba* were sold. More groups of "insurgents," with their wideawake hats, were met with on the road, who, after observing in surprise the unwarlike appearance of myself and my carriers, saluted most respectfully. (I heard that some days later over 100 of these fellows were captured by American soldiers from Sebu.)

At two o'clock I reached the west coast of Sebu Island at Toledo town, an industrial place whose inhabitants grow tobacco, some hemp, and quantities of *magai*—a fibrous plant, whiter than hemp, and of extremely fine texture, but not very long; 5 feet being considered a good length.

Now, if there is one thing that makes Americans angry in the Philippines, it is that they can never get the natives to obey quickly, especially in the way of supplying any kind of transport, endless delays always occurring; but, personally, in nine months and a half continuous travelling in these islands I never experienced the slightest difficulty in that way—possibly because I knew the right way to ask for what I wanted. On arriving at Toledo I requested the Presidente to procure me a boat at once with two men, as I intended crossing over to the Island of Negros. Although it was Sunday, the sea rough, and the crossing troublesome, both boat and men were made ready in one hour.

Before leaving Sebu, one word upon that island, which is geographically one of the most favourably placed for commercial purposes, as it is situated practically in the centre of the

archipelago, so that the products of other islands must flow to Sebu for shipment. The commerce is looking up a little in some ways, such as in *abaca*, *copra*, and leather; decreasing in others, such as coffee, sugar, and *balete*. The principal imports, which greatly exceed the exports, are aerated waters, beer, rice, petroleum, and linen. The larger trade is principally in the hands of English firms, the lesser in those of Chinese and Filipinos.

Unfortunately, no important public works have been undertaken since the American occupation, and everything is falling to wreck and ruin. The roads are mostly in a lamentable condition, and only two good trails exist across the island—one to Dumanjug, the other to Barili. The east coast is less cultivated than the west, and when a wheel road has been made upon the trail on which I have taken my reader, I think it will greatly improve and help further to open up the agricultural resources of Western Sebu. There were formerly fourteen steam-mills and three hydraulic ones for sugar, but many of these have since ceased work. Maize is grown mostly for local use, and the tobacco trade is practically monopolised by the *Compañia General de Tabacos*.

Agricultural, industrial, and trade schools, as well as model farms, are sadly needed. Home industries such as hemp cloths, *pina* and cotton textiles, *bejuco* and bamboo furniture, *buri* and *ticog* mats, hats and cutlery are now carried on by the natives.

The sea was dashing on board all the time when I pulled out of Toledo, and when we put up a sail the crew of two had to sit perched upon the outrigger to windward in order to prevent our craft turning turtle. There they were, these fellows, well up above the level of my head, whereas, in normal conditions, that outrigger should have been resting on the water.

We were making, as best we could, for Valle Hermoso, on Negros Island, where I understood a trail existed across that island. When sunset came we had not made as much progress as I expected in the right direction, although we had travelled a great deal and at an astonishing speed, tacking about ; and when late in the evening we were in mid-channel where the currents were strong, we had some little trouble to get on. There was a moon, and Negros, with its high and rugged volcano, loomed to the west before us.

The distance in a straight line between Toledo and Valle Hermoso is twenty miles, but we travelled steadily from 3 P.M. till 12, shipping a good deal of water all the way. On seeing a light on the coast we made for it, believing it to be our destination; but much to my surprise, when we beached the boat and I landed near a house, I saw against the light of the large window some men armed with rifles. They called out to me in Spanish to halt and say what I wanted. They had barricaded their doors when they saw us land, and they were evidently mistaking me for a runaway insurgent from disturbed Sebu Island !

Of course, on perceiving their mistake—which it took them some time to do (they were Spaniards and *mestizos*)—they unbolted the barricaded doors and asked me in. The town, they informed me, was two miles further south ; so bidding them good-night, I got on board again and continued my journey.

Towards 1.30 A.M. I had reached my destination, and, not wishing to disturb the Presidente at such a late hour, I had my baggage conveyed to the Tribunal, where, by the moonlight which streamed through a window, I prepared myself a bed upon a table. I thought the place rather smelly, and during the night I was awakened by moans and groans in a distant corner of the spacious room. I paid no heed to them, as I felt rather chilled after my wet journey across the sea. The next morning, however, much to the amusement of the local doctor, Winslow, I was informed that I had put up in the cholera hospital ! Cholera had been and was extremely bad on this island, and many were dying.

Having obtained sufficient carriers I immediately proceeded to walk across Negros Island, as there was very little that was attractive to delay me at Valle Hermoso. Eastern Negros was passing through depressing times, both in regard to agriculture and to public health, malarial fever as well as cholera reaping many victims. Locusts were destroying the crops and rinderpest the cattle and horses. The people had of late taken to raising *abaca* largely, the only remunerative industry, and had abandoned

the cultivation of more uncertain but equally useful crops, such as sugar-cane, rice, and maize, the principal food of natives. The roads and bridges were uncared for or most unsatisfactorily restored, the public buildings in the villages tumbling down.

The natives of East Negros were extremely lazy and said to be stupid and troublesome. Well, stupid people generally are troublesome. I had been furnished with a pony, but the brute was so slow, and the saddle a mere child's, with stirrups so short and so small that I could only insert about a quarter of an inch of my shoe-point, and so I preferred to walk.

After passing the Spanish *hacienda* which I had visited the previous evening, I struck across the mountains by a little trail north-west, first through a valley with a deal of sugar-cane. I then came to thick forest where a steep incline began ; here and there an occasional giant tree distracted one's attention, and one heard the shrill continuous and monotonous notes of rejoicing crickets innumerable, or the less grating song of wild pigeons.

For a mountain trail this was quite good, and upon a decent animal it would be easy to ride all the way. There was a telegraph line established by the Americans. On the north side of the watershed the descent was very gentle into an extensive grassy undulating plateau, with scattered volcanic boulders. In one place there existed a regular little extinct crater. Going due west I now had the high Kanlaun or Malaspina

Volcano (8,192 feet) surrounded by grassy and wooded hills to my right. The pass over which I crossed the ridge was about 2,000 feet.

My carriers were so lazy that at eight in the evening I had only reached Marulug, a shed put up by the Constabulary at the foot of the volcano, these mountains, it is said, being infested by several bands of *ladrones*. Here I caught up a large Constabulary force conveying their officer, Colmenares, who had been down with cholera, back to La Castellana. He seemed still in a painful condition.

After resting one hour I proceeded with that party, rounding the volcano to the south, and passing over undulating country with high grass and occasional patches of forest. At 5.30 A.M. we arrived at La Castellana in the picturesque valley of the western watershed of Kanlaun Volcano, a large and flourishing place with a most industrious population. The cattle and horses had unfortunately all died of rinderpest, but the people were hard-working and managed to do without them.

La Castellana lay in a large valley, with many isolated hills shaped like gabled roofs to the north and some more rounded to the west. To the south spread the mountain range forming the backbone of Negros. To the west of the town was a broad river. Sugar was raised in enormous quantities, not only here but almost all over Western Negros, but lately the natives had largely taken up the cultivation of *abaca*. Agricultural banks were greatly needed in these



more enterprising districts to help the farmers in times of depression, and the fusion of municipalities was advisable to diminish the great present expenses.

The difference between the natives of the east and west watersheds of Negros was astounding. In place of extreme laziness one was here confronted by the maximum of industry; but, although personally I found the natives on this side quite civil and intelligent enough for Christians, I understood that they were causing considerable trouble to the Americans. Again I think the trouble was greatly due to mutual misunderstandings. Robberies and assaults were frequent, as well as cattle-lifting. Cholera, which was raging and had killed 11,574 people in four months, more than half of those who had been affected, was infamously put down as usual to the wish of the Americans to destroy the Filipino race.

The postal service and telegraph seemed somewhat deficient, but the work on roads and bridges, I was glad to see, was progressing, although very slowly—a good *carretera* (road for wheel traffic) existing from Bacolod to Silay, the first an important coast point. Practically all the export trade of the province finds its way to Bacolod, as it is in almost daily communication by launch with the town of Ilo-ilo.

Having rested two or three hours while fresh carriers were obtained for me, I started off again on foot on a splendid wide road, first to northwest between sugar-cane plantations, then upon

green grassy hills, between black volcanic boulders, shot up evidently during eruptions from the neighbouring volcano. Beyond the village of Tepolo, some five miles from La Castellana, the country which had been undulating became absolutely flat. Three sugar-mills were to be seen by the road-side. At Candiguit, a village of unscrupulous thieves, including the police, an unbridged river had to be crossed. The road was beautiful all along—very wide, with *bonga* palms on either side. The Government farm of La Carlota, under very energetic management, the best kept farm in the Philippine Islands, was a short distance north-east of the latter village, and should be a splendid example to the native agriculturist.

On Negros, as well as in many other islands, the private farmer is not always a proprietor, but more frequently a lessee or a partner, in the case of fully equipped farms, which were formerly let for about one-third of the gross receipts, and now, since the fall in the prices of sugar, for only one-fifth. This has many disadvantages, principally that the land is not taken proper care of nor its resources fully developed. When let out for fixed sums the lease is calculated on a 10 per cent. value of a fully equipped estate. In other cases the half-profit system, as in Italy and Spain, has been adopted, the proprietor providing all except the labour, the products being divided equally during the year. For the cultivation of hemp this mode is generally employed, but for sugar-cane the labour is usually obtained by contract, the price being fixed by the *picul* obtained.

Wages are seldom entirely paid in cash on Negros Island, food-stuff, such as *palay* and fish being accepted in payment for work done, 0.25 cents a week and board being the average wages, except during the harvest time, when wages go up even to 30 and 40 cents Mex. a day.

I had so far been travelling north-west, but from La Carlota the road turned due west and went direct towards San Enrique upon the coast, a very large and nicely-kept town with a very handsome stone church and houses. There was a market going on when I passed at 8 P.M., and smoky oil lights innumerable shone upon baskets of fruit and fish and highly-coloured fabrics of cotton, yellow and sallow-complexioned, tapered-fingered Filipino girls doing most of the trading, while men stood about apparently resting from the day's fatigue. As I still had some five miles to go before reaching Valladolid I invested all my spare change in mangoes, which I much enjoyed as I strolled along upon the excellent road. Notwithstanding what doctors say, I have ever believed that fresh fruit—not tinned stuff—is necessary to keep one healthy in a tropical climate, and none is surely more wholesome than the mango.

At 9.30 I had reached the big town of Valladolid (population 10,000), whose inhabitants devote their time to cultivating rice and some sugarcane. Eight sugar-mills exist in the neighbourhood. Here are to be found a fine stoned domed church in the shape of a cross, a spacious *cuartel*, and a street of Chinamen's shops—and the natives boast that no matter what you wish to buy, it

can be got in Valladolid. Well, that is only a boast, very much of a boast ; but Valladolid is, for a Filipino town, quite progressive and industrious, and the Presidente, Estevan Meno, a very intelligent, obliging, and enterprising man.

The natives, when not busy on land, take to their boats and go to sea to fish, or go further afield to trade. They are born traders, and, like all workers, they are of a quiet disposition, civil and amenable to reason.

I had walked 25 miles that afternoon since lunch, and hearing that a Spanish launch was to leave Pulupandan (five miles further north along the coast) for Ilo-ilo, I continued my journey along the fine road upon the seashore among cocoanut groves. With the moon shining on the sea, and Inampulagan and Nadulang and Natunga Islands just off the coast, with Guimaras beyond stretching in pale blue from west-south-west to north, and a continuous string of houses all along the road, I eventually reached Pulupandan, having walked 75 miles across Negros in 36 hours including halts (some six hours altogether) to obtain fresh carriers for my baggage. In a tropical climate, where 10 to 15 miles in 24 hours is considered fast travelling on foot, with baggage, this was a fair record.

Pulupandan was a collection of native eating shops, with a market square, a few cocoanuts along the beach, and dozens of large outriggered boats. I arrived in plenty of time to catch the Spanish launch "Moleno," a filthy craft laden with pigs and goats which shared the decks with

passengers. In the first saloon, which was the ship's bridge, the company was slightly more refined. Two or three pensive Chinamen, with long pallid hands, disported fancy straw hats and puffed away at cigarettes, dreaming, no doubt, of future commercial successes and the troubles of a high protective tariff; next on the same wooden bench sat some Filipino girls with supercilious eyes and mouths, the upper lip so prominent and raised as to project beyond the nose, and displaying a row of big, long, clean, and useful, but not ornamental, teeth; while sham jewellery in profusion adorned their ears, fingers, wrists and necks. Even their names in abbreviated form were made public on metal wire brooches which held together the *pina* neckerchief. Streaks of moistened powder, washed down by the perspiration, were flowing down the face, neck, and shoulders which had originally been besmeared in an even coating of ghastly white; but their hands were, indeed, most charmingly pretty and graceful.

The channel between Guimaras and Negros is only seven miles at its narrowest point. The northern end of Guimaras is very picturesque, split up into a great many little rocky islets much eroded by the waves, so that they resemble mushrooms, and they possess some grottoes of great length. Hidden here and there huts of fishermen and fish *carals* can be seen all along the waters of the coast. The entire coast is very precipitous.

In the interior of this island, upon the hills

over 200 feet above the sea level, near some good springs of water, the Americans have established a fine military station, Jossman Camp, which ought to be very healthy. By blasting rocks and employing prisoners and native labour, a good road has been constructed.

Ilo-ilo is only a couple of miles across the strait from Guimaras, and 25 miles by sea from Pulupandan on Negros, whence I had come on that journey.

## CHAPTER XX

A ride across Panay Island—*Jusi* and *pina*—Remarkable interior towns.

ILO-ILO town itself, the second in importance in the Philippines, is too well known for me to describe it over again here. It was partly destroyed by fire, but many nice buildings still exist, a good church, and last but not least the best store in the Archipelago—an English concern, Hoskyns & Co. There are banks, also English, and clubs and a number of business houses, this place formerly carrying on an important inter-island trade as well as trade with foreign ports. Although the current is strong either way according to the tide, there is a fair anchorage in the channel, and also up the narrow river for steamers not more than 15 feet draught. A picturesque Spanish fort stands at the mouth of the river.

The town is of the Spanish type, and the suburbs of the usual *nipa* houses on piles five to seven feet high, of the familiar Filipino pattern, but with extra balconies and verandahs.

One is struck here principally by the rudeness

of the natives ; by the enormous cigars, 8 or 9 inches long and some 2 inches in diameter, smoked by women and even young girls ; by the number of lanterns which, by order, hang one outside each house along every street ; and by the two-wheeled carts which are hooded and drawn by a *carabao*. Nearly every man (native) one sees in the streets nurses his fighting-cock upon his arm, while a great many impudent Chinese seem to boss the minor trade of the place.

The suburbs are slightly more picturesque than Ilo-ilo itself ; Jaro, with its curious three-tiered tower standing by itself, its fine cathedral and immense episcopal palace and seminary standing well preserved on one side of the dilapidated *plaza*. Handsome residences of masonry and wood are to be seen both here and in the other suburb of Molo, where the stone church, they say, is one of the handsomest in the Visayan group of islands ; at Mandurriao and Oton also beautiful churches are to be found. The nicer buildings possess shell windows.

Perhaps Ilo-ilo is better known to American ladies as the place where *jusi* and *pina* come from. There are cotton and silk *jusi*. Silk *jusi* is not unlike an imperfectly made *mousseline de soie* or *chiffon fin* or grenadine, but somewhat harder under the touch, sometimes having a slightly wiry feeling. It is generally made in rolls of 24 *varas* (1 *vara* equals 33 inches) which constitute a dress length of the ordinary width of 20 inches. If wider it becomes disproportionately expensive. The plain white or plain black



*jusi* is considered better and costs more (from 16 pesos up to 24 *varas*) than striped or fancy *jusi*, which is sold to Americans at 14 or 15 pesos for a similar roll.

The *jusi* thread is imported from China and is woven in three kinds, either pure, with silk, or with cotton. It is generally woven of bright yellow, light pink, or a crude blue or green, striped or in squares, and is coated with rice starch to stiffen it.

*Pina* is a similar gauze fabric but of a different fibre, and when quite pure is said to last well ; but, personally, I could see no great beauty in either of these materials, striped in aniline-dyed silk of such crudeness that it set one's teeth on edge to look at them ; but Americans readily pay four times the worth and more for these much over-rated stuffs. I grant, nevertheless, that they are the best of locally-made materials, but not to be compared with similar fabrics from China or Japan.

The looms used are worked by women, by means of three bamboo pedals which raise and lower the two frames alternately, displacing the two sets of threads, and leaving a space for the shuttle to pass through, the third pedal raising two parallel sticks inserted between the sets of threads. The shuttles were most ingeniously made and ran on sixteen little rollers. While the double set of threads, according to the design wanted, was kept in tension around an octagonal grooved bar, a suspended bamboo grating or comb swung backwards and forwards to beat the cross threads home.

Large spindles were used for winding the silk and *jusi* threads upon bamboo reels, and in order to arrange the sets of threads according to the required design needed a long sort of spindle is made on which the threads are carefully arranged and counted in sets.

When I passed through Panay Island, on which Ilo-ilo is situated, the economic conditions of the various provinces were dejected—indeed, quite critical. Rinderpest, malaria, and drought prevailed, most of the land was unplanted, and the crops insufficient. The action of the Government in providing foreign rice at a reasonable price was, I think, appreciated.

The fusion of the many municipalities which now exist would be of great help. The island is, taking things all round, fairly quiet, especially in the coast towns, but the interior towns are to my mind unreliable, or, anyhow, doubtful. Outlaws keep the unarmed inhabitants of *barrios* fearful and unsettled, and unscrupulous merchants take advantage of the misery of the people to irritate the masses. What little cattle remains is apt to be stolen, but the constabulary show great energy in running down outlaws.

Constant applications for firearms are made by *barrios* and interior towns to defend themselves against marauding bands, but great caution should be exercised as these guns may one day be turned against Americans. Some of the Presidentes I met in the interior of this island left a very poor impression upon me. To provide an efficient force of constabulary would, I

think, be a safer plan than arming the municipal police.

Martin Delgado, a former insurgent general and now Governor of the Province, is greatly in favour—and rightly—of the establishment of schools of arts and trades and agriculture, as he was telling me that in those lines only are the Filipinos showing any aptitude worth cultivating.

Cholera had caused great ravages when I visited Panay and had killed some 19,813 people, the American Dr. Winslow distinguishing himself greatly in fighting the evil. In connection with this there were curious cases of real well-poisoning by a certain friar and a Spaniard who had done this to cause ill-feeling against the Americans.

Panay is, I think, taken as a whole, the most civilised island in the Philippines, no savage tribes being found on it except a few miserable *Ati* or *negritos* scattered mostly upon the river banks of the Antique Province. They are short, deformed, weak-chested, with bony legs and arms, coarse, notchy hands, the joints of which are enlarged, and big heads of frizzy hair. They occasionally descend from their haunts in the mountains and beg in the towns for food. Their skin is quite rough and black with a brownish tinge in it. The Buquidnons or Mundos also form a separate semi-savage population located in inaccessible mountain regions, and having no political relations with the Christian inhabitants. They are chiefly found in Mt. de Verdin. There



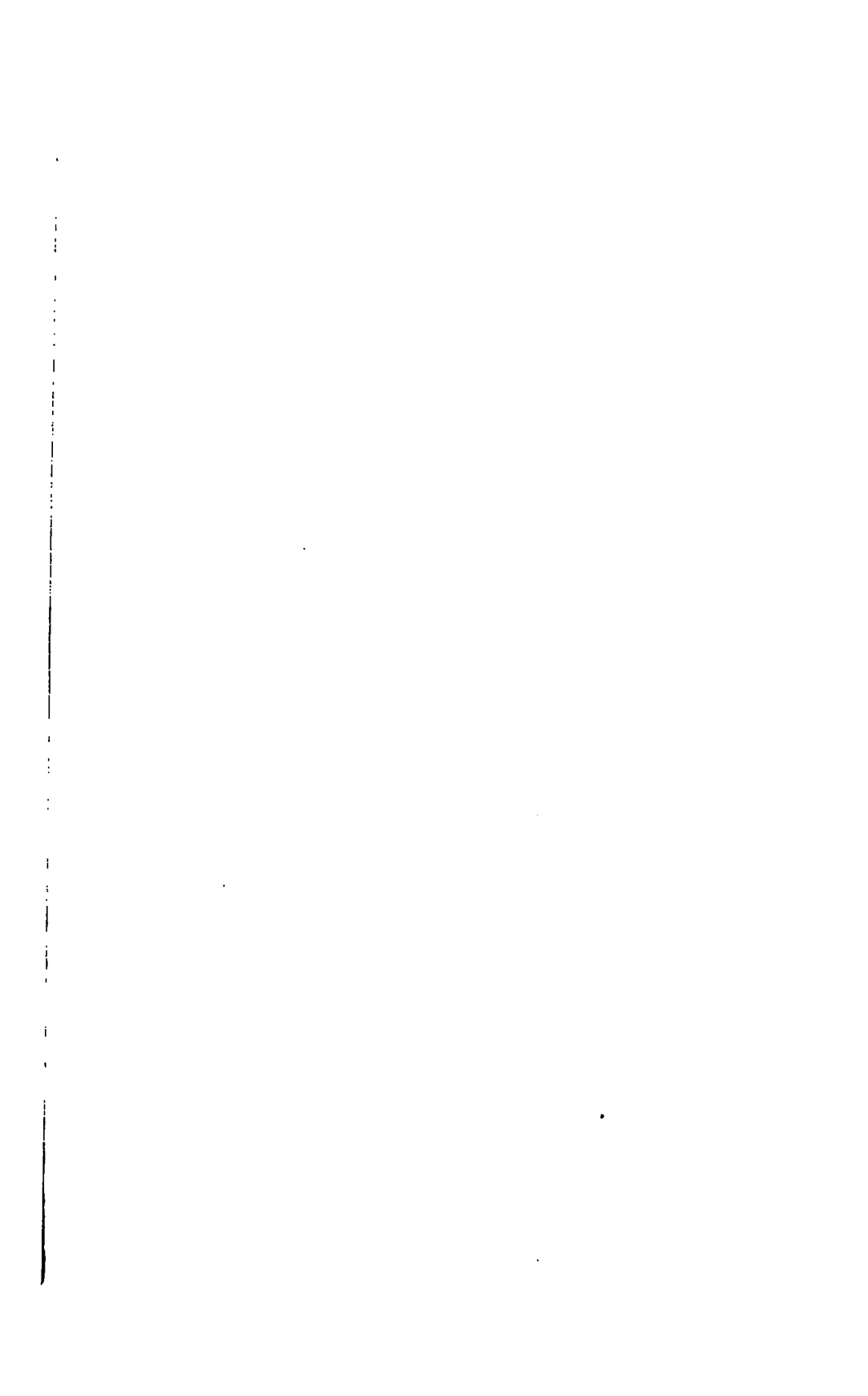
CLEANING RICE, ISLAND OF PANAY.



Full Face.

NEGRITO.

Profile.



are some 300 Mundos and about 200 Ati all told.

It is probably on the island of Panay that the new Independent Filipino Church has made more headway than anywhere else, owing to the hatred which the natives have for the friars.

As I had been in Ilo-ilo several times before, I only remained two days on this occasion in order to prepare for a trip across the island some ninety-six miles—from south to north. In the pleasant company of Captain Hartmann of the Signal Corps, and an escort of cavalry, we set out on June 12th—I on a splendid horse which had belonged to General Baldwin, but which had become insane through sunstroke. He had jumped off a high bridge into the river with an orderly on his back only a day or two before, and when he was brought to me that morning he threw the soldier who rode him and bolted. He was captured and brought up white with perspiration. When I got on he did his best to throw me, and backed into a house and then bolted out, evidently with the intention of “scraping me off” under the low doorway. Well, he did not succeed, and as I had ridden mad horses before I proceeded to render him sane, which I did in less than no time.

I learned later that the soldiers had prepared this joke in order to have a good laugh at an Englishman falling off his saddle—you see Americans believe that no Englishman can ride. It was too bad that I had to disappoint them !



now we were going north-east on a flat stretch of country between a mountain range to the north-west and a hill range to north-north-east. There was nothing new about the houses of these people except the hand rice-mills—a plaited bamboo section of a cone with a quadrangular aperture at the bottom, revolving on a bamboo surface of rods radiating from the centre, the interstices filled with mud. A large basket below this collects the cleansed rice as it falls through.

We eventually got to Pototan, a very large town with several masonry buildings and a nice church with corrugated iron roof. In the plaza were neat market sheds, wherein sat women in bright-coloured dresses with their goods. A number of “fire” trees with their iridescent colour enlivened the pretty scene. This town is protected by a stockade with spiked bamboo gates, as a protection against bands of *ladrones*.

After passing a curious coral hillock we arrived at Dingle at 7 P.M. on June 12th, where we spent the night. Here, too, a most wonderful church existed, and large stone buildings on the east side of the *plaza*; whereas the *cuartel* with the prison occupied the west side. In the prison was a bamboo cage in which an old fellow was kept. Much to his joy he was let out to help the soldiers make up a fire and went about free until his work was finished, and then duly returned of his own accord to be locked up. This was not quite so amusing as in a place on Mindanao where prisoners actually went and



spent Sundays with their families and returned to jail on Monday morning.

Beyond Dingle a good deal of limestone was noticeable, and the country was more undulating, with a lot of bamboos and bananas about. Chickens and young pigs played about upon the road, and by and by we came to some miniature dwellings. There were occasional stalls of native food along the road, and groups of sulky men and women smoking giant cigars stood near them. These people never saluted or smiled, and evidently looked upon us as intruders.

After crossing the River Ulian we had another stretch of flat country with high grass. For a couple of miles the trail was bad and stony over hilly ground, but after that the road was again good, although not quite so wide as before reaching Dingle.

At Duenas, in the very centre of the Island, I was astounded to find a beautiful stone church with an iron dome and two high towers, and a fine *cuartel* ; but all the other houses, although neatly made of plaited bamboo and *cogon* roofs, were very small.

On coming to the Jalaur River, which we had to cross, Passi town looked picturesque with a huge church and an elevated tower. An immense and most elaborately ornamented convent perched on high posts overlooked the stream. In the water dozens of women, men and children were gaily bathing—for propriety sake the women plunging neck-deep when we

rode across. After leaving Passi the trail, which ran in a general north-easterly direction, again became less good. It went over several small ridges among mimosa trees and other kindred sensitive plants ; then through a thick growth of bamboos, passing after the first portion between two hill-ranges, one grassy to the west, the other wooded to the east, until we arrived at the small *barrio* of Atambo. The trail was tortuous and occasionally through thick brush. The native rest-houses were packed with itinerants, male and female, watching the row of blackened pots, in which delicacies to eat were boiling upon the fire. When walking, women carried their young astride on the shoulder or else generally on the right hip.

After some undulations we came to well-cultivated country, suggesting the approach of a town. Each time we asked the distance of a native the further we were told our objective was. We had endless trouble to get our horses and baggage-mules across a deep creek with a lot of entangled vegetation, the bridge having collapsed ; but some two miles further in a well-cultivated plain, where we found a regular string of men, women, and children travelling on the trail, we arrived at Dumarao, the end of our second day's journey, thirty-one or thirty-two miles from Dingle.

At Dumarao, too, there remain the ruins of a huge church, the façade and tower still in good preservation, but the rest destroyed. Under the large convent, with spacious halls and rooms,

were subterranean passages and mysterious trap doors communicating with several rooms. In the tower were five handsome bronze bells. The new wooden church had just been destroyed by a typhoon which had lately swept over this region, and of the severity of which we had had ample evidence upon the trail. Trees of great size had been blown down and houses had collapsed. The natives unconcernedly lived in their telescoped abodes, the roof which formerly stood upon high posts now resting upon the ground amid *débris* of smashed bamboo walls and furniture. They had cut a door and window in the thatch of the roof. Dumarao is a famous place for *huri* hats, the best of which sell from 15 to 20 pesos ( $7\frac{1}{2}$  to 10 dollars gold) each, the inferior quality from 3 to 4 pesos. Fine mats are also manufactured here.

By six o'clock the next day we were again on the trail on the left bank of the river, and still going north we crossed two spacious valleys separated by a low hill range. After crossing the stream we were again on a good road, but now with roofs and walls and broken furniture scattered upon it by the typhoon. Various little villages had avenues of the deliciously-scented betel-nut palms; behind us, to the south-west, we left the high hills, one of which had a white patch of limestone resembling snow. East-north-east in the distance loomed in pale blue two high peaks, Mt. Sibala, 1,959 feet, and two more sharp peaks (2,815 feet) to the east.

In the large well-cultivated plain before

ts; villages following in quick things were evident signs of of a big city. The road was and at 4.30 P.M. on June 14th Capiz, having ridden 96 miles only two stoppages between. noticed that the entire journey gros, and Panay occupied seven telling, the distance covered being of which only 25 miles were by was indeed a large and handsome r than Ilo-ilo in its present con- dings (although now rather blown (orm) being in better preservation. sed the very shaky bridge we had lly beautiful stone church, and stone gs, constabulary quarters, etc., while in street—wide and neatly kept— al houses of great size. The river arc of a circle in the town, and had nt barracks for the Scouts, hospital ment offices.

ket-place behind the church was quite ; there was a street of little shops fronts and *nipa* screens for protection sun, and further on the market-square merable sheds, where squatting women and vegetables, cakes, cotton, buttons, and other such articles of commerce. the women wrapped round the head a hief of *pina*, forming a high pointed not unlike the attire familiar in Hol- ictures. Other women wore enormous

Still, one cannot help being struck by the splendid way in which the Spaniards did everything, down to the most minute details, in public works. There was no shabbiness about them. Everything was made in a practical way and made to last—a great contrast to the American way, which builds everything flimsily and temporarily. Where Americans put up bridges of wood which tumble down with the first rain, and cut down roads without metalling them so that they are soon overgrown with vegetation and impassable with mud, the Spaniards built solid bridges of masonry, iron, or of strong well-tarred wood on cantilever principles. Most of even the smaller bridges were walled at the sides, generally with ornamental seats for travellers to rest upon. Their school-houses—one for boys and one for girls—their *cuartels*, their *tribunals*, were usually of stone and wood, instead of the hurriedly run up *nipa* buildings now constructed, which last but little time.

Panitan lies on the west bank of the Panay River. The road along the river, although circuitous at first, took us now due north, then north-west, and there was a curious basin like half a crater upon a mountain on our left. Then again we turned north towards Loctugan, a place formerly of some importance, with a red brick church and remains of public offices. Rice fields of beautiful green groves of betel-nut palms, bananas, and *nipa* swamps, cultivation everywhere round, and carabaos basking in mud pools; women in pink or brightly-coloured skirts, men

in black bowler hats ; villages following in quick succession—these things were evident signs of the neighbourhood of a big city. The road was getting excellent, and at 4.30 P.M. on June 14th we had arrived at Capiz, having ridden 96 miles from Ilo-ilo with only two stoppages between. It may further be noticed that the entire journey across Sebu, Negros, and Panay occupied seven days' actual travelling, the distance covered being over 270 miles, of which only 25 miles were by steam. Capiz was indeed a large and handsome town, handsomer than Ilo-ilo in its present condition, the buildings (although now rather blown about by the storm) being in better preservation. When we crossed the very shaky bridge we had before us a really beautiful stone church, and stone school buildings, constabulary quarters, etc., while down the main street—wide and neatly kept—were residential houses of great size. The river described an arc of a circle in the town, and had upon its front barracks for the Scouts, hospital and Government offices.

The market-place behind the church was quite picturesque ; there was a street of little shops with open fronts and *nipa* screens for protection against the sun, and further on the market-square with innumerable sheds, where squatting women sold fruit and vegetables, cakes, cotton, buttons, needles, and other such articles of commerce. Many of the women wrapped round the head a stiff kerchief of *pina*, forming a high pointed headgear not unlike the attire familiar in Holbein's pictures. Other women wore enormous

round hats, such as the coolies wear in China, and these hats were made of fresh leaves in a cane frame. When new the leaves are of different colours and quite pretty.

For a change, let us go inside the church. We find a tiled floor, a glazed white tiled border along the lower portion of the plastered walls, high flat columns of wood painted to resemble granite, a gallery all along, and a marble font. As we neared the elaborate altars, one in front, one in each of the two wings, we saw the usual stucco images adorning niches ; but even I could not help receiving a moral shock when my eyes rested (*pour façon de parler*) upon a large image of our Saviour, evidently meant of Visayan nationality, at least judging by its features and the colour of the skin ! This was, it must be supposed, a well-devised trick of the local *padres*—Visayans, and bright jolly jokers at that—to attract the faithful.

The people of Capiz, mainly owing to the excellent influence upon them of an American Scout officer, Lieutenant Weusthoff, were most civil and respectful, but not so the many Chinese traders, who were insultingly impudent. Beggars, who here were innumerable, went about in regular swarms like bees, lame, blind, crippled, hump-backed, or deaf and dumb. Men and women covered with sores of all kinds formed an ugly procession along the streets, with a buzzing noise of prayers, or anguish, or something in order to move well-off folks to compassion. They were only allowed to go about on certain days.

Capiz is certainly an attractive town, and were it not for the low bar, the channel of which changes constantly, good-sized steamers could come up the river to the town. The low swampy land along the stream and around the city is used extensively for growing *nipa*. On the beach where the new cable landing is, among groves of cocoanuts, are four graves of Americans.

I arrived here just at a moment when this post was to be abandoned by the military, the company of Scouts under Lieutenant Weusthoff making preparations to embark. This company was one of the best, if not the best, drilled I saw in the Philippines. It was an excellent example of what can be done with Filipinos as soldiers if proper methods are adopted. The scene of the departure of the Company from Capiz, where they had been a long time and done splendid service, was most touching—the men and their painstaking commanding officer, Lieutenant Weusthoff, being much loved by the entire population.

By the transport *Butuan* along the north and east coast of Panay I returned to Ilo-ilo. Concepcion, in a bay protected by little islands, and lots of little villages were visible along the coast. Banate, as far as we could see, seemed one of the largest towns in Eastern Panay, and after entering the channel between Guimaras and Panay we came to the Seven Sins, a group of dangerous rocks in the centre of the passage, the largest, however, being provided with a good lighthouse.



## CHAPTER XXI

Samar—American military posts—Picturesque St. Juanico Strait—Leyte—The Surigao Insurgents.

AFTER having had just enough time to breathe, have washing done, and enjoy the delightful company of the American and English residents of Iloilo, I again set out on the transport *Ibidan*, Captain Winch, a witty Welshman, bound for Samar, Leyte, and Surigao. Colonel A. H. McCauley very kindly made special arrangements for my comfort on that particular journey.

We went direct to Calbayok, passing to the north of Maripipi Island, 2,992 feet—a picturesque mountain rising from the sea. To the north we had Talajit, an island of most irregular and indented coast, with a pointed peak 1,791 feet high. To the east of Talajit lay the low islet of Tomaso, and soon after we passed between Kamandak Island to our north and Limbanka-nayan Island—the latter an island as large as Maripipi and 1,519 feet high. It showed a sugar-loaf peak standing by itself on the south. This island, with many houses upon it, seemed

fairly well cultivated, whereas Kamandak was thickly wooded, with hardly any cultivation, and with a precipitous coast. A little village existed on the south side of the island.

The channel between these two islands was some 2 miles wide, and on going through it we obtained a good view of wild Samar, 14 miles off to the east of us. Mt. Samoong, 1,745 feet, in north-west Samar, was the only high point which at first attracted our eye. Near it were other peaks of lesser importance.

My principal object in visiting Samar and Leyte was to see the new American military camps, otherwise there was nothing of special interest in either of those islands, which, in a way, were quite civilised. Calbayok town had a handsome church with holy water fonts made of enamelled iron frying saucepans upon pedestals of masonry; and many other buildings which displayed former grandeur but present squalor.

The military camp, some little distance from the town, was begun in April, 1903, and much work had already been done by the 14th Infantry—a regiment very dear to me, for I had seen them in active service when they greatly distinguished themselves during the Chinese war of 1900. The camp seemed pleasantly situated among groves of cocoanuts along the seashore; but possibly, as it was only 12 inches above the sea-level, there may be a prospect of its being washed away by tidal waves which, during the south-west monsoon, are extremely frequent on this coast, and rise as much as 8 feet. Other-

wise the large barracks for men and the neat sets of officers' quarters, the hospital, commissary and quartermaster's storehouses, the ice-plant, and men's clubs, all built of American timber, seemed very comfortable, although they gave the impression of being intended for a temporary camp rather than a permanent one. Most of the buildings were covered with roofs of ruberoid—a patent stuff, over whose merits for tropical use much discussion occurs.

A road had been cut through the camp and was being metalled with coral stone, and only the water question seemed to give a little trouble, the water being obtained merely from surface wells. A deep well had been dug east of the post, but with no appreciable results, when I visited the place, June 27th. Considering the amount of work which had been done, the expenditure was comparatively small, the entire work having practically been done by white labour under the supervision of Col. Jocelyn.

It was a real pleasure to meet here again some of my old friends of the march to Pekin, and to shake hands once more with that plucky American who was first to climb upon the wall of Pekin on the day of the attack, Captain H. G. Leonard ; but all good things must come to an end, and I had to depart.

Catbalogan, also on the west coast of Samar, where the 39th Filipino Scouts, under Lieut. Speth, were stationed, was a biggish town, with a handsome church, a large fort (turned into the provincial jail), the wall of which had in great



part been demolished. The town extended mostly to the east of the fort in two long parallel streets intersected by cross thoroughfares, with a great many nice buildings. To the west a bridge connected the town with a small hill on which were the remains of an old Spanish blockhouse—a position occupied later by the insurgents who placed a piece of ordnance here.

Although the bay seemed well screened on all sides, except the west, by islands, the inhabitants say that very heavy seas—regular tidal waves—run up the coast during the south-west monsoon, and often reach up to the level of the street, 8 to 10 feet above the normal high water mark.

Catbalogan is the capital of Samar, an island which possesses a terrible reputation, mostly because it is not generally well-known. Samar has a very healthy and fine climate, and the natives themselves are tame enough and even polite. Unfortunately for them, all the remnants of *ladrone* and *insurgent* bands from neighbouring provinces, landed upon their island, and, owing to the thick forests in the centre of the island, gave the natives and the American soldiers a great deal of worry. A few bands of outlaws are still at large in the forests of Samar, but they possess no firearms and devote their time to pillage and petty robbery, attacking undefended *barrios*. All arms have been confiscated in the island since the treacherous attacks on the Americans, and even the police of many *barrios* were, at the time of my visit, armed with

wooden spears and sharpened sticks. Only a few possessed firearms.

No means of communication exist between *barrios* and cities. There are no cart roads, and only a few bad trails. In Spanish days I believe there were roads along the north and east coasts, but now they are abandoned, overgrown with vegetation, and impassable, the bridges destroyed or tumbled down. There are two navigable rivers in Samar, the Gandara River and the Galbiga. No regular postal service existed, and the communication along the coast by sea was imperfect, hence the comparative ease with which the *ladrones* had carried on their work.

Agriculture was dead, although the island might be extremely rich, and has produced hemp and cocoanuts in great quantity. Rice, tobacco, potatoes, and corn could be raised profitably. The few natives who have remained in Samar are well off owing to the high price obtained for hemp, and the Americans find it almost impossible to get native labour even at exorbitant wages. A capable man earns a good deal by working and preparing hemp. He can generally prepare 2 *arrobas* (50 lbs.) a day, the price of 1 arroba (4 dollars Mexican), on the half-profit system, being his day's earnings. So all the *pueblos*, except Guiuan, grow hemp, of which a considerable export exists. Living, which was formerly very cheap, is now extremely dear in Samar, meat, chickens, and rice fetching ridiculous prices.

The industries of Samar are not many. They

consist of mats, hats, baskets, *ticug*, a finer material than *buri*, and hemp goods—these last made chiefly at Tubig and Sulat. *Vino* is distilled from *nipa*. The commerce is entirely in the hands of foreigners, such as the Compañía General de Tabacos de Filipinas, who practically control all the west and east coast; Smith, Bell and Co., Warner Barnes, the American Commercial, and Oria Bros., having representatives at different spots along the coast. Although some large Chinese firms are also represented there are but few Chinese residents, owing to the hatred of the natives towards them.

The forests produce excellent timber, and where one or more roads cut across the island from the west to the east coast, this island, I think, would be greatly benefited and would develop quickly. The province is only now emerging from a bloody war, only thirteen out of forty *pueblos* remaining undestroyed. Owing to the difficulty of obtaining a license to cut timber, the few natives who have returned to their own land prefer to build themselves humble huts of *nipa* and bamboo hardly large enough to hold the family.

The natives themselves, not the imported *ladrones*, are very quiet and peaceful, and they firmly disclaim any kindred with the murderous *polajan* and *Dios-dios*. In fact, the Governor of Samar reports that great respect is shown for the American authorities, and that help in stamping out outlaws is given to Government. Possibly Major Glenn's salutary example may also in a

great measure account for the present good behaviour of the people. It is, nevertheless, a pity that nine out of ten of the natives of Samar are suspected by the Americans of having been traitors in the lamentable Balangiga murders. There is nothing more likely to make people bad, even when they are not, than suspicion and fear.

On leaving Catbalogan, we went in a direct line south  $8^{\circ}$  west for  $10\frac{3}{4}$  miles until quite clear of hilly Daram Island. For ships of light draught it is possible to go south through the inner route between Buad and Daram Islands, but the sea is shallow and has great reefs, frequently with a depth of only  $3\frac{1}{2}$  fathoms, and the course somewhat dangerous.

Turning south-east on our outer and clear course we leave Biliran westward with high peaks, 3,550 feet, 4,472 feet, 4,285 feet. The first and most northern is a handsome, pointed peak, the central is a volcanic mountain of majestic lines and forms a central basin like half a crater, with precipitous rocky walls and extremely rugged upper edge. South-east of this mountain, where the coast-line forms a bay, a sharply-pointed conical peak rises to 3,511 feet, but most prominent of all and most beautiful is the southern peak (4,285 feet) sloping in a most beautiful curve into the sea at the Panikan Pt.

We now came to the Kangan Bay formed by the north coast of Leyte Island, flat towards the north-west portion, but rising gradually in a series of small humps, where the narrow channel

separates Leyte from Biliran Island. Our course was close to Daram Island.

At the entrance of the Janabatas Channel, where we sharply turned due east, were two peaks, one to our north, one to our south, both 1,300 feet high, both thickly wooded. Once inside the strait the scenery is quite charming, far prettier than anything I ever saw in the Inland Sea of Japan. Small islands with villages, low lands cultivated here and there, pretty coves with houses and boats sheltered in them. On Cananay we picked up a pilot to go through the wonderful San Juanico Strait between Samar and Leyte—the most famous spot for beauty in the Philippine Archipelago.

On Leyte side stretch out small peninsulas from one to two hundred feet high, and on Samar (north-north-east) is a high peak like a camel-hump, and two more, sugar-loaf shape. In mid-channel, very narrow in the northern part, in some places not more than 350 yards wide, are small islands. On one can be seen two picturesque towers half buried in creepers, and the pillars of a large building, probably former barracks. In front of this, also in mid-channel, a smaller islet covered with cocoanuts.

After a flat stretch of some miles on the Leyte side we came to some mountains, 1,787 feet. Until this point, after rounding Bacol Island, we had practically come from north to south among numerous islets for nine miles, but from the Tinaugan Pt. (Samar) where the channel broadens again, we turned in a south-east direction, and



emerged in the San Pedro Bay. There were strong tidal currents in the Strait ; at flood the tide sets to the north, and at ebb to the south. Many whirlpools and eddies were noticeable. The channel was nowhere of any great depth, the soundings on the steamer track varying from a minimum of 23 feet to a maximum of 115, the average depths, however, being between 30 and 60 feet.

There were few dwellings in the central part of the Strait, except a quaint little fishing-village or two perched on the hill-side. The country on both sides became very flat ; there were many cocoanut groves ; the curiously shaped Mt. Danglay, 1,145 feet, showed on Samar, and a lower conical peak to the south. We observed some wonderful effects of mirage. A high island reflected in the water appeared at north  $35^{\circ}$  west, which was only Mt. Suiro on south Biliran Island, the lower part of the island disappearing entirely by this optical illusion.

At Tacloban, on Leyte Island, where I stopped, there was nothing of exceptional interest except the construction of the new American military post, nicely situated on fairly high ground and built on sensible, if not permanent, lines, under the supervision of Colonel (now General) Sanno. There was some trade in hemp, rice, corn, and sugar. This was the capital of Leyte Island.

The roads, except a dozen miles or so near Tacloban, were in a deplorable condition, and land communication difficult to most distant points of the island. A good road across the

island should certainly be made from Abuyoz to Baybai, and other roads and trails which the Spaniards had made should, at the earliest opportunity, be re-opened and thoroughly repaired. There was formerly a good trail from Tacloban to Palo, and from Palo to Tanauan, Tolosa, Dulag, Mayorga, and others from Palo to Alang-alang, Jaro—Barugo—Carigara; Tanauan—Dagami—Burauen—Dulag; Dagami to Tabon-tabon; Dagami to Pastrana; and Ormoc to Macrohon.

I understood that there were some 400 bridges in Leyte which needed repair, and some, rebuilding altogether.

Leyte has suffered much from its vicinity to Samar, the evil-doers on that island crossing over the San Juanico Strait to Leyte, when convenient, and carrying on successful depredations. The "Dios-dios" on the island of Biliran were curious fanatics who killed everyone who did not think like them. Their leader was supposed to pay nightly visits to Rome to confer with the Virgin Mary! As late as October, 1902, some hundred of these *Dios-dios* came over to Leyte and pillaged and killed until checked by the constabulary force. Even towns as large as Ormoc were attacked by these people.

From Tacloban I followed southward the east coast of Leyte. The mountains on Leyte were high all along and the chain ended at Marapion Pt. with the lofty and impressive Mt Kabolian, 3,130 feet, cultivated well up its slopes. Gibuson and the Two Twins which stood between us and Dinagat had no special attraction. Panaon

Island, stretching in a south-east direction from the most south-east point of Leyte, bore the same characteristics as her neighbour, and had a rugged mountain range extending to its full length, rising in the centre of the island to 2,313 feet. Its peaks were generally abrupt to the north, and gently sloping to the south.

To the east we had elongated Dinagat Island, with its far-stretching northern peninsula ending in Desolation Pt., and a much broken-up island it seemed to be, very mountainous from north to south; Mt. Redondo, 3,337 feet; Mt. Picudo, 1,726 feet—a very pointed but massive peak with precipitous slopes; Mt. Cumbra, 2,395 feet; two-humped Mt. Tristan, 2,074 feet; a conical peak 1,060 feet; Mt. Caballete, 1,791 feet. Unip, Sibanag, Tabucaya, Cabilan, Sibalé, Gipdo, were islands, mostly flat and unimportant, visible from the most northerly point of Mindanao, but Kamiguin Volcano (5,338 feet) to the south-west was most graceful in line and quite attractive. Our objective was now Surigao, on Mindanao Island, where considerable trouble had arisen lately with insurgent bands.

The Surigao peninsula is very mountainous and lends itself to guerilla warfare, the pretty Lake Mainit in the heart of the mountains being some 500 feet above sea-level. This lake is fed by numerous mountain-streams from the north and the east, while its principal outlet is the Tubai River (south), some 15 or 18 miles long, capable of being navigated the whole way in native canoes. The south side of the lake is low and

swampy, the east side is partly in valleys from half to one mile wide, and partly of a difficult series of mountains dividing the lake from the east sea-coast. The north coast is also mountainous. The lake is said to be about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles wide and 14 miles long, and is subject to a heavy swell in high wind.

There is a mountain trail from Mainit to the centre of the west shore of the lake (Tagbayuhan), and from there to Jabonga along the lake shore and by and by it strikes the river down to the coast. It was on this lake that Adriano Conception, the insurgent leader—an illiterate, common miscreant—with some 100 followers carried on quite a successful little war. He and four others escaped from jail, organised an insurgent band, and seized an opportunity when the Constabulary men were at dinner to assault the barracks, seize all the weapons, and kill Captain L. M. Clarke, who behaved heroically. Colonel A. L. Myer with troops arrived soon afterwards, and after a number of engagements recaptured most of the rifles and revolvers, as well as all the leading insurgents, including their chief, who were subsequently sentenced to death or to long terms of imprisonment. Captain Weigel, Captain Battle, Lieuts. Seaman and Delaplane distinguished themselves greatly in these fights. The native scouts did excellent work.

In Surigao Town itself there is little to see, except a fine avenue with gigantic acacias on either side, giving delicious shade, leading to the plaza, where there is a church with tawdry images,

some school buildings and the tribunal. The town stretches from south-east to north-west.

Saying good-bye for good to Mindanao, I now proceeded to Ormoc on the east coast of Leyte. We passed between Limasana Island and Pt. Taancan (Leyte) a channel of great depth, as much as 807 fathoms of water being registered. On the Leyte coast were many villages and extensive groves of cocoanuts, even on the hill-sides, quite an unfamiliar sight. The town of Maasin displayed a fine church with an iron dome, and a great many two-storeyed houses, while in the valley which opened beyond were great plantations of hemp. To the south-west we had a cluster of islands off the Bohol coast, Lapinin, with conical hills; Timuibo, a semispherical rock; Gans, a low reef; Bulan and Balingui; Bilan-bilayan, all with low conical hills upon them.

The Carmen shoal is marked on charts off Tagurus Point to the west, but its position is not accurately known, and great care is necessary in going through the channel between Leyte and Kamigao Islands, the most eastern end of a long and broad coral and sand reef called Danajon Bank, which extends almost uninterruptedly, except a channel half a mile wide, for 38 miles westwards, where it then turns to the south-west for seven and a-half miles. Its greatest width is four miles. It encircles a number of low coral islands, among which—the reader may remember—I passed on my way from Buluan to Sebu.

Makalon (west coast of Leyte) possesses a ruined Spanish fort and a church, and between

this town and Gibagnan, the hills give way to a beautiful undulating valley partly under cultivation and partly grassy. Ilongos, where a fair anchorage exists during the north-eastern monsoon, was formerly a flourishing place, but is now in a half-destroyed condition. North-west of us from Ilongos were the Camotes Islands and the Quatro Islands—the latter mere reefs; of the former, Pacijan is a flat island in a crescent; Poro is hilly; and Ponson, the smallest, shows several ridges with two high peaks of considerable height in the centre.

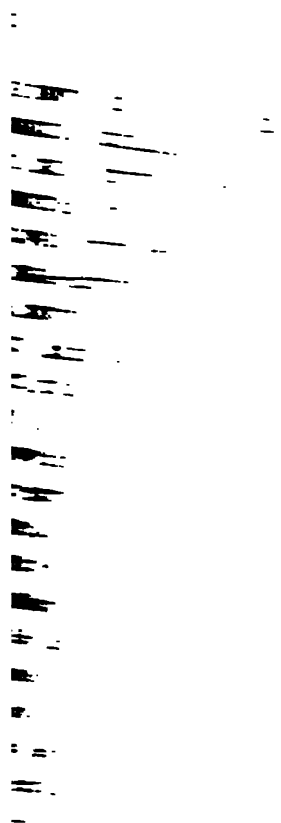
Ormoc, the principal place in the north part of Leyte on the western coast, had been selected by the military for a post named Camp Downs. The 11th Infantry, under Major G. S. Young, were building the post, which occupied some 100 acres and stood 80 feet above the sea, where a nice breeze was always obtainable. It promised to be one of the healthiest posts in the Southern Philippines, and a vein of water was struck which gave a daily supply of from seven to ten thousand gallons. The entire buildings had been constructed by American labour except the *nipa* roofing.

Along the beach lower down were numerous miserable huts of the natives, and in the town a large church inside a former fort. The resident Filipino Catholic priests seemed very jovial, and they seem to have behaved very well in sheltering the sick in their convent during the cholera and other epidemics. The post-office and drinking-saloon were combined.

The bay was fine and well protected, but notwithstanding this a tidal wave caused great damage only a few days before my visit, the wind which accompanied it blowing down every tent in the camp and most buildings in and near the town. Major Young was telling me that his house was blown away and his entire family had to lie under the fallen roof in mud and water until the following day, while most of their belongings were either washed or blown away.

I left Ormoc on July 2nd for the north, among other places visiting Laguan off the north Samar coast. Laguan is merely an island because the Catubig River has formed two channels, one west, the other east, leading into a lagoon, with a northern opening into the sea. The town of Laguan itself, which was formerly on the Samar coast, was for greater protection removed by the Spaniards to Laguan Island, where it is located on a high bluff of volcanic ashes and lime, superposed on coral rock. The strata are so regular and with such straight layers between of salt and lime that at first sight the coast-line has the appearance of a well-made artificial wall.

The Americans have original ways about them. In selecting camps for their troops one would have thought that first an appropriate supply of water should be found, then a camp built near it. The American first builds a camp at great expense, then proceeds to find the water. Very often he does not find it. Here, too, after boring through volcanic ashes a hole 100 feet deep (20 feet below sea level) no water was obtained.





## CHAPTER XXII

~~Mindoro, "the white man's grave"—The Mangaians—The  
Mangaians—The~~

WE will next visit mysterious Mindoro Island. I started for that island on August 29th, a very bad time, as the rains were torrential and travel inland impracticable—not that there is much to see in the interior of Mindoro. Calapan, the capital of Mindoro, where I first landed, was a dreary, desolate-looking place, with a fort and a church and a prison. Some of the inmates of the latter building had brutal faces. They seemed well cared-for, quite fat, and struck attitudes when I photographed them.

West of Calapan town was a large plain extending from north to south, bounded on the west by Mt. Halcon, and other high mountains to west-north-west, forming the north-west point of Mindoro. As we cruised down the north-east coast, the scenery was pretty, the country being undulating and with rocky islets, Mt. Halcon (said by some to be 9,697, by others 8,865 feet) and the long chain of mountains to which it belongs looming in the background.

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clean. The growing of a good kind of hemp and the cutting of timber were the chief industries of the natives.

There is a trail from this place to Mangarin on the south-west coast of Mindoro. Going further down the coast we indulged in fishing, the Filipino crew catching some large *tanghingi* fish, over 4½ feet in length, and considered to be the finest eating fish in these waters. It is not unlike a sturgeon in shape, and is beautifully coloured in gradations of blue and green, with a very pointed head, the lower jaw projecting far beyond the upper.

The coast line was getting hilly as we went southward, and thickly wooded, with occasional patches of grassy clearings. The rocky and rugged Buyallao Point and the island of the same name were separated by a narrow but deep channel affording good anchorage in a gale. There was another emergency anchorage further south-west, protected by the island and reef of Soguicay.

We next had before us the long Pandan peninsula with Tambaron and Masin Isles off its point. We cautiously passed along the narrow and very picturesque channel, with a rocky coast on either side and thick forest down to the water's edge. After a few hundred yards we emerged into the Bay of Bulalacao, with high mountain ranges to north and west. The large island of Semarara loomed to the south.

Bulalacao was the most interesting place to me on Mindoro, as I was able here to examine

some Manguianes who lived in settlements close by. This tribe was chiefly distinguishable by the flatness of the nose—which was almost on the same plane as the cheeks—but the nostrils were widely expanded. The eyes were almond-shaped and slightly slanting up at the outer corners, and possessed a perfectly well-defined deep-brown iris, with no discoloration whatever. They had straight black hair of a fine texture; the men had a slight moustache, and a complexion of a dark chocolate colour, somewhat intensified by an accumulation of dirt. Men and women filed their teeth down to the gums.

Undoubtedly of a Malayan type, with high cheek-bones, receding chins, supple frames, pretty, delicate hands and flattened feet, extraordinarily elastic fingers with well-shaped but dirty nails, and open countenances, the Manguianes are rather pleasant folks than otherwise. They possess a very keen sense of humour, and can laugh more heartily and noisily than any tribe in the Archipelago. They are timid and much frightened of white men. It is seldom in their natural state that they wear more than a long coil belt made of plaited *nito*, generally white and black, and with a *bejuco* cord dyed red which encircles the waist several times.

It is said that over a century ago there lived numerous Tagalos on Mindoro, and many were driven to the mountains by raids made upon them by the piratical Mahommedans of the South. The remnant of these people are said to have been the ancestors of the present Manguianes.

*Narra* wood is plentiful. The mineral resources promise well, gold, copper, and coal being found—they say—in several places. The streams near Polak and Bulalacao are coated with oleaginous matter, possibly petroleum, and a Spanish company now intends building a 10-miles railway to open up coal mines near Bulalacao, the coal being of fair quality. On Semerara Island coalbeds are worked by the same concern. Copper and gold have been discovered near Looc, but in such a volcanic country it is necessary to be cautious about gold mines.

The estimated population of Mindoro is 30,983, without counting non-Christians, which gives a stretching space of 107 acres to each living soul.

## MANGUIANES.

	Men.	Women.
	Metre.	Metre.
Standing height . . . . .	1'610	1'475
Span . . . . .	1'630	1'495
Hand . . . . .	0'190	0'160
Maximum length of fingers . . . . .	0'100	0'095
Thumb . . . . .	0'110	0'090
Vertical maximum length of hand . . . . .	0'226	0'225
Horizontal maximum length of cranium (from forehead to back of head) . . . . .	0'193	0'185
Width of forehead at temples . . . . .	0'123	0'121
Height of forehead . . . . .	0'075	0'065
Bizygomatic breadth . . . . .	0'126	0'114
Maximum breadth of lower jaw . . . . .	0'119	0'100
Nasal height . . . . .	0'050	0'050
Nasal breadth (at nostrils) . . . . .	0'040	0'038
Orbital horizontal breadth . . . . .	0'040	0'037
Width between the eyes . . . . .	0'032	0'032
Length of upper lip (from mouth aperture to base of nose) . . . . .	0'020	0'018
Lower lip and chin (from mouth aperture to under chin) . . . . .	0'043	0'038
Length of ear . . . . .	0'058	0'050

## CHAPTER XXIII

In North Luzon—Ilocanos—A funereal breakfast—The cruel Ilongotes—The Caraballo Pass—A strange wedding present.

LAST, but not least, there now remains for us to see the magnificent island of Luzon. I will not touch upon the better known provinces, but will take you for an extensive journey in the northern part among the interesting tribes of head-hunters.

I left the railroad at Bayambang, where, under that magnificent officer, Major E. F. Glenn, the construction of the new military post was progressing favourably. Cholera was raging and reaped many victims daily. Governor Bennett, of Nueva Vizcaya Province, and I rode upon the muddy road along the River Anno until we reached Alcalá, where the road was gravelled and was nice and dry. There was a continuous string of houses on both sides with bamboo bushes, cocoanuts and banana palms. Goats and pigs, with triangular collars elongated at the sides—to prevent the wearers from passing through fences—played about in swarms upon the road. Each house displayed a weaving loom, and each gateway was

adorned with a carabao skull, which, they say, prevents rinderpest and keeps off cholera. Skulls of other animals have not the same power. Sheds covering the whole road were occasionally found.

It was during the latter half of July—the height of the rainy season—that I was travelling in this region, and a drenching rain with strong wind necessitated our finding shelter now and then in native houses. Even the amphibious carabaos ran under shelter of a house in the pelting rain. The rain-coats worn by the natives were interesting, heart-shaped when spread flat, and carried on the back ; others were like regular small mantles made of a species of fan palm. The Ilocanos who inhabit this province were fond of the heart-shape, even the shutters of their windows being cut on that pattern, and fully overlapping the square aperture of the window itself.

The more educated Ilocanos are very reticent in talking of former times when they were but an uncivilised tribe, and they pretend to look down upon their former superstitions, which, under a veneer of Christianity, they still retain. They still firmly believe in the spirits of the rivers, whom they call *Serena*, but possess no spirits of the mountains like some other tribes. In former days—and occasionally even now—when people died, the corpse was left inside the house and no one went near it for nine days. The children of the dead man were only allowed to pass outside with their backs turned to the paternal home, and were permitted to look at

their former dwelling over their shoulders with the corner of the eye.

Rosales, where we halted the first night, was a big place of 9,000 souls. The country was covered with the high cones formed by white ants, some even as much as 5 feet high, and I only wish I had sufficient room to describe the marvellously interesting work of these indefatigable and most destructive workers.

From Rosales our road made a great detour east-south-east to Bulangao, a poor place, from whence we proceeded to the village of Angayan, absolutely under water owing to inundations. Humingan, further on our journey, had no particular attraction, but beyond opened a beautiful valley with a blue mountain range to the north-east—a mountain range we had to cross to enter the central province of Nueva Vizcaya, for which we were bound.

The few men we met upon the road were chiefly remarkable for their beautifully plaited silver-mounted hats. Most beautiful *silag*, fan palms, some 45 feet high, could be seen along the road. We reached Humingan, where a downpour of rain compelled us to stop in the Presidente's house. Towards midnight, one of our men, who slept in the room where we were, was seized with terrible cramps and woke us up.

"*Señor Gobernador*, I am dying, I am dying!" cried the poor devil, as we went to his assistance. The moment we held a light over his face, of a ghastly greenish-yellow, and sunken staring eyes, we saw that the poor boy—he was only 20 years



old—was past saving. It was a case of cholera of the most violent character.

Perhaps a few points about this case may be of interest. The boy's father was kneeling pathetically by his side rubbing the cramped limbs of his son and attempting to bring life again to his face. Every few seconds, while the fellow was breathing heavily and foaming at the mouth from internal agony, the poor old man stooped over his beloved child and kissed him fondly over and over again upon the lips: from the same cocoanut-cup, constantly refilled with water, both father and son drank copiously. Moreover, the affectionate father, when the son closed his eyes in semi-death, would gently open them again and with the same unwashed fingers with which he had rubbed his son all over the body he also wiped the tears from his own eyes.

Now, if there is any truth in the theory of cholera from contagion, the old fellow, if anybody, should have certainly been down with it, not to speak of our party of some twenty-five all counted, and the Presidente's family, some six or seven more, who all were in the same small room—and unable to go out in the torrential rain.

Well, the boy was given some medicine, and shortly he was dead—only three hours after he had been taken ill. The father—poor old fellow—took no medicine, and is, I think, still alive. As the death occurred at 3 A.M., and we could not leave the house owing to the terrible weather, it was certainly not pleasant to spend the re-

mainder of the night with the corpse, but we did. In a corner of the room was a big table on which we had had a lavish dinner, the half-consumed tins of delicacies which were to be finished for breakfast lying on it. The Constabulary men and carriers, in order to be as far away as possible from the body, placed it under this table ; but the next morning we carried the table away near a window, for to breakfast with a dead man—who had died of cholera—under the table was too much even for us.

While we were eating, the father, helped by two other men, carried the boy out to be buried.

“*Jesus, Maria!*” exclaimed the old man, as he walked away with the load slung to a bamboo, “my son is heavy now !”

It was certainly one of the most funereal breakfasts I have ever had.

The trail from Rosales to Humingan went practically due east, and had on the north the Rio Banilan. From Humingan in a north westerly direction was the trail to St. Quintin, an abandoned Spanish trail also leading to our destination, Bayombong (Nueva Vizcaya). The reopening of this trail would, I think, be very beneficial to the Nueva Vizcaya Province, as it is so much shorter than the present way—which makes an immense detour here. Our objective lying to the north-east, we actually had to travel some miles south-east from Humingan as far as St. Jose, on an excellent road except the bridges, which were destroyed. Then from St. Jose to Puncan it went up again, first north-east, then

north, and after leaving Puncan it proceeded north, then due east. From Carranglan it strikes due north again.

St. Jose is an interesting spot, for there are trails from it to Pantabangan and to Valle, at which point the road to St. Isidro (via Talavera) is to be met.

In the province of Nueva Ecija we are among Ilocanos—a people with slanting eyes, the iris badly discoloured in the upper portion, heavy, overlapping upper eyelids, and bunched-up lips, so prominent as to project beyond the nose. Their complexion is of a dark yellow. The hair is straight in most cases, but curly and wavy in some instances; the ears daintily formed, with detached and well-rounded lobes; and the hands graceful and supple.

From St. Jose, first between wooded hills, then crossing and recrossing the river and picturesque brooks four or five times, we entered undulating country through most poetic woods, with here and there bright patches of grass. At Puncan, where we emerged, a church and masonry bridge, said to be over 150 years old, exist; but beyond innumerable pigs and chickens who had possession of the plaza there did not seem to be a soul about.

Our next march was through beautiful undulating grassy country with delightful panoramas from the higher points. The trail seemed to have been cut to go over all the highest points of the hill-range. We did not stop at Carranglan—a place formerly of importance, with a large

convent, church, and plentiful "fire" trees in full bloom—but continued up towards the Caraballo pass.

Some Ibalao or Ilongotes, a long-haired nomadic race, smaller and lighter in colour than the Igorrotes, are to be found in Nueva Ecija. We camped at the foot of the pass in a mere shed with a flooring of logs, which we had to fill between with lots of grass, in order to be able to sleep on them; then early the next morning we went on among large blocks of black or brown volcanic rock, among a mass of broken trees and branches washed down by a fierce tornado and cloud-burst some two years ago. On getting higher we passed through forest and patches of open country, beautiful land for cultivation, but now covered with reeds, sometimes higher than my head while on horseback.

We halted again for the night about one and a-half miles south of the pass, the rain being torrential every afternoon. The last ascent to the pass was steep and rocky, very slippery when muddy. On the pass, where blocks of granite showed through, a large cross had been planted, where the poor old man who had lost his son knelt and prayed fervently, while I was boiling water in the hypsometrical apparatus to obtain the correct altitude (3,834 feet).

Magnificent panoramas opened to the south and north; in Nueva Ecija the course of the river we had followed was traceable by the black growth of trees along it, while in Nueva Vizcaya (to the north), Caraballo being the geographical

boundary line, were fine undulating grassy hills. The so-called St. Nicolas trail, the shorter of the two, crosses this range north-west of Caraballo, on Mount Dalandem, 1,200 feet. It enters Nueva Vizcaya by a long and narrow valley north of us. Between that trail and ours are grassy hills, the western ones with big volcanic boulders.

We descended through thick forest and semi-formed granite boulders, among giant ferns and thick undergrowth of reeds. Butterflies, white, white and black, and small blue ones, played charmingly among the vegetation and across the road, while our ponies stumbled and slid down on the steep, slippery slope. Some 200 feet below the Caraballo Pass is a most delicious cold spring. Further on, enormous volcanic boulders, having vertical corrugations and a deep hole in each like a small crater, were to be found, and also a large earthquake crack in an upper stratum of volcanic ashes. Treacherous ditches of black mud had to be crossed; in one, Governor Bennett's pony disappeared altogether, and was rescued in an unrecognisable guise: a regular mass of dripping slush.

The first town we came to in Nueva Vizcaya was Dupaz, a very quaint place, with crosses on cones of masonry at short intervals everywhere in the streets. We entered by an old vaulted bridge of bricks over an artificially paved stream forming a cascade, then through an avenue of the deliciously-scented *buyo* palms, bananas, and cocoanuts. Rows of typical storehouses for grain and

chattels were to be seen away from the houses. They were shaped like inverted sections of pyramids, made of timber with heavy *cogon* roofs, and were raised above ground on low supports.

The tower, which was in imitation of the famous Giralda of Seville, had been built in 1775 and the church a year later. The tower had very solid brick walls, 12 feet thick at the base. The remains of an older chapel were visible close by, as well as a now ruined tower commanding the road, evidently for defensive purposes.

In the three *pueblos* of Dupaz, Bambang, and Aritao, the same language is spoken, which is quite different from that spoken in other towns even of the same province, and many of the people in these places are related to the Isinay tribe, a dialect of whose language they have adopted. In fact, the folks of those three *pueblos* are called Isinays.

The purer and wilder Isinays, who in their more primitive condition are called Ilongotes, frequently come into the town to sell potatoes, beans, camotes, cabbage, and coffee, because they are—like the Igorrotes—much given to agricultural pursuits.

These Ilongotes have good and bad points about them. They respect, almost worship, their elders; husband and wife are incredibly faithful to each other—possibly because adultery is punished by death. The wedding present given by the prospective groom to his sweetheart does not lack quaintness, and consists of a human head, part of a breast and heart, as well as a finger or

two. Unless a man can produce these gifts he has to remain a bachelor, but these gifts are invariably procured. The "inclined to wed" lies in wait in the high grass until an unsuspecting man, woman, or child happens to go by, who a few minutes later is left dead upon the trail minus the anatomical portions enumerated above. The head is placed upon a stick in front of the youth's house, and the tribesmen collect and dance round it for nine days.

The groom's father provides further gifts of spears, knives, and other effects, and hands them over to the bride. The head—after nine days—is interred directly under the prospective bride's home, and the marriage is celebrated directly over that spot. The heart of the murdered person is used principally to be cut into pieces, which each tribesman rubs on the blades of his knives and hatchets for luck. The blood which is spilled over the arms, body, and legs while committing a murder is never washed off.

After killing someone the Ilongote does not return to his home for three days, or at least does not enter the house for that period of time : and before killing they take a piece of cane one foot long and stick it in the ground and place on it a ball of cooked rice. They sit on one side, *bolo* in hand, and pray in order to learn whether good or bad luck is forthcoming, which is learnt in a very simple manner. If a fly settles on the appetising rice the *bolo* is flourished about and they work themselves into a frenzy, saying they are on murder bent. If no fly appears, no blood

is drawn. In their prayers they address Aghim-man, "the spirit of the departed."

Another way to ascertain one's luck, Ilongote fashion, is by measuring the space from finger-tip to finger-tip upon the shaft of a spear, marking the exact reach. After which some hard blowing is indulged in and the experiment is renewed. If the length corresponds exactly with the first measurement, to kill they go; but if too short or too long, bad luck is sure, the enemy too strong, and failure in the enterprise may be expected.

When tribesmen die, no ceremony is performed, but the body is placed in a sitting posture above ground, and when well advanced in decomposition is eventually interred, still in a sitting attitude with legs bent up. A mere bamboo stick is placed to mark the burial place. Intense grief is shown at the death of relations. Women shut themselves up in the house and do not work for six days at the death of a husband, in sign of mourning, and men do the same at the loss of a father, mother, or wife. On the death of an orphan bachelor the brother secludes himself and speaks to no one, but holds his *bolo* slung to his belt in order to kill any stranger, or even an inimical member of the same tribe who happens to drop in. This in order to mourn for his lost relative. If his thirst for blood is, however, satiated at the expense of some unfortunate caller, the head is instantly severed from the body, and with this graceful operation the mourning ends, and daily occupations can be resumed—except, of course, by the victim.



The Ilongotes use bows and arrows, *bolos*, and spears. The arrow-head, although made of a separate and harder piece of wood, is always firmly tied to the shaft, and the butt of the arrow is feathered. Their bows, called *annao*, are made of *palma brava*, whereas the bow-string, called *litich*, is of a strong plaited fibre.

The Ilongotes are small in stature but very powerfully built, with rounded shoulders well-padded with muscle. Their legs are very hairy, and hair is plentiful in their arm-pits. Although their eyes are dark brown, the pupil is often veiled with a curious bluish tint which might easily be mistaken for a symptom of cataract. But it is not. They have thick and arched eyebrows, and a moustache and frizzy beard on the under lip and chin, but the hair of the head is of a fine texture, quite straight and abnormally dry. The skin is dark brown, with a yellowish tinge, the cheek-bones prominent, with deep hollows beneath, the jaw-bone mean and comparatively undeveloped, and the chin small, but the forehead very high and broad. In fact, the skull is altogether well developed, with posterior bumps of abnormal size, particularly in women. The nose is well shaped, rather broad at the base, but not nearly so much so as with other races of the Archipelago, and the lips, which they keep tightly closed, are well-formed, the upper lip projecting beyond the lower. The ears, especially in the lower half, are malformed, coarse, and lumpy—always a sign of degeneration; the ridges most indistinctly marked, the outer ridge

being hardly traceable in the upper part of the ear ; whereas it is lost altogether in the lower part.

Some slight Mongolian influence was traceable in these folks. The men wore long hair, which they tied into a knot behind the head, and they ornamented the forehead with tattooing. A *rattan* belt (the *kanaud*), dyed red, was twisted round the waist, and a fine brass chain was also worn. The women wore brass earrings. These people squatted down in an attitude typical of their own race, sitting on the heels and balancing the arms upon the knees, but in doing so they kept their feet wide apart instead of straight, which was largely due to their extraordinary development of the thigh and under-developed calves of the leg. Their feet were flat and broad, of extreme power, but coarse in the extreme, with lumpy, shapeless toes, not unlike short sausages, the toe-nails worn off almost altogether.

The women were somewhat smaller made than the men. Both males and females filed their front teeth in a cylindrical shape so as to separate one well from the other. They were then blackened with a hot iron. The operation is begun at the age of fourteen.

The women, when about to give birth to a child, retire alone to a forest and remain there unassisted till the child is born. The umbilical cord of the child is cut by the mother and interred in the spot where the event took place, then both mother and offspring adjourn to a

Through fields at first, then through uncultivated land among low hills, we arrived at Bambang (nine miles from Dupaz), another large *pueblo* of Isinays, with a church, convent, and raised *plaza*, finely paved with tiles.

Seven miles south-west of Bambang are the salt springs of Dapol, which for the last fifty years or so have been worked by the Igorrotes. The salt water, quite warm, runs out of the mountain and is collected in a bamboo pipe line half a mile long, wherein it is conveyed to a site where fuel is plentiful in order to evaporate it. This is done in large flattish iron pans. Some 1,000 *cargo* of salt can be turned out in a year. One *cargo* weighs 125 lbs., and is worth 4.50 dollars Mex. It is prepared in 62 lb. loads enclosed in wicker baskets lined with banana leaves.

Bambang supplies salt to the entire province, except to the large non-Christian population of head-hunters who possess the salt springs in the west part of Nueva Vizcaya, at a place called Asim (in Tagalo), Ahim (in Igorrote), which means "salt." Other minor springs are to be found at Buya Buyan (district of Ayangan), but so small is the quantity of salt contained in this water that a six-days' continuous evaporation is necessary to obtain salt in a crystallised form. The latter springs, worked to their utmost, produce some 400 pesos a year worth of salt.

The Igorrotes prefer using copper vessels some three feet in diameter for evaporating purposes,

and all copper money they can get is used in manufacturing these pans.

The Buya Buyan district is also rich in resinous trees, one species particularly discharging, when punctured, a gum beautifully white and resembling very fine copal. The natives use it for making torches, for mending broken pottery, glueing together pieces of wood, joining stones together, and also for starting a fire.

At Bambang, I was again much struck by the marvellous way the Spaniards had laid down all these interior towns—every street properly drained in neat channels bridged over with brick vaults.

We had here entered a region of most delicious coffee ; for delicate flavour—and I am a great lover of good coffee—I do not think that I have ever tasted better coffee than in these central provinces of North Luzon. The climate and soil seem appropriate for its cultivation, and were some enterprising folks to waste less energy in digging for lumps of gold, when plenty of gold may be won from the ground's surface by cultivating such products as are bound to command good prices, I think great fortunes might be made in the Philippines. The Spaniards, in their lazy way, made quite a nice little profit out of the Nueva Vizcaya coffee, but war brought about great destruction and distress, and many plantations are now ruined.

We advanced along a trail which was pretty good, but overgrown with tall grass with blades so sharp-edged that when they brushed violently

against the face and hands deep cuts were the result; or else through a lot of musty undergrowth of struggling plants trying to force their way one on the top of the other; then further came a regular carpet of a stunted species of mimosa with a mass of pink ball-flowers. Rice fields and pretty bits of scenery came next, until the trail became rocky and began to ascend through forest and some volcanic boulders.

At a little stream where I stopped to drink, the surface of the water was covered with thousands of long-legged giant mosquitoes, the powers of which for skidding lightly upon the water surface, backwards, sideways, and in any direction, even against the current, at an amazing speed, were remarkable.

On arriving on the low pass a fine valley intersected by a wide stream flowing west-north-west was disclosed before us (north), high mountains of abrupt lines rising to our west. A great many volcanic rocks lay scattered about as if shot here from some commotion, some bearing the appearance of having been exposed to terrific heat, the rock having been actually molten.

Owing to the heavy rains we had some difficulty in crossing the stream, our baggage train having to wait at the other side one day until a raft could be constructed—and now we had arrived in the capital of Nueva Vizcaya, the city of Bayombong.

## CHAPTER XXIV

The Capital of Nueva Vizcaya—The Gaddanes—Among the Head-hunters—The Quiangan Igorrotes and neighbouring tribes.

BAYOMBONG consisted of a wide road, with a row of crooked telegraph poles in the centre and the charred supports of what had been wooden houses. A disastrous fire had destroyed almost the entire city, and of the principal buildings only one was saved, by a miracle, the residence of the Governor. The octagonal and solidly-built brick tower and the church had also been spared. Behind the convent was an annexe of great age and a picturesque old Spanish well. In the north-east portion of the town a few houses were to be found ; the windows of these houses were festooned with tobacco to dry, while the window ledges were lined with cigars packed in bundles of twelve. The road was absolutely in possession of geese, chickens, pigs, and a few dogs, but at the windows fair maidens were visible, smoking huge cigars—so big that the circumference of fully-expanded lips was hardly big enough to contain the cigar.

A few workmen with heads wrapped up in kerchiefs were slowly repairing some of the houses, the roofs and walls of which had been thrown into the middle of the road to save them from the flames. Now and again a lagging carabao on which sits a little boy comes along, dragging a primitive sledge with large earthen jars of native wine, the sledge being cleverly constructed on two bamboos, and the weight of the load equally divided between the two shafts and two bamboo trailers, these latter resting at an angle on the shaft so as to establish a complete balance and therefore minimise the effort of dragging the load.

I was very much pleased to see that Governor Bennett, a very able and sensible gentleman, was much in favour of industrial and agricultural schools in preference to higher education, on which much money is expended now, and which is absolutely of no use to the natives at large. With the new American methods the prospect exists that in a few years, when the old generation of labourers, carpenters, blacksmiths, &c., dies out, there will be no one to replace them, but there will be instead plenty of youths who can sing "Yankee Doodle" with Filipino pathos. Upon the strength of this and a few English words they will expect high salaries in Government employment, but the out-look for the country and the beautiful and fertile land is gloomy. Foreign songs do not draw much produce from even the most fertile of lands.

The teaching of the English language, which



HEAD-HUNTERS' SPEAR AND AXE DANCE.



TYPES OF GADDANES RECRUITED FOR SERVICE IN THE CONSTABULARY FORCE.



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IGORROTE, WITH RAIN-COAT.



IGORROTE MODE OF CARRYING CHILDREN AND HUMAN HEADS.



the impression from a distance of a staircase of incredible magnitude. Each terrace was filled with water, the streams being switched off from their highest point into these rice fields and gradually filling all right down to the lowest. On the mountain tops, where it was not possible to irrigate, camotes and excellent little potatoes and vegetables of all kinds were grown.

Let us go into the village.

Igorrote houses are really nothing more and nothing less than a huge roof of *cogon*, with a sort of sleeping box, a mere semblance of a house underneath. These dwellings are built on four posts 4 to 5 feet high, and either conical or cylindrical. On the upper end of these pillars rests a large wooden cylinder, the lower face of which is concave, so as to prevent mice and rats climbing into the abode. These four posts bear two parallel beams, upon which three cross beams are placed with a flooring of planks upon them. The walls of the houses in this village were made of a coarse bamboo matting, and fastened bodily to other short uprights inserted in the two larger lower beams. These four uprights supported a quadrangular wooden frame on which rested the roof. A space for ventilation was always left between the wall and the roof. Twelve feet square outside, walls 6 feet high, 12 to 14 feet high in centre of roof, was the measurement of good-sized houses; a light ladder gave access to the house and was always drawn up when not in use.

At Pindungan the Spaniards had a *cuartel*.

Major Atkinson of the Constabulary, who had come up with us, hoped to establish a constabulary force here to patrol the district. These Pindungan Igorrotes were well-to-do and fairly quiet.

The men went in for a good deal of tattooing upon the chest, arms, and neck, parallel lines and series of angles one within the other being frequent patterns, also successions of angles forming a frieze and circles with radiating lines. The favourite pattern, however, seemed to be the single or double leaf—especially upon the breast—and also series of crosses up the side of the neck. Human figures were attempted by mere lines, love tragedies being coarsely but graphically represented.

A typical and most graceful ornament used by nearly every tribe of Igorrote was the C-shaped earring in gold, silver or copper, and frequently embellished with side ornamentations. This was not only used for earrings but, either singly or in bunches, was worn as an amulet round the neck. Earrings were also worn made of coils and spirals with or without white shell pendants.

From Pindungan began our trials. We bade good-bye to Major Atkinson and left behind most of the Constabulary men, Governor Bennett most kindly offering to accompany me to the boundary line of his province. Among the tribes we were to visit were the fiercest in Luzon, the Banaue people holding the record for their cruelty and dash ; but it was less the ferocity of the people than the marching through their country which

was the most trying part, because there was no trail and we had to balance ourselves all the time on the slippery edge of the terraces, with water on one side and a drop of from three to twenty or thirty feet into more water on the underlying terrace. The edge of these terraces was hardly ever more than one foot wide, frequently less, so that when one had gone for several miles, in a sort of "tight rope" walking, one began to feel rather giddy. One constantly slipped with one foot into the nearest water, and one felt rather glad it was not the other foot which had slipped or one would have been precipitated from a varying height into the paddy field below. Moreover, as the country is very undulating, it involved climbing or descending from one terrace on to the next—where very slippery stones had occasionally been inserted by way of steps.

After going at a good rate, for our Igorrote guide, being bare-footed, kept a lively pace, we climbed up a hill-side to Mungayan, under Chief Bubut, a man whose toes were so terribly distorted inwards owing to the constant climbing and descending mountains that the big toes were sideways almost at a right angle to the line of the feet instead of being their continuation. It made one feel quite uncomfortable to look at them.

The constant work in water, evidence of which can be noticed in the bluish-black corrugated toe-nails, that of the big toe being even rendered convex instead of concave, no doubt greatly increases this deformity of the lower limbs, which in a less accentuated form we have already noticed

basket and shower-coat combined with fr. cover of fine fibre dyed black or blue. Our path led us to the San Domingo Pass, where we had the first real view of the Igorrote country. The mountains cultivated in rice field terraces in patches of sweet potatoes to their very tops.

We had entered the valley of Quiangan, and the west-north-west was Pindungan, and pre-generally but erroneously called Quiangan—or, Igorrotes call the entire mountain district of the valley by the latter name, but no special name there the

And now let me tell you. These were all our these fierce head-hunters, these most savage upon the of Luzon Island, were, upon my word, armed sensible, industrious, scientific agriculturists, the hand have ever seen in my travels, and well, we to irrigation works they could give the water was only to the Spaniards and Americans, so swift trying to civilise them, but to a great extent's footing. nations besides. Every inch of the valley owing to steepest mountains is brought under

these astounding people, and advanced on the every rock to build up walls filled with usual—over and irrigated so as to make another, and, soaked the centre of the paddy fields, up to the river, of earth, cotton and two kinds of some few huts raised.

Take, for instance, this fine fashion. We portant village of Pindunga: a small cluster of trees on the summit of the "allotted to peaks behind. The entire valley we thought we was terraced up—thousands of feet, although night terraces, all so regular and straight, were something as in pestilential





IGORROTE MEN AND WOMEN, BANAUE DISTRICT.





black mud well up above our ankles on our march through.

The next village we had just discerned high up hidden among rocky boulders upon a further hill. Down we went again to another stream, this time bridged over by a magnificent natural stone arch some 70 feet high and about 12 wide. This was very picturesque, but this rocky formation unfortunately extended to the entire face of the hill we now had to climb—a regular wall some hundreds of feet, on the top of which was perched the village—and you can take my word for it the Igorrotes had made it as inaccessible as they could, for one village—containing a tribe—is ever at war with nearly every other neighbouring tribe.

Eventually, minus a good many patches of skin upon one's hands, knees and shins—for unless one had distorted toes like the Igorrotes it was difficult to hold one's footing on the slippery rock—we arrived at impregnable Kurug, protected by a stockade. We caused a great scare among the pigs when we squeezed through the posts of the high fence, and chickens ran giddily about disturbed from their sleep, while the natives stood, spears in hand, wondering what kind of welcome they should give us.

Camping in the Igorrote country is very difficult, for every available space is irrigated, and only in the village itself is it possible to find a comparatively dry spot. In the rainy season—in which I was travelling—matters were worse still.

At Kurug we encamped under the Chief's house—it would be impossible to put up in their sleeping boxes—and we had a very lively night. The number and size of fleas and bugs and worse was such that sleep was the very last thing one could possibly obtain. They came in swarms and fully showed their traditional predilection for strangers. Kurug—also called Pugu—is renowned all over the Igorrote country for its high-jumping and creeping parasites. Well, all I can say is that it fully deserves its name.

The front wall of the houses was covered with pigs' skulls. Some had carabao skulls, but the human skulls occupied a place of honour, generally inside the house. They were stuck in sets upon a sort of altar with plaited grass ornaments and other emblems, some once more closely resembling the Inaos of the Ainu. The men of this tribe had wavy, even curly hair, which in young men was prettily adorned with an aigrette of three or four white feathers just above the forehead. I saw here an old man with chest and arms literally covered with tattooing, mostly of a primitive leaf pattern on the breasts and outer sides of arms, whereas the side of the arm closer to the body was ornamented with a chevron. Men and women smoked pipes of wood, copper, or brass, with long mouth-pieces.

## CHAPTER XXV

Astounding irrigation works—Innumerable terraces—The Igorrotes anatomically—A weird custom—The Banaue Igorrotes the fiercest head-hunters.

THE scenery was really superb. An immense rock with a beautiful waterfall was an enchanting detail of Nature among the astounding work of these quaint humans, and the top of one hill before us had actually been cut off and flattened so as to bring it under cultivation. The centre of the hill still remained like a cone in the centre of a large paddy field.

Where the rocky formation along the hill-side made it impossible to cultivate, we had some difficulty in proceeding, as we had to cling along the face of the rock to whatever vegetation had sprung out in the interstices, and had a nasty drop below us in case we had slipped.

We passed to our left the village of Namulditan hidden among trees, as is habitual among the Igorrotes, and intended to screen their houses from sight ; and this village was generally noted for the rascality of its people. Our Igorrotes dreaded to come along with us, so great was

tribe which had come to attack them, and they are said to have killed every man, making a wonderful collection of heads. This victory had made them very supercilious. Notwithstanding the threats and the apparently warlike preparations they seemed to be making in the village, we pushed right in—after an awful sweat up the steep, almost vertical position on which stood the place. We made our camp under the chief's house.

The Banaue tribe was decidedly the most interesting of the head-hunters I had so far seen, and their type varied considerably from that of the Quiangan Valley tribes. Shorter in stature, they had flat faces, the profile being almost a flat plane, and immensely long teeth protruding far forward and giving the face a very cruel, brutal appearance. Their eyes possessed no slant whatever, but were small, beady, and unsteady. They had many facial characteristics which resembled those of Papuans. Occasionally, on the chin or side of the face, one saw a small moustache and a few hairs, of which they seemed to be very proud. They wore their hair shaved at the temples and back of the head, and cut straight all round.

Unlike other Igorrotes, who were comparatively clean-looking, these Banaue folks were the dirtiest devils I had come across. Living in tiny sleeping boxes, one-quarter of the floor of which was occupied by the fire-place—and no chimney—possibly contributed to their uncomely appearance.

Except that they were wilder, very excitable,

The chief Cababuyan, a magnificent specimen (barring his distorted toes), was highly ornamented with interesting tattooing. Upon his chest were crude representations of headless enemies, and also of a bird. The angle pattern covered his arm from the shoulder to the elbow, and from there to the wrist on both sides of the arm was an elaborate frieze of inverted angles. On each side of the central line of angles, a single leaf pattern extended from top to bottom of the arm. From the nipple of each breast radiated a double leaf pattern reaching up to the shoulder, with three similar smaller ornamentations filling up each side of the breast. In the centre of the neck were two upright lines filled in with squares, while the sides of the neck were decorated with a frieze of inverted angles, at a slant, similar to that on the arms. Spear heads were also occasionally represented in these designs. The sides of the legs were occasionally tattooed.

Nearly every tribe wore different patterns of ornaments, but coils of all kinds evidently had a great fascination for the entire race. Cababuyan wore doubly coiled earrings and heavy brass spiral circlets below the knee. The little pipes used here, which, when wooden are pyramidal in shape or when of brass form the half of an oval, generally had a chain to attach the bowl to its short channel. Clay pipes I only found later in Bontoc and Lepanto.

The chiefs of villages displayed elaborate belts of large white shell discs, occasionally fastened by a buckle made of a demolished brass clock wheel.

*bubullos*, as well as combined groups. The handles of their wooden spoons are very frequently ornamented with these figures, single or in a pair.

The *udio*, a large wooden drinking bowl rendered black by being soaked in wine, has at the rim a number of concave spaces all round to fit the lips.

Each house has a number of chicken coops hung from its lower beams, and on one side is a heavy angular sort of lounge scooped out of a trunk of a tree, and with semicircular end apertures. These benches are used for sleeping on in hot weather, and also for beheading victims during feasts.

Igorrote spears are beautifully made, with a finely tempered steel head, from 30 to 65 centimetres long, of an elongated rhomboid or leaf-shape, but quadrangular or octagonal in section. Then others are of the harpoon shape, double-barbed, quadruple, and even with six and eight barbs, but these are generally of a commoner kind, and for the iron ring fastening the head to the shaft is substituted a strong plaited *bejuco* lacing, the spear head being inserted into a hollow filled with some elastic substance like indiarubber. The most common, throwing spears, are of pointed bamboo with a triangular head about 12 centimetres in length, and have a total length of 1.50 metres. They are of light fine wood and have a notch and *bejuco* ring about 0.65 centimetre from the butt, at the exact point which gives the best balance at the moment



IGORROTE HOUSES, BANAUE DISTRICT.





of throwing. The more ornamented spears, with long triangular steel heads and elaborately worked *bejuco* rings dyed red and black, are used more for show and for hand-to-hand fighting. These measure generally 1·80 to 2 metres, and the beautiful manner in which the Igorrotes can work steel and other metals by means of stone implements only is remarkable. The shafts are of finely chosen woods, white, black, or red in colour. A notch is incised on the shafts for each man killed. Pieces of brass wire are frequently inlaid in the spear shafts both in parallel lines and also so as to form a spiral all the way round.

Igorrote knives are not so good, and their shape has evidently been suggested by those of neighbouring tribes. Were it not for two coils extending from the blade at the hilt, they would resemble bread knives.

Undoubtedly the most typical and prettiest weapon is the head-axe, a well-balanced and most serviceable tool, with a sharp concave edge on one side of its broad blade and a long spike on the other side. The handle varies in length according to tribes, and the longer ones possess a projecting piece to strengthen the hold while striking.

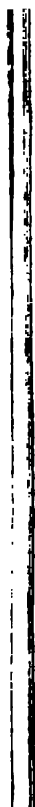
While hunting for heads, the natives, on seeing a prospective victim, lie hidden in the grass with their spear and shield ready. The unfortunate creature, when near enough, is treacherously speared in the back, usually by throwing the spear at him, which generally causes

him to fall. In a second the assailant pounces upon his prey, places his heavy shield—in which is a lower semicircular opening—upon the man's neck, and with his hatchet promptly chops off the head. This done, the Igorrote turns his axe round the other way, strikes the skull with the spike, and, lifting axe and bleeding head upon his shoulder, triumphantly returns home.

Six blades of wood (35 to 45 centimetres long), angular, and with a sort of barb or hook at the lower end, are hung outside a man's house after he has brought home a head; or else a trophy of imitation carabao horns is made of wood with black blotches, and upon it rests a pig's skull which holds in its teeth a piece of white wood that has been used in the fire whereat the pig was roasted for a feast. Around the skull hang bundles of grass as well as coloured leaves.



IGORROTE SACRIFICIAL SLAB. (Also used to sleep on.)



## CHAPTER XXVI

The Sapao Igorrotes—The people of Nueva Vizcaya—Crossing the Cordillera into Bontoc—Warlike head-hunters—The Dwarfs of Bayo—Taludin.

BANAUE is the highest village on the Cordillera which forms the geographical boundary line between Nueva Vizcaya and the Bontoc Province. To cross the range, however, it was first necessary to accomplish a fearful descent into the valley, along very high terraces, and then an equally troublesome ascent on the opposite hill—on hands and feet upon slippery red clay. On reaching the summit of the first range one obtained a magnificent bird's-eye view of the terraced-up Alimit valley which runs from north to south and then encircles Mt. Pallao. Further back was Aricanga, and still beyond, between these two peaks, were visible (south-east) the high mountains of the Principe Province, a range mainly inhabited by Negritos and Ibalao, and extending along the coast of the Pacific Ocean—a country which is better known because there Aguinaldo was eventually captured by the

had taken to their shields and they were hurrying up on the upper side of the trail where they hid among the grass. In the village, meanwhile, shrieks and yells continued, the women with bundles of their property taking to flight in the opposite direction from that in which the men were likely to encounter us.

My carriers, who had so far bravely walked—run, rather, they walked so fast—in front, now carefully took up a position in the rear. When we were getting closer to the village two or three dozen men ran up and down the trail in a great state of excitement, brandishing their spears and shields—evidently challenging us to come on, while some 200 folks were ambushed just above in the grass, waiting for us to be led into the trap and be pounced upon.

Seeing that no attention was paid to their tactics, they tried another way—in order to induce us to rush the place and form a target for the spears of those hidden above the trail. The challenging warriors pretended fright and bolted so that we might rush after them. Well, we did not, and we walked along until within speaking distance, when we warned the enemy to “keep off the grass” and pretty quick, or we would make short work of the whole lot of them. To the chief, who stood ahead of all and defiantly brandished his spear, we suggested that he had better not make a fool of himself. We were in no immediate hurry to fight them.

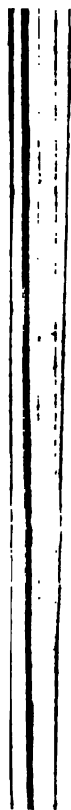
Their chief—somewhat taken aback—harangued his hidden men, who, in groups, meekly





HEAD-HUNTERS FOUND HIDING IN THE GRASS IN ORDER TO  
ATTACK AUTHOR.





popped up their heads above the grass—lots of them—only a few yards from where we were. They nearly all eventually stood up with their spears and shields ready for action, but their war-like attitude was replaced by grins from ear to ear. They said they thought we were their enemies from Banaue who had come for heads. They were sorry that they had made a mistake. But how could they help it? They had never seen white men come unexpectedly that way. They all joined in the procession and led us to their village, while my bold Banaue fellows—of guilty conscience—were trembling all over with fright and kept well behind in the meekest of fashions.

Now, these Bayo fellows—a particularly nasty village—were a picturesque sight, as they walked along with hardly any more clothing than little skull-caps, shaped just like those of Tommy Atkins before he became Germanised—only these Igorrote caps are prettily made of basket-work and beads or of half a cocoanut, and are worn jauntily at the back of the head instead of on the side.

Even more strongly marked than in the case of Banaue folks were the Papuan characteristics of this tribe—the features very coarse and brutal, but much smaller in every way except for the extreme breadth of the nose. These people were dwarfs, the majority being well under four feet in height. Filthy beyond words, they wore the hair long and uncared for, instead of nicely trimmed as is the habit of the other



cultivated and irrigated fields, most symmetrically tidy. Upon the trail I had met hundreds of armed Igorrotes, with spears and *aliwa* or *pinang* (head-axe) and war shields.

The Bontoc people were again taller and more of the Igorrote type. They cut their hair straight across into a fringe, but left it long and loose behind. Some had elaborate shell ornaments, and a large piece of mother-of-pearl fastened to the loin string, to hide the umbilicus. Nearly all men wore the basket-work skull-caps, decorated with beads, shells, brass, and silver ornamentations.

After skirting on my left the large settlement of Sunoki just in front of Bontoc, across the river, there now came the difficult job of crossing the wide stream, much swollen by the heavy rains. The Igorrotes who were with me would not hear of my removing my clothes and wading, and one fellow declared he would carry me dry to the other side; but, unfortunately, when we got into mid-stream, the water was well up to his nose, and in his frantic efforts to get where the water was shallower he was carried away by the strong current and I had to finish the crossing swimming.

In Bontoc, one of the largest Igorrote settlements, there was a great ado, as the Governor of the Province had arrived and had summoned all the leading chiefs to appear before him. The Igorrotes of the province had answered the invitation in great force. I never shall forget the surprise of the Governor and two or three

other American gentlemen with him when I arrived in their midst, alone, unattended and unarmed.

“Do you know,” exclaimed the Governor, “that you have just crossed the most dangerous head-hunting districts in Luzon? It is a miracle you got through alive. I heartily congratulate you on arriving with your head upon your shoulders.”

“Well, sir, I never arrive anywhere without it!”

## CHAPTER XXVII

The natives of Bontoc—The Court of Justice—The Igorrote as a Soldier—On a subterranean river—From Bontoc to Lepanto.

GOVERNOR DINWIDDIE and all were extremely civil and hospitable, and laid themselves out to make me comfortable, and in the afternoon we much enjoyed seeing the weird Igorrote dancing, some of the dancers carrying gongs on which they tap at intervals, while their leader makes contortions, wheeling his head-axe about in a very graceful but most dangerous fashion, and striking fighting attitudes. The musicians hop about lightly, describing loops and circles, all stooping low and then gradually straightening themselves up with a jerk, keeping time meanwhile with the tune. Two spearmen begin, then more join in, and all lightly hop about in a circle from one foot to the other, imitating their war drill.

The native city of Bontoc was very extensive, the houses mostly of Igorrote architecture, enormous roofs hiding the family sleeping boxes,

the whole on four supports. From a distance Igorrote houses have the appearance of huge mushrooms. The lower portion, however, instead of being open, as with the Quiangan and Banaue Igorrotes, was enclosed by a wooden wall 4 feet high and the roof spread out so low, as almost to screen the top of the wall. This lower floor is frequently divided into two sections, one a sort of sitting-room, the other the kitchen. Large spherical earthen pots, a wooden double mortar for rice, a few baskets, a spoon or two, and a family drinking-bowl, are about all the utensils one sees about their houses, the jewellery and weapons being hidden in the well-smoked sleeping-box above. The poorer huts, however, have only the ground floor, and stand not more than 5 feet high. Each house here, too, possesses a single or double stone-walled pigs' pit, 4 to 6 feet deep, and full of refuse, communicating with the house; but here, too, although there were hundreds of these pits in the village filled with putrid matter, not the slightest odour could be detected. Drinking troughs scooped out of a large stone are to be seen in these pits.

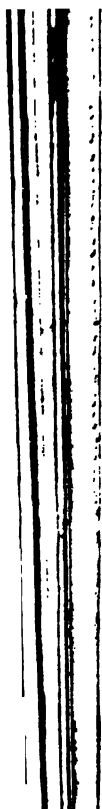
Bontoc was divided into several sections, each under a sort of chief, and each district had its "court of justice," a sort of oval or circular terrace with a stone wall made of large slabs of porphyry 2 to 3 feet high, or of some hard black stone—polished smooth by frequent use and by the oily skins of the sitters. Upright poles supporting a carabao skull were placed around





HEAD-HUNTERS, WITH THEIR AXES, HOLDING A COUNCIL OF WAR.





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the wall, and here the oldest and most revered men congregated to discuss public affairs or settle private disputes.

On the hill-side above the town was the "Sacred grove," where the medicine men went to offer sacrifices to the spirits of the mountains. These Igorrotes of Bontoc are nothing if not practical. Each house possesses, ready for any emergency, a coffin roughly carved from a large trunk of a tree and with a heavy lid upon it. These coffins are either kept outside the dwelling or near the store-house, and when anybody dies, this particular tribe bury the body directly under the house. They are very provident while alive, and in their store-houses they accumulate sufficient provisions to last them over one year—or at any rate over one crop—in case of famine. I found them of a joyful and friendly disposition, always ready for a lark.

There is, I think, a splendid opening to employ these people for military purposes ; they would, I believe, make most excellent scouts, especially for service in mountainous regions. I was glad to see that an Igorrote Constabulary force was being established and doing excellent work. They took great pride in their uniforms—which while on the march they generally carried in a neat bundle slung to the neck so as not to spoil them. They kept their rifles in splendid condition, and could do quite good shooting with them. From their earliest youth the Igorrotes are taught to fight, and the play of the children consists mostly of warlike games such as the stone

fighths. Regular bamboo shields are provided for these games, and battles of some fierceness are indulged in, in which babies even four or five years old join. A few broken skulls and bruised limbs are generally the result.

But children of all these tribes bear pain remarkably well. They seldom cry even when considerably injured. I remember seeing a boy of the Calagan tribe (Mindanao), about ten years old, being brought into Davao with a *bolo* wound inflicted by another boy. The best portion of his left temple and cheek were sliced off, and were hanging down his neck. Some thirty stitches were put in to repair the damage done, while this little chap, without chloroform or cocaine, sat on a stone step twirling his thumbs around or examining the surgical case from which the various instruments were produced. The operation lasted some half-hour, and this plucky little fellow never budged, or cried, or said a word while it was going on. He looked quite unconcerned, and when he was told it was all finished he made a bow and ran off to play with other children.

In the company of Governor Dinwiddie I left Bontoc for Cervantes, the capital of the Lepanto province. We went along the line of the stream, but high above it, among most beautiful mountain scenery, as fine as anything I have seen in Switzerland or the Rocky Mountains. There were two trails: the upper, which we followed, and the lower, close to the river bed on the opposite side of the stream. The

mountain sides were clear of trees up to a great height, and beautiful white lilies, wild roses, and other flowers increased the poetry of this charming landscape.

Another thing upon which Governor Dinwiddie of the Bontoc-Lepanto provinces may be highly complimented, was the excellent condition in which the trails were kept, the bridges being in good repair. Governor Dinwiddie seems to have grasped the idea thoroughly that, in order to develop a new country, it is necessary, before everything else, to establish good ways of communication, and to open fresh ones; to this work, therefore, he devotes much of his attention. I only wish more Governors in the Philippines would see things the same way.

We went up and down till we reached an altitude of some 6,200 feet from the Bontoc valley, when we came to a spot where the river makes a huge *détour*, and here the trail crossed over a high pass on to another valley north-west to south-east. Here again we saw immense irrigation works, the entire valley being beautifully terraced up. High up on the mountain side were Igorrote settlements. On reaching the highest point of the ridge I was confronted with a most fantastic bit of scenery, huge pyramids of lava and molten rock or pillars of volcanic formation standing upright, scattered upon the basin which was found on the mountain top. Some had large hollows, others were fluted. One could observe three distinct and extinct craters of great proportions and several minor ones, the cer-



IGORROTE WOMEN.  
(resemblance to Ainu of north Japan.)



BONTOC IGORROTES.  
(Showing resemblance to Ainu of north Japan.)

Further on, to the south of Caddiyan, was the elongated settlement of Cayan, the former capital of the province. The higher trail, which was about 1,000 feet above us to the north-west, eventually meets the lower trail at Caddiyan. Plenty of banana palms and bamboos covered the hill-side, and nearer the villages were coffee plantations.

And so we went on, mile after mile, now encountering itinerant natives leading a fat pig, then groups of women of mature age and modesty who always turned their backs to us as we passed and gazed at whatever scenery stood in front of them. Up above, or down below, men with nothing more on than their bronzed skins, splashed all over with mud, were busy knee-deep in water and slush damming up their elevated paddy fields.

Between Cayan and Cervantes the trail was splendid among green grassy hills overlooking fine valleys on either side. On approaching the capital, Cervantes, by the steep winding road, one obtains a fine bird's-eye view of the place, one corrugated iron roof standing out prominent among the humbler roofs of native houses. The town is situated on a flat plateau some 100 feet above the level of the River Abra, which crosses this valley from north-east to south-west. We had come from the north. The river was too deep to ford, so we crossed over on a raft, the ponies swimming behind.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

The Mancayan and Suyak copper and gold mines—Superstitions of the natives.

CERVANTES is quite a model little place which, under the sensible guidance of Governor Dinwiddie, seems to have a good future before it. Much attention is devoted to road-making and to encouraging the natives in agricultural pursuits, by improved methods. The Governor himself is now starting a coffee plantation on quite an extensive scale, and it is to be hoped that his example may be followed by others. For excellent coffee, all these central provinces of Northern Luzon cannot be beaten.

The Lepanto province is known as one of the great mining districts—both gold and copper being found in the Mancayan and Suyak districts ; and to get a better idea of what was going on I paid a visit to that mining region.

With Captain Nathorst of the Constabulary, who kindly furnished me with horses, I went up—on quite a fair trail—between the rugged Malaya Range and the rounded grassy hills to

a violet colour would point to the presence of some mineral down below—possibly copper—and upon the slippery red clay soil beautiful ferns of various species seemed to thrive.

By a steep zigzag we eventually got down to the Bontoc river, which we had to wade, and by another zigzag on the other side we ascended to Sabangan, at which place we struck what is called “the lower trail”—quite wide and most excellent, along the left bank of the stream. Near the tiny and quaint village of Shupao, where two white flags were flying to scare evil spirits away, a most beautiful waterfall descended in graceful cascades from near the summit of the mountain. Another smaller cascade was almost facing it on the opposite side of the river.

After a little time one more quaint village stood against a prominent hill, and from this spot a gradual ascent began and we left the river, which described a long detour. An hour or so later a most astounding sight was before us, a long, flat-topped mountain, from the very summit of which—some 7,000 feet high—descended picturesque waterfalls, the overflow of a lake which is to be found upon that high place. Lots of globular clouds played low down in the valley, and presently they formed so rapidly as to obscure the entire scene.

A violent shower of rain was the next event, as we were gaily proceeding along the fine road, with wild roses on either side, and ferns and wild flowers of all kinds. Down to the river by a most slippery incline, then up by a

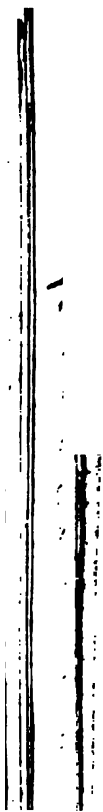


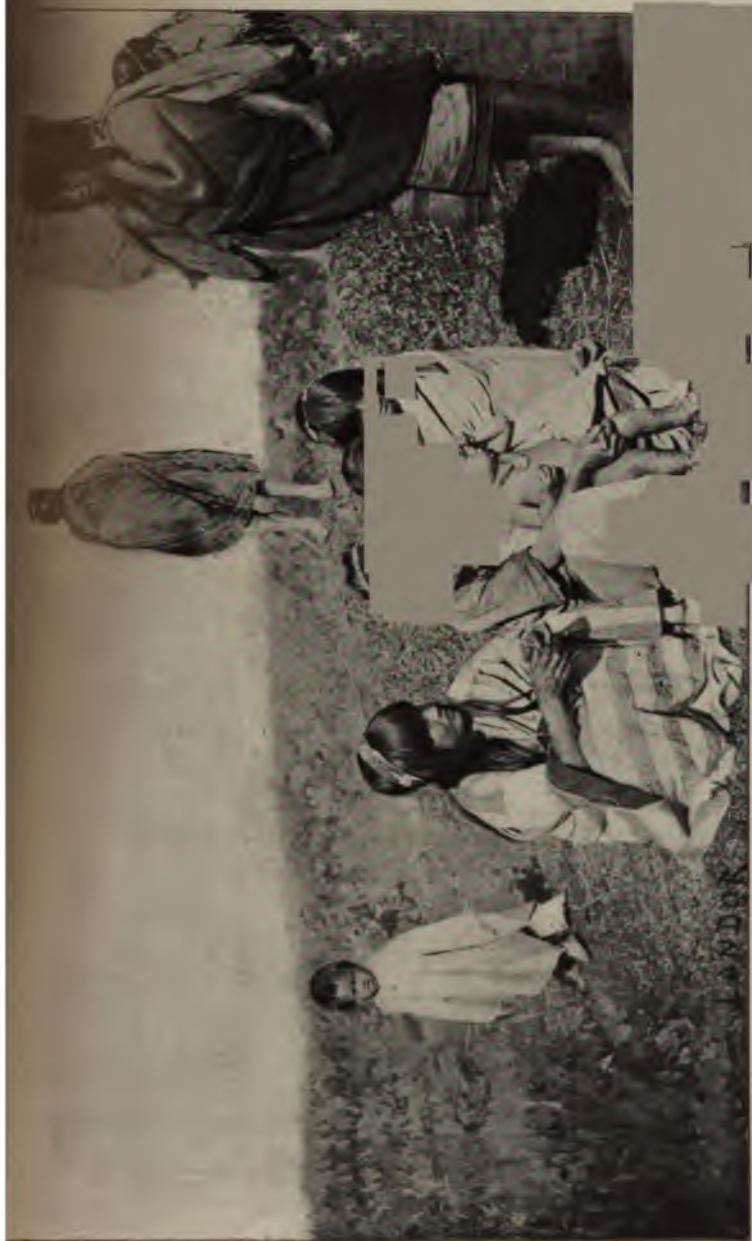
road, so muddy that it was all we could get on and pull our ponies, and we for the night at Banco, a village in a of some 2,800 souls.

Banco I had occasion to examine a great so-called Igorrotes, and I became further of their relationship to the Ainu. features here, too, were almost identical. have a picturesque way of burying their either in natural caves or in artificial goes about 7 feet high. The ends of the coffin are bolted with wooden rivets. and other creepers hang gracefully upon walls and the aperture of the grotto. rring the odour, these are quite ideal burial ots.

On leaving Banco early the next morning, hen the air was clear, we again obtained a perb view of Mount Datta, to our south, with its waterfalls and with Ibanao village and other more istant settlements on its slopes. On its north-east side, at the foot, rises in the valley a solitary rocky hill with a cutting edge, and forms a sort of spur to its giant flat-topped neighbour, fairly wooded on the east side, but with grassy slopes in long sweeping lines on the north-north-west side. To the west of us stood the great Malaya range. From a high point on the Cayan trail we suddenly came upon a charming spot overlooking a vast basin.

Balaua village, with its pointed gabled roofs, was down below, and high up was perched Caddiyan, half hidden in a cluster of dark trees.





LEPANTO. IGORROTES.

solid blocks of wood, were 3 feet in diameter, and rested on stone supports, while ferns and moss had grown prettily around.

A great many superstitions are to be found among these people in connection with their burials. For instance, an old woman—dead, and duly wrapped up in a blanket—was being carried in a sitting posture by some relative, while moaning sons and friends followed behind. The procession went on, each person tapping on two sticks: “tap-tap, tap-tap-tap, tap-tap.” A hog crossed in front of the funeral party, which then and there turned back to sacrifice cattle and hogs. A second attempt to convey the inanimate lady to her place of rest was disturbed by the flight of a crow. More sacrifices of hogs. A third time, as they were just about to start, no sooner was the dead thing lifted upon their shoulders than by a strange coincidence a landslide occurred close by in the mining district. The corpse was immediately brought back and more expensive sacrifices offered. At last, on the fourth attempt, the burial took place.

The coffins are always placed either on the tops of mountains, in hollows in the mountain side, or in artificial grottoes, two or three or more relations or friends—when all dead—occupying the same burial-place. Coffins are frequently carved in the shape of *iguanos*, large lizards, but more common are those I have described above.

Everything with these tribes is decided by means of a *canya*, or feast; or, at any rate, almost

everything leads to these wasteful luxuries, when a family with its friends will sit down and eat their entire fortune in one meal. Their marriages are arranged when very young at one of these feasts, and in killing hogs or carabaos an even number is always sacrificed—odd numbers, they say, being unlucky.

In killing a hog—which they do by tying the four legs and laying it down always on the right side—a man stands by each hog to be sacrificed and slowly forces a pointed stick towards the heart of the poor animal, while frantic beating of drums goes on all round. Dogs are most cherished of all in the way of food. Lean dogs are preferred to fat ones, and they are beaten to death until they are swollen from the blows. While dissecting, certain parts of the gut are removed for examination and to foresee the future.

When a person is ill they generally have a *canya*, for they maintain—and quite right too—that on being cheered the patient often recovers.

Disastrous as these lavish feasts are to those who possess much, they are in a way excellent institutions for those who possess nothing, for poor and rich take part in these frequent and filling meals. Very little gratitude, if any at all, is ever shown by these Igorrotes, and they are unscrupulous thieves—a quality, I think, to a great extent acquired.

The Igorrotes of Suyak lived almost entirely by mining up to 1896. Their fathers and forefathers all worked these mines ; in fact, all these mines

are called after names of individual Igorrotes. For instance, the great landslide is the "Palidan," the other slide to the left "Padangan," &c.—where or near which gold is principally found ; and these having been known to the natives, their claims should, I think, in all fairness not be altogether ignored. The natives generally turned the gold extracted into ornaments, and some still possess heirlooms of that precious metal two or three hundred years old. I saw some heavy circular gold earrings and beautifully designed charms of pure gold, as well as small gold "lucky carabaos" with coil, wave, and "fish-bone" ornamentations upon their sides and backs.

The tattooing to be observed in this tribe occurred mostly on the arms of women, and consisted of sets of circles, or quadrangles one inside the other, with angles to fill vacant spaces, inside a larger quadrangle—on the hands, for instance. Zigzag lines decorated the sides of the arm, and the elbow was encircled by an elaborate design of lozenges as well as the angle pattern. Zigzag rings and a six-pointed star with a chevron adorn the fingers.

The mineral zone extends practically from north to south, but in a volcanic country of this kind interruptions and deviations are bound to occur owing to commotions. The great landslide of Palidan extends from east to west in this mineral zone, and it is near that spot that most of the American gold claims are located. I met some of the miners—most good-hearted and hospitable—nearly all having with them

Igorrote ladies of dubious beauty. At Mancayan a village of some 100 souls exists.

Igorrotes are employed in the mines, a woman called Mammaya being quite an expert in the district. When mining on their own account the Igorrotes do most of their work by slushing, until they come to the actual rock, when all work is suspended. If they foresee that in a few hours gold will be struck they proceed to their homes and have three days' feasting. Then they return to work. While mining the Igorrotes abstain from eating beef, but chickens and pigs are consumed. Again, while actually working gold, husbands and wives remain separated, nor will they work at all in mines after having been to a *canya* and drunk *tapuy* (white milky wine fermented from rice).

Captain Nathorst was telling me that one day, on going down to his shaft, he met all his employees leaving work. On asking for an explanation they pointed to a rainbow and said it was a warning that if work were continued somebody would be killed. Whistling and throwing stones into a tunnel are also supposed to bring bad luck.

Men do but little mining except the actual digging in the rock and timbering of tunnels. The women and children carry out all the rock, which is sorted in the sunlight and examined by a process of licking all over to detect the existence of mineral. The assistance of a little child whose keen eyesight greatly helps the search is generally employed. Then all the rock

selected goes through the usual process of crushing and washing.

Until the American occupation it was possible to buy pure gold cheap from these natives, but now they have discovered that by making it into a poor alloy with silver and copper and twisting it into rudimentary ornaments, they can obtain inflated prices, so that they devote all their efforts to that line.

In smelting, the Igorrotes improvise crucibles of white clay which bake at the same time that the gold inside melts. Under the crucible they place a large earthenware vessel for safety. They make a hole in the ground with charcoal in it, which, when lighted, covers crucible and all, the fire being fanned at first, then a blow-pipe being used to obtain greater combustion and a higher temperature.

From Suyak at sunset, a storm having just cleared the air, a most stupendous view was obtained of mountain range after range to the west, lighted up by a brilliant yellow glow behind, with lots of globular clouds tinted in vermilion playing above. Within those mountains lay the Amburayan country—a sub-province of Lepanto. The dark-green trees of the Malaya range in the foreground gradually changed to a blackish-violet colour as the last rays of the sun illuminated the scene, and from the valley below now rose masses of yellowish mist which left nothing in sight except the red-lighted summits of the range. To the north stretched the grand valley of the Abra with





THE GOLD AND COPPER MINES OF SUYAK.



Cervantes town in the distance, the corrugated iron roof of its church just visible.

A trail continues from Suyak into the Benguet province, *via* Loo, and another trail also exists *via* Lipatan and Asin to Sapao in the Cordillera. By a different trail I returned to Cervantes on my way to the coast. Medicinal springs are found in Cervantes, Comillas, and Angaqui.

## CHAPTER XXIX

*Over the Kalid Pass—The journey to the West Coast—  
The Tinguianes—The Province of Union—Ilocano  
Superstitions.*

The valley of Cervantes consists of three separate spots forming a plateau above a lower plain in paddy fields. Mount Balig, south-east of Cervantes, is a prominent point in the Malaya range. On leaving Cervantes I proceeded in a north-west direction by what is called the Angaqui road or the Kalid Pass. Along the wide and excellent road were quinine-trees, the bark of which is dried in the sun and chewed by the natives, in cases of fever, or else the leaves are boiled and made into a decoction.

From our high point we obtained another stupendous view of the great valley of the Abra. The Kalid Pass led over a very precipitous rocky mountain by its side, and the large Angaqui village stood on a prominence above the valley below, which was partly cultivated in rice-fields and partly overgrown with grass. Ginger-plants, with their large leaves, lined the road. The

steep ascent begins after leaving Angaqui—going due west. The road bifurcates at Angaqui, going on one side to Tila on the coast, some  $26\frac{1}{2}$  kilometres, on the other to Tobalina—about 32 kilometres to the coast. The highest portion of the trail over the pass was steep and stony, the pass itself being cut into the mountain. Beyond it were gullies on either side with much scrub vegetation and some patches of grass or forest. Ahead to the north lay an immense stretch of humpy, but well-rounded, undulating highlands with two well-defined natural tablelands, one some 800 feet, the other about 1,400 feet, above the lowest point of the valley. Northwest was a double-humped peak of considerable height.

After going the entire day we reached Santo Emilio—where the *cuartel* was occupied by a Constabulary detachment, and the church had been turned into a stable for cattle. Tiagan was the real name of the district before the American occupation.

From Santo Emilio we started before sunrise, the trail still very good, descending most of the time among high reeds, tufts of bamboo and a lot of untidy vegetation. The trail chiefly followed the crest of the lower ridge with a fertile valley extending from south to north on our left, cultivated in paddy fields, and with the villages of Baan and Paltog. On descending into the valley the trail went mostly along the stony riverbed, constantly crossing and recrossing the stream. Such villages as Lubig, perched on a hill, and

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rice in their paddies, one straw at a time being inserted in the slush with wonderful quickness and regularity. Carabaos were dragging primitive ploughs to and fro.

We were now on the splendid Spanish road which follows the entire west coast of North Luzon, and at St. Esteban I again struck the sea. At St. Esteban there was some excitement at the time of my visit, the Constabulary being busy trying to unearth treasure buried by some American filibusters. When I left they were still digging for it. The façade of the church had tumbled down in an earthquake. A quaint and picturesque blockhouse guarded a prominent point of the bay.

From this point southward along the coast a great many old Spanish towns are to be found, all more or less resembling one another, and all more or less in a demolished condition. At Santiago I was amazed to find some itinerant Armenian jewellers, who told me they travelled the entire length of the coast selling cheap ornaments to the natives.

Some short distance inland at this port are to be found interesting tribes of Tinguianes, of strongly Malayan type, with slanting eyes, flat faces, prominent foreheads, and whatever there is of the nose rather turned-up and, as compared with other tribes and considering its size, with quite a developed bridge. The lips are kept tightly closed. The Tinguianes are most industrious, peaceful, and orderly people, amenable to reason and easily led, but they wish to be left

alone and do not quite see the advantage of getting over-civilised. They have an utter distrust of medicine—which shows good sense on their part. They are great cultivators of their land in fields of rice and Indian corn. Their houses on low piles are like those of their neighbours, the walls of bamboo tied together vertically, and their store-houses of the Ilocano type.

I came across the first Tinguianes at Rubio, near which two or three smaller settlements, generally on hill-tops, are to be found. Each house possesses a family well, where women, who are very modest, go bathing at sunset. One peculiarity of these people was that the men were smaller than the women. The latter were most graceful, and some quite nice-looking, with their hair tied into an artistic knot low down behind and intertwined with a string of beads which further encircled the crown of the head—a most attractive way of hair-dressing. Their clothing somewhat resembled that of the more civilised Igorrotes, a sort of gown, made of locally-woven material striped in parallel lines, being wound round the waist. Their looms, which were most primitive, were generally kept under the houses.

The women—very bright and jolly—are possibly the most heavily-laden with ornaments in the entire Archipelago. They have bead bracelets covering the arm from the wrist up to three inches above the elbow, leaving just enough space to bend the arm, and worn so tight—from



childhood these bracelets are never removed—that the hands and arm where not covered are much swollen. Green, yellow, and dark blue bracelets are much the fashion, but for neck and head-wear yellow beads are preferred.

Tattooing is frequently seen on the left hand of Tinguianes women, but never on the right. The patterns consist chiefly of parallel lines with series of dots and of intersecting parallel lines forming checks.

I was much surprised at the faintness of the pulse in Tinguianes women and men, although the average beat was 100 pulsations a minute in women, 66 in men. Women carry their children on the hips. The men have adopted Filipino clothes to a great extent.

## TINGUIANES.

	Men. Metre.	Women. Metre.
Standing height . . . . .	1'438	1'540
Span . . . . .	1'465	1'495
ARM.		
Hand . . . . .	0'172	0'180
Maximum length of fingers . . . . .	0'095	0'098
Thumb . . . . .	0'110	0'110
HEAD.		
Vertical maximum length of head . . . . .	0'219	0'222
Horizontal maximum length of cranium (from forehead to back of head) . . . . .	0'196	0'170
Width of forehead at temples . . . . .	0'128	0'120
Height of forehead . . . . .	0'065	0'060
Bizygomatic breadth . . . . .	0'124	0'116
Maximum breadth of lower jaw . . . . .	0'108	0'105
Nasal height . . . . .	0'056	0'058
Nasal breadth (at nostrils) . . . . .	0'040	0'038
Orbital horizontal breadth . . . . .	0'035	0'035
Width between the eyes . . . . .	0'037	0'030
Length of upper lip (from mouth aperture to base of nose) . . . . .	0'023	0'024
Lower lip and chin (from mouth aperture to under chin) . . . . .	0'045	0'040
Length of ear . . . . .	0'056	0'050
	D D 2	

Candon, with its numerous masonry buildings which line the main road and *plaza*, was perhaps the best preserved of the less mutilated coast towns that I saw on continuing my journey. Civilisation is rampant here—oh! how uncomfortable—drinking-shops everywhere, Spanish, American, Chinese, Filipino—all selling nothing but drinks; beer, that is to say, a bottled yellow fluid of glycerine and salicylic acid—terrible stuff! whisky, they call it, alcohol of the rankest kind; some sort of vitriol labelled gin, and other equally corrosive solutions labelled rum, cognac, benedictine, &c. This place is famous for its *vino* distilleries, some of them having an improved American plant—a perfected way of killing off the brave soldiers who conquered the country. *Vino* affects American soldiers in a disastrous way—so much so that they are now forbidden to drink it, many having died from its effects.

The heat was intense when I was at this place, and when I proceeded on my journey I had a great misfortune. In riding along, my saddlebags—much worn—broke and I unfortunately lost my favourite camera, one which had been with me on many journeys. It was like losing an old friend. Unfortunately, with it I also lost eighteen plates of the Tinguianes tribe.

From Candon to Sta. Lucia was flat land highly cultivated in rice fields and Indian corn—along the sea, cocoanut groves. There were houses almost all the way along, and little *barrios* just off the road. Swarms of locusts made travel-

quite uncomfortable, as they leave behind a pungent odour, besides the force with which they occasionally dash into one's face.

At Sta. Cruz, sugar-cane is to be seen and Indian corn, and at Tagudin I was much surprised by finding that both Presidente and officials were extremely intelligent and—two qualities not very general among such officials of the more civilised places. They all spoke English fairly well, and displayed much sympathy for the Americans and their ways. They seemed honestly anxious really to learn more. The result of this was that the American school which had been established had been promptly suppressed!

Owing to the death of all horses in the district I had some difficulty in obtaining transportation, but eventually obtained a springless bull-cart on which I set off on a shocking road. To cross the large and swift river Amburayan we had to take the cart to pieces and convey it across in sections on a canoe, and three more large rivers did I have to cross that day on more or less shaky rafts.

I was now in the province of Union. At Bangar, I met with indolent, impudent native officials, who made a great contrast to those of Tagudin, so that I proceeded that night to Namagpakan—now on quite a good road again. There were hundreds of distressed natives upon the road cutting trenches to destroy locusts. In a terrible heat, and travelling another whole day by a rickety bull-cart, with three more rivers to

## THE GEMS OF THE EAST      CHAP.

h was now filled up by curious mud mounds, as also the case in one large crater about yards in diameter. On the west and north-sides of this crater were huge grey rocks, flat or hollowed out in the strangest of ways, but all suggesting terrific heat and conditions of the earth.

Some hundreds of feet down below we went to explore an underground river, which disappeared into the mountain. The only way to get at this place was to walk in the swift stream and we got into a large natural archway of great height leading into a big cave where stalactites, shawls or screens were in course of formation, and where the crystalline deposits were like diamonds in the dim light which penetrated so far. Once inside the grotto which formed a sort of cupola we scrambled over enormous boulders, in the shape of crescents or pyramids, and so terribly sharp and slippery that we preferred again to walk in the water. This place appeared to have been a cauldron of the volcano above, and the surface-rock of the dome and walls was of grey and brown tints of most delicate tones. A shaft or funnel was visible overhead but now was blocked up at some point above. The gurgling river turned to the south-south-west inside the mountain and disappeared through a low aperture, where we could get no further. We returned to the trail above.

Some grand explosion must have taken place here at some period or other, similar rocks to the ones on the basin where the craters are, being



THE AMERICAN MILITARY POST, SAN FERNANDO DE UNION.



TOBACCO FOR EXPORT.

which was now filled up by curious mud mounds as was also the case in one large crater about 300 yards in diameter. On the west and to east sides of this crater were huge grey vertical or hollowed out in the strangest forms, but all suggesting terrific heat and motions of the earth.

Some hundreds of feet down below we went to explore an underground river, which appeared into the mountain. The only way to get at this place was to walk in the snow itself, and we got into a large natural cavern of great height leading into a big cave of stalactites, shawls or screens were in the formation, and where the crystalline rocks shone like diamonds in the dim light that penetrated so far. Once inside the passage formed a sort of cupola we saw enormous boulders, in the shape of spheres or pyramids, and so terribly sharp that we preferred again to walk in the snow. This place appeared to have been formed by the volcano above, and the surface of the dome and walls was of grey and white in the most delicate tones. A shaft of light came visible overhead but now was blocked by a point above. The gurgling of water came from south-south-west inside the mountain. We appeared through a low aperture and could get no further. We returned.

Some grand explosion must have taken place here at some period or other, and it was the only one on the basin where the

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the load was too heavy in the middle, and when we got in mid-stream it gave way in the centre and I found myself in water up to the waist. The horses got very restless, but the men tugged away at the festooned *bejuco* rope stretched upon poles across the stream, and eventually we got to the other side. A second journey brought up the waggon, driver, and fourth horse. In Spanish days a massive bridge of cocoanut-wood existed here.

Several quaint fishing boats, very narrow and deep, with exaggerated outriggers, lay at rest upon the beach, with their needle-like bows and stern roofed over. The *bejuco* rigging stretched to the bars of the outrigger. Although the length of these boats was from 30 to 35 feet, their breadth was only  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet, their depth 6 feet, the outriggers projecting on each side for a length of from 15 to 20 feet.

From St. Sebian to Dagupan the road was excellent, the bridges good—a string of houses with well-cultivated fields lining the road almost all along. Dozens of bull-carts were proceeding towards the terminus station of the railway, and the scene was quite lively with men, women, and children carrying big loads upon their heads. On approaching Dagupan town one crosses the river upon a solid bridge. A picturesque building with two towers among a lot of trees is reflected in the placid waters of the stream. How pretty ! What is it ? Only a *vino* factory ! Looks are often deceptive. On reaching this monument to civilising influence we have practi-



cally arrived at Dagupan, and soon after we speed along through the main street of the town—a row of Chinese shops, all lighted up exactly alike, all selling exactly the same articles, and with their owners squatting on the doorway to enjoy the cool of the evening.

There are a couple of American hotels at Dagupan, but unfortunate is the person who puts up in them. One consisted of a drinking saloon with several beds screened by curtains. Not wishing to disturb the Commanding Officer at so late an hour I went there. When I asked for a light the proprietor informed me that they “ain’t got no lights”—quite a sensible reply, had one lacked the senses of touch and smell as one entered the room and touched the bed.

In the saloon were a number of semi-stupefied, unshaven white men of the lowest type, upon whose sweating brows shone the brilliant light of a petroleum lamp. Behind them was a background of counterfeit spirits and liquors in bottles.

I inquired if I could have something to eat.

“We ain’t got nothing to eat. Care to drink?”

“No, thank you.”

I was led to another saloon, where I was told I could “feed like a king.” The Chinese boy, in fact, produced a bill of fare with no less than fifteen different items upon it—“Tenderloin steak, fried chicken, stewed chicken, grilled fresh fish” . . . My heart bounded with joy, but not for long, for when tenderloin steak was ordered the Chinese boy stood by with a stolid counten-

terraces surrounded by forest-capped mountains. Along a capital trail, among beautiful pines, then between patches of cultivation with lots of Igorrotes working upon the road to keep it in order—which they did with a sort of flattened instrument that answered the double purpose of a pick and spade.

Here we were among practically civilised tribes of Igorrotes—who were quite different in many ways from the others, and I was astounded by the extraordinary resemblance of these particular people to the hairy Ainu of North Japan. The women wore the hair long, but trimmed round with a crown of red and yellow beads, and the men used a small kerchief, generally red, occasionally blue, tied into a turban, or more commonly with the two ends left hanging behind. Their eyes were straight, the skin fair when properly washed, the bridge of the nose comparatively high. The men grew luxuriant beards—of which they were very proud—but some have adopted the fashion of pulling out the hairs with their finger-nails. Men and women keep their pipes with the accessories tied to a chain, stuck in the turban, or in the crown of beads—and always on the left side of the head.

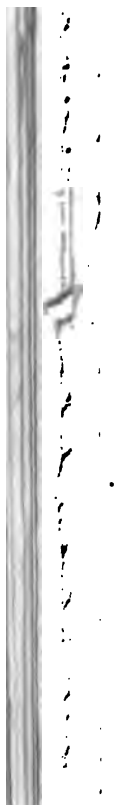
Their woven fabrics greatly resembled in design those of the Ainu, picturesque white cloths with two double sets of blue stripes, with two white lines on each and two similar stripes on the edges. Like the Ainu, they were extremely fond of blue, and just like the Ainu women—and unlike most other tribes of the



IGORROTE WOMEN.  
(Showing resemblance to Ainu of north Japan.)



BONTOC IGORROTES.  
(Showing resemblance to Ainu of north Japan.)





Archipelago, who carry their young upon the hips—these natives carried children slung on the back.

Tattooed patterns of lozenges, squares, and series of angles, of a similar character but often more elaborate than those of Ainu women, were noticeable on the ladies' arms of this region. Unlike the Ainu, these folks squatted down upon their heels instead of sitting cross-legged.

They were, of course, not quite so hairy on the body, which was undoubtedly due to the different climate in which they lived, and the formation of the skull was decidedly more intelligent than with the aborigines of north Japan, who were probably but a degenerate tribe of the same stock. It is well known that the Ainu at one time inhabited all the Japanese Islands, and possibly even Formosa, and it is not unlikely that, this being merely a continuation of that same string of islands, these hairy folks, when a powerful race, may have extended as far as North Luzon. Personally, being well acquainted with both races, I have no doubt whatever in my mind that they are closely related, so many are the points they have in common.

The trail was everywhere picturesque, portions cut through soft greenish rock, which presently became a deep warm green, here and there through white lime and sticky clay, and as one went on and wound round one mountain and then another, the scenery constantly changed and became more and more fascinating. A small dome of light yellow earth with large patches of



church. An example of the power of the Spanish priests over the people was visible here. One of the greatest difficulties the Americans are contending with, all over the Archipelago, is to obtain labour even at ridiculously high remuneration. Here was a *padre* who, for no remuneration whatever, had dozens of men working hard for some months at demolishing and levelling a high hill, so as to form a platform on which to erect a church. On a height close by was a picturesque, tumbled-down convent with trenches for defensive purposes.

Hemp in great quantities was spread to dry upon supports all along the streets, but its quality was poor. The fibre, of a dirty brown colour, was coarse, badly separated, and lacked length, the longest I saw being about 6 to 7 feet.

Four hours' run took us into the Sorsogon bay, which we entered by a narrow channel half blocked in the centre by the Island of Bugatao. We still had a lovely view of Mayon Volcano, now to the north-west, and to the south we could see the Bulusan Volcano in two high peaks (5,100 feet). It presented a beautiful picture—a cone of deep blue with a white line of clouds crossing it, and the base down below lost in mist. On the north side of the eastern portion of the bay were graceful and thickly-wooded mountains rising in a big sweep from west to east to heights of 2,470 feet, 3,160 feet, and 2,297 feet.

Sorsogon was formerly a place of great importance and possesses a very fine convent, church,

and tower of brick, with a walled promenade in the centre of the *plaza*. Cholera was bad when I visited the place, and curious processions to appease the anger of God took place nightly. Preceded by a huge cross and some square boxes with images of Christ and saints, women and children with candles and paper lanterns paraded the streets, moaning and praying. The second portion of the procession carried a stucco Virgin elaborately ornamented with paper. The mercy of the Almighty was implored in doleful singing to the accompaniment of guitars. In the church these afflicted people kneeling in fervent prayer, the many coloured lights and the soft and quite good music, made up a most pathetic and touching scene.

The country around Sorsogon is capable of great agricultural development, particularly in the matter of hemp. Port Sorsogon is a fairly good harbour but has no great depth.

A mud shoal extends as much as two miles on the south side of the bay east of Sablayan Island (where the bay opens up), and in the eastern pocket, shoals are even more extensive ( $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles), one shoal of fine sand being found in the south part of this pocket and one of mud in the north. There is a soft mud bottom all over the central portion of the bay, a lot of black mud being stirred up wherever you anchor. Nineteen to twenty-nine feet of water are the average soundings all over the bay. The deepest part lies between Sablayan and Alimpapayo Pt., where 33 to 56 feet are registered. The harbour,



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. . . My heart bounded with joy, but not  
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cliffs beneath on the east side, but with two spurs gradually descending into the sea both north and south.

We then passed the Tres Reyes, three small islets 80 to 200 feet high, the middle one with a curious crack in the centre—possibly caused by an earthquake. A continuation of the same crack can also be traced in the western island of this group. Then came the big island of Manila, highly cultivated near the water-front and up to a good height on the mountains. It has high mountains upon it, such as Mt. Tapan Peak and Mt. St. Antonio. The mountains at the two points of Sabán and Malabanga (south) descend in majestic and sweeping lines into the sea, after forming high tablelands. Elephant Island, just off the Sabán Pt., looks exactly like an enlarged elephant's head and beak sticking out of the water.

In a marshy, swampy lowland lies Dolina (Luzon), a place chiefly notable for its cultivation of hemp. But what an untidy place! So many great many wretched dwellings raised some 2 feet above the ground, and rising from 7 feet inside, a bamboo church . . . and that was all.

I next landed further down at Pilar, where the transport which had conveyed me had to anchor some 5 miles off the town. I here obtained the most enchanting view of Mayon Volcano (north), its smoke rising in big puffs from the crater of the most graceful mountain. It formed a delightful background to the brick fort and the ruins

Atas (Mindanao)	Bilans	Guiangas	Igorotes	Ilocanos	Ilongote	Mandayays
Dark brown with ramifications. Outer parasitic growth.	Black and rich brown oily, clean, healthy. Black hairs coarser and larger in diameter than brown and yellow hairs.	Black and brown with great parasitic growth.	Black, fine, long and wavy.	Brownish, healthy and clean.	Brown and black hairs, mixed.	Various grades of brown with yellowish tinge, fine texture, brittle. Parasitic growth.



Manguianes	Manobos	Mansakas	Samals (Gulf of Davao)	Samals (Tawi-Tawi Archipelago)	Sulus	Samal-Chinese (Mestizo)
Black & brown mixed. Clean and healthy.	Oily, coarse, wiry, black & various tones of brown with parasitic growth.	Black, oily with brownish hairs, clean with only slight parasitic growth.	Black, some yellowish hairs. Considerable parasitic growth.	Ocre and brown, occasionally bi-forked. Slight parasitic growth.	Jet black, oily, occasional brown hairs. Slight parasitic growth.	Brownish black.



Yacanes	Tinguianes	Tirurays	Tagacaolos	Tagaod	Tagbanouas
Black and brown with occasional yellow hairs. Oily, clean occasionally bi-forked.	Black, with some yellow hairs, frequently bi & tri-forked, clean.	Black, some yellow ocre hairs, occasionally bi-forked. Some parasitic growth.	Coarse, black with brown hairs, oily, occasional yellow hairs.	Black and dark brown. Slight parasitic growth.	Black, coarse, covered with parasitic growth.



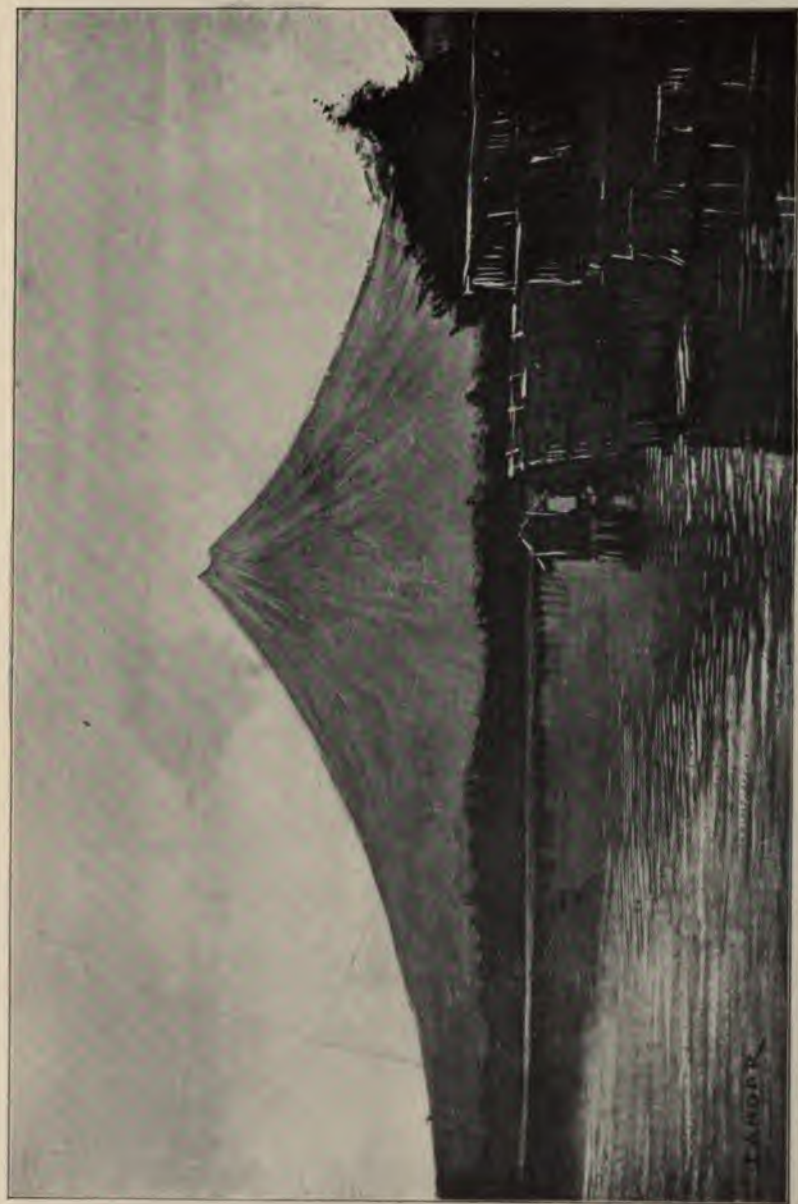
SECTIONS OF HAIR OF IMPORTANT TRIBES IN THE ARCHIPELAGO.

Daraga, about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles further, is now in ruins, but it must have been of considerable beauty, the remains of large and elaborate buildings being yet to be seen. Most interesting of all, on a high hill several hundred feet above the town, is the church reached by stone steps and by an inclined paved path. A magnificent view of the surrounding scenery is obtained from the large open terrace in front of the ancient church. The stone façade is most elaborately ornate. High columns with sprays of flowers and leaves, statues of saints, mouldings in abundance, have been accumulated upon it, regardless of trouble and expense. A stone crucifix of great size stands in the centre of the terrace.

A mile and a half, or nearly two miles beyond Daraga is to be found the "Pompeii" of Luzon. Some few hundred yards off the road, among boulders of lava, are to be seen the steeple and upper part of an old church, buried during a volcanic eruption of Mayon. Both church and steeple are now prettily covered with creepers. There was once a city here, which was entirely destroyed by a large flow of lava from the volcano.

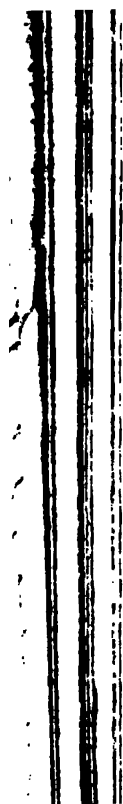
Between Daraga and Albay—on a flat stretch of land, oppressively hot and low—a reservation had been selected on which to build an American military post for four companies. Personally, this seemed to me rather an unhealthy and unsuitable spot, but a good spring of water was declared to exist close by.

The Spanish road connecting all these interior



MAYON VOLCANO.

LANGRISH



towns is well metalled and has good masonry bridges. It continues to Nueva Caceres.

We had entered the Albay bay by the south channel, but we came out through the north or Rapu-rapu Strait, very picturesque but very narrow and full of reefs. Rapu-rapu Island, with high peaks from 1,020 to 2,500 feet high, was much cultivated—principally hemp. Coal is said to exist on Batang Island, at Batan, north of the Rapu-rapu Strait. The water in the channel was so clear that we could distinctly see the bottom even at a considerable depth.

We next went through the Straits of Magueda, with the Island of Catanduanes to the east of us. What appeared to be the broader channel was not the best ; the western one between rocky broken-up islands is the deeper of the two and generally preferred by captains of vessels. The formation of these islands in the Strait is most peculiar, the original vertical volcanic strata having been shattered and crumbled by some later terrestrial commotion. They formed a picturesque sight, these weird rocks, which, when the sky was clearing from a heavy shower, became encircled in a most perfect rainbow.


Early in the morning we went alongside a wharf at Mercedes—at the mouth of the Daet river, leading to Daet town. A bastion for ordnance to defend the river entrance, some hemp warehouses along the river-front, a few miserable huts, a modest church, and you had seen everything at Mercedes. From here we went into the St. Miguel Bay, which had some rocky

picturesque islands at its entrance. To the west were high volcanic sugar-loaf mountains, and east-south-east in the distance the ever-beautiful Mayon.

We had to wait some four hours for the tide so as to be able to cross the bar and enter the River Bicol. We drew  $5\frac{1}{2}$  feet of water, and there were only 4 feet on the bar at low tide. Eventually, with a wonderful Filipino pilot, we wound our way among a regular maze of fish *carals*, our twin screws occasionally scraping the bottom and stirring up a lot of mud. On the west side of the mouth of the river were poor-looking villages, from which an interesting procession on a large overcrowded raft and several canoes, decked with festoons and carrying sacred images, was proceeding across the river. The wash of our steamer caused great alarm among the male and female occupants.

On the east and west side extensive stretches of flat grassy land were to be seen with numbers of cocoanuts along the river-line. The river was very wide at first, but on getting further towards Nueva Caceres it got very narrow in places, the width varying from 30 to 100 yards. The navigation of this river required considerable skill, as some of the turns were so sharp and sudden that the stern of the transport actually tore up a lot of vegetation from the banks.

Nueva Caceres was, and is, an important city—possibly better preserved than most towns in South Luzon. It possesses an immense seminary and monastery next to the graceful church, a





bishop's palace and a convent for nuns. A mile or so outside the town, by way of an avenue of bananas and hemp, is the graveyard, with tiers of receptacles in the wall wherein to store the dead.

There is a leper asylum four miles out of the city in charge of a native doctor, Julio Tuason—a man of a most kindly nature. The Palestina Hospital, as it is called, is a large building with two side wings, one for men, one for women. At the time of my visit there were some 29 inmates, the majority afflicted with leprosy of the anæsthetic, the others with that of the tubercular, type. In the first instance the skin of the patients had become of a sullen deadly yellow colour, and the nasal bone had been completely eaten up. The toes and fingers were rotting away at the joints, but in many cases had healed. When they had not dropped off altogether, concentric circular brown sores were frequently noticeable under the fingers and on the finger tips, with discoloration of the entire finger so affected, and swelling as well as distortion at the joint. The skin was spotty all over the body, and the spots developed into sores on the back and chest as well as on the elbows and wrist, especially where bones are nearest to the skin. When the loss of fingers had occurred, the thumb always had dropped off last. One curious fact with these lepers was the extraordinary growth of hair on the scalp, perfectly healthy, strong, and thick.

There were some interesting cases of tubercular leprosy, which is, to my mind, the more repulsive

face. The Bicolos possess remarkably supple hands and very long toes, almost as pliable as fingers.

On leaving Nueva Caceres I went further north along the Luzon east coast into the Lamon bay, and then into Antimonan. In the main channel a flat and dangerous rock is to be found. The American transport *Sumner* struck on it and had to be beached. We followed the south channel, which is quite deep.

At Antimonan I left the ship, intending to cross to Manila overland. Antimonan was a large place, dead and depressing—the principal street leading to the graveyard—most appropriately for so dull a place.

*Copra* was the principal product of the country, extensive groves existing everywhere on the coast. I chartered a native canoe to proceed to Mauban, 15 or 16 miles further up the coast, from where a trail existed across the island. With a crew of one Bicol and two Tagalos I set off in a very choppy sea, and saw on that occasion one thing I had never seen before—one of my Tagalos rowing mechanically while fast asleep.

A hill range extended all along the coast, and dozens of fishermen's boats were scattered tossing on the sea. On nearing Mauban, after some hours' hard work, a valley opened to the west, beyond great numbers of cocoanuts. In the Mauban bay were a great many native schooners loading and unloading, Mauban being, after Legaspi, one of the oldest and most important

Atas (Mindanao)	Bagobo	Bilan	Buluan Lake Mahomedaus	Cala Saues	Guangras Gaddanes Men Women	Bansa	Pindugan	Pindugan (Woman)	Bayo (Dwarfs)	Ilongote Woman Man
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11

Atas  
(Mindanao)

## Bagobo

## Bilan

**Buluan Lake**  
**Mahommedans**

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38

Woman |

Mano

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M. J. R. G. van der Grinten	2008	Netherlands	1,000	...
M. J. R. G. van der Grinten	2009	Netherlands	1,000	...

**Women**

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TABLE OF FACIAL ANGLE (PROFILE) OF THE LESSER KNOWN TRIBES IN THE ARCHIPELAGO.



ports on the east coast of Luzon. It is a most unevenly constructed town of 13,350 people, with streets running anyhow—but quite tidy and clean—with a streamlet spanned over by elaborate masonry bridges at every street it crosses ; a long and tumbling-down sea-wall and a protecting tower, a large convent with a fortified hill behind, and a corrugated iron church, built beside the picturesque ruins of the ancient house of worship, whose tower is now smothered in creepers.

A very interesting personality at Mauban was the Presidente, Hugo Mendieta, a man of affable nature, a Latin scholar, a distinguished poet, musician, and father of a large and affectionate family, and with all that quite a sensible, practical man, who looked after his municipality properly. *Abaca*, *copra*, and rice were the principal products—and the trade was a good deal in the hands of many Chinese and some Spanish merchants. The *abaca* was of the second quality, very long but badly separated and unclean in colour. Labour is paid on the “half-product” system, except *copra*, when only the third part of the profit is paid. There are eight different kinds of *abaca*, and fifteen different kinds of bananas, the two plants resembling one another so closely that it takes some little practice before one can identify which is which.

The country which I wanted to traverse was much infested, they told me, by *ladrones*, and it was only possible to go through on one day a week, when all those who wished to proceed

to the Laguna, travelled in a body with an escort of police for protection.

Well, I could not wait, and Mendieta procured me two ponies, one for my baggage and one for me to ride, and I started across by myself, with a boy to bring the ponies back. At the Rio del Barrio de Santol, very wide and swift, I had to swim the ponies and take them in tow of a canoe. Having crossed the stream, I went on, now among *nipa* swamps, then between rows of acacias, upon a trail either rocky or so muddy that riding was impossible as one sank knee-deep. For mile after mile one did not meet a soul. When it came on to rain in sheets the steep trail became a regular mountain torrent. Occasionally I came to some half-dead *barrio* like Bilugao or Sampaloc, and on getting higher travelled through undulating country, with a good deal of hemp and cocoanuts, actually growing on hill-tops and looking most healthy and strong. Struggling in the mud and slush, the ponies were so tired that I had to lead them, in fact, drag them along, and by night I had only reached Luciana, the rain still coming down in torrents—but on I went, past Cervite, another big town, each house displaying a lighted lantern outside. There was a concert going on in a house, American music being practised, but the discords were such—on a piano innocent of tuning—that I preferred to brave the storm and go on. I was soaked to the marrow of my bones.

Once outside the town—I having had nothing to eat since 9 A.M., and this was 10 P.M., and

having travelled continuously since 10 in the morning—I thought I would unpack one load, and the Bicol boy and I had a satisfying feed of sliced beef, plum-pudding, chocolate, and biscuits, while for drink, all we had to do was to leave a cup standing for a minute or so and it was filled with rain water.

Half an hour later we were again on the move, this time the ponies, which we held by the tail, leading us, for it was so dark we could not see our way. The walking was unpleasant in the deep mud, and riding absolutely impossible. At 2 A.M. I eventually arrived at Pagsangan, where the scared Presidente, mistaking me evidently for a “ladrone,” escaped from his house and took refuge in the police barracks. This man was anyhow a worthless and conceited fool, a man who could not speak the truth if he tried, and who possibly had a very uneasy conscience. No doubt many of the *ladrones* said to infest the district really exist, but they are not always to be found at large in the forests—you can take my word for it.

All these *pueblos* and towns near the Laguna are troublesome, the people dishonourable, shifty, and treacherous.

I continued my journey to Santa Cruz that night, and caught in the morning the Spanish launch *Madali* across the Laguna de Bay and down the Pasig river to Manila. Two high peaks, one almost conical, the other long and flattened at the summit with precipitous sides, lie behind Santa Cruz, and form part of a chain extending

in a south-west direction and meeting another range that gradually ascends to a great height.

The Laguna is very beautiful, with towns and villages along its coast, at some of which we stopped. Fruit-sellers, women chiefly, jumped on board from boats, selling mangoes, bananas, etc., while on board we were crammed together with no distinction of class or sex or anything—carabaos, horses, pigs, fowls, women, and babies of all ages, from a little skinny brat ten days old onward.

There were elaborate fish *carals* at the outlet of the lake into the Pasig river, here about 80 yards wide. The country was swampy and flat, but was now so dried up that a lot of fish traps were to be seen high and dry on the banks. Although the rain had been torrential on the mountains I had crossed, here it had hardly rained at all.

We ran aground several times in the shallow stream, and as we went down-stream there were huts with fishing nets to dry, boats floating or else bottom upwards upon the banks or upon racks specially erected for them. *Abaca*, bamboos, and bananas grew all along, and here and there was a grassy space.

As we near Manila, corrugated iron buildings follow one another, and the disgusting sight of drunkenness stares you in the face in front of the many drinking saloons which line the banks. Piles of American timber for building come next, canoes laden with large black earthen jars, steam launches. Typical are the big flat-bottomed



lighters, gaudily decorated at the sides, with outer platforms slightly above the water-line, on which the men who punt walk up and down.

Travelling from Sta. Cruz, *via* Bataan, Laguna, Rizal, Zambales and Cavite, I reached Manila at noon, having crossed Central Luzon from east to west—a distance of over 90 miles—in 26 hours, 40 miles of the distance on foot.

## CHAPTER XXXII

Crime in the Philippines—Uncalled-for accusations against  
Americans—Education—Misfortunes past and to come  
—The distance travelled.

A GOOD deal is said about the infamy of the natives, but, barring political crimes, there is really very little crime at all in the Philippine Islands. There are fourteen judicial districts outside of Manila, with a trial judge in each district, and three trial judges in Manila itself ; also four reserve judges. Of these judges, fourteen are Americans, and seven natives, and the law is administered with great equity under American rule. Although the district judges preside over immense districts, I never heard of one who complained of being overworked.

I am greatly indebted to the Hon. A. W. Fergusson, the Executive Secretary, and to Mr. Fisher, the Clerk of the Supreme Court, for going to much trouble in drawing up criminal statistics for me from the year 1901 to 1903. The annexed table, furnished me by Mr. Fisher, gives an accurate and classified idea of the amount of proved crime in

the various provinces. It may be noticed that the more civilised the province the greater the amount of crime, Manila leading by a long way ; then Batangas, Pangasinan, Bulacan, coming next—Marinduque Island holding the best record for good conduct with only one theft.

Now, on the other side, one hears a lot against the Americans in the Philippines, and terrible accusations are brought both against the military and the civil government, but all this should be taken with a good deal of salt. Wars, it must be remembered, are always terrible, and no one who has never been in one can ever conceive the horrors of them ; but, much as I abhor unnecessary cruelty, I think that it is greatly to be regretted that the names of many brave American officers have been dragged wholesale in the mud by the usual puerile, hysterical, self-advertising folks in the States—we have lots of them like that in England too—who are ever ready to pounce on any countryman who does anything they themselves have not the pluck to do.

In the education of the natives, as I have already hinted, the Americans are somewhat overstepping the mark, or, in other words, they are beginning from the wrong end. Trade, industrial, and agricultural schools will be a benefit to the country. On a curriculum of literature, history, higher mathematics and American songs, I fear, those boys who do not receive Government employment will eventually be led to starvation or crime. Undoubtedly, the very practical

new Chief of the Educational Department, Dr. David Barrows, knows this perfectly well, and under him, I firmly believe, matters in the educational line will take a different turn altogether and very much for the better.

Factories of all kinds are badly needed in the islands, and, if properly conducted, should thrive—but most important of all are the agricultural resources of those magnificent islands, where everything can be raised plentifully and with no difficulty. Perhaps the protective tariff against all goods, including the American, carried to the ridiculous extent it is—I have known of American officers being charged duty on their swords—is hardly calculated to open up these islands, and until the wages of native labour have been brought down to their normal level the Americans will experience some difficulty in obtaining native labour at all. If less reckless methods of pay were used I believe the much threatened importation of Chinese labour might be delayed.

It is a pity that some of the money thrown away in importing hundreds upon hundreds of American teachers—or, rather, Americans as teachers—is not spent instead in opening new roads and trails and repairing old ones, and in establishing some sort of regular postal and telegraph services, as well as in encouraging communication from one island to the other.

It is to be hoped that the new insular currency will remove the evil of a legal double currency by which, no matter which way you changed

## THE SUFTS ORGANISATION

Times of falsification of property.		GENERAL RÉSUMÉ.											
Perjury and malicious prosecution.	Use of fictitious name.	Arson.	Entry by force.	Malicious mischief.	Crimes against the interior security of the State and against public order.	Crimes of falsification.	Crimes of public officers in connection with their duties.	Crimes against the person.	Crimes against chastity.	Crimes against honour.	Crimes against personal liberty and security.	Crimes against property.	TOTALS.
2	1	6	1	1	12	13	4	150	19	4	13	105	320

F. A. FISHER,  
*Clerk of the Supreme Court*



your money, you always lost from five to thirty or more per cent. according to the conscience of whoever changed it for you. As for getting any small change back for any transaction—except in big towns—it was in my days out of the question, as the small change had all left the islands.

But all this the Americans will gradually smooth down. In many conversations with the highest officials, I found that they seemed to understand as well as anybody the necessity of importing a better class of officials, and giving better pay for the more responsible positions.

One of the most successful American institutions was the formation of regiments of native Scouts. These fellows have turned out splendidly and do remarkable work. The Constabulary force, too, under General Allen and able officers, was most efficient, but will be greatly improved when rations are supplied to the soldiers by the Insular Government. In my time the poor fellows—each of whom had a large family dependent upon him—had to feed themselves, with the result that they often did not—and it must be remembered that if men are to endure hardships and long marches the principal point is not to let them start on ill-filled stomachs.

These islands have of late endured misfortune after misfortune—war, insurrections, *ladrones*, cholera, plague, rinderpest, locusts; but one more pest, the worst of all, may yet come—missionaries. Until the natives give up chopping people about, these ultra-Christian spirits will probably confine their converting efforts to the

towns only—where the natives can indeed not be made worse than they are ; but it is truly to be hoped that this last evil will be spared to these islands—at least until the islands have absolutely quieted down and settled to reconstitute the country on a solid basis.

If the few Spanish priests who still remain were eventually removed I do not suppose that they would be missed much. Some I met who were most respectable—for priests—but some I saw whose looks I did not like, and with priests you have to go by looks—you see, they are such fine actors. A good deal of the suspicion against Americans, believe me, originates in the convents, the rest in the Americans themselves, who can indeed not always be accused of being examples of chastity and sobriety to the natives.

The journey across Luzon, without counting minor trips, practically ended my tour in the Philippine and Sulu Archipelagoes, which occupied 250 days' continual travelling, on foot, horseback, by canoe, rafts and steamers. The distance covered in the Archipelagoes was altogether over 16,000 miles.

To those who abuse the climate and the people of the Philippines, it may be well to state that during that entire journey, barring accidents and a snake-bite, I never contracted even a cold. With one or two exceptions, I met with the most unbounded civility from Americans and natives alike, and never deemed it necessary to carry weapons upon me, although the most remote and dangerous regions were visited and



the close acquaintance made of the wildest tribes.

By way of China, Japan and America I returned to England.

In conclusion, I may say that in some eighteen years' travelling I have never enjoyed and been interested more than I was in the journey over these most enchanting islands—really and truly, to anyone with an unbiassed mind, “the gems of the East.”



# E AND SULU ARCHIPELAGOES,

	Sulu.	Tagbanoua.	Tiruray.	Visayan.
ni	siku	—	quemer	—
	tai-nga	falinga	quelingo	—
	mata	matas	moto	mata
	amah	ama	eboj	—
	gulamay	—	—	tudlo
	cayu	—	fryag	calayo
	—	—	—	tiil
	buhuc	—	—	—
	lima	alima	—	camot
	uu	ollo	eleu	—
	siki	—	sequey	—
	tau	lalaqui	—	gatum
	bulan	—	terresan quelungonon	bulan
	ina	iua	ideng	—
	bund	buquid	tuduc	—
	simud	baba	eba	baba
	ilung	—	irung	ilong
	langid	—	—	dagat
	—	—	—	—
	suga	—	terresang	adlao
	laring	—	—	—
	ipun	—	quifen	ngipon
	tubik	—	uayeg	—
	hangin	—	refurru	hañgin
	babai	—	—	—
	Isa (hambuh)	esa	—	isa
	Dua	dua	—	dua
	tuu	tulo	—	tatlo
	upat	epal	—	apat
	lima	lima	—	lima
	unum	enem	—	anum
	pitu	pito	—	pito
	ualo	ualo	—	ualo
	siam	siam	—	siam
	hampuh	sampulo	—	napulo
	Kau-ha-an	duangpulo	—	duacapulo
	Hangatus	sangatus	—	isa cagatus
	Hangibu	sangribo	—	isa calibo

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